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THE

CALCUTTA LITERARY GLEANER;

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL PAPERS;

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE

FROM THE

BRITISH LITERARY PERIODICALS,

&c. &c. &c.

VOL. I.

CALCUTTA:

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INDEX TO PART I.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PROSE.

	Page
"Annual" Style of Writing, The	31
A Word to our Readers,	3
Composition, On	69
Copy-right Act, The	121
Criticism on Collins' Odes,	147
Editor's Table, The	30, 96, 130, 164
Excuse for Nonsense,	29
Forced Marches,	40
Fragment, A	92
Franks' Mechanical Horse,	39
Homer and the Homeridœ,	19, 51, 71
Incidents of Military Life in the Island of Ceylon,	94
Introductory Remarks,	1
Lost Lover, The—a Tale of Real Life,	111
Macdonald, The Rev. J., A. M.	106
Obituary—Major General Walker,	163
Our Welcome to the New Year,	131
Pleasures of Memory, On the	64
Rape of the Pudding, The	7
Reflections on Music,	79
Reminiscences of my First Appearance in Print,	61
Remonstrance of Death,	119
Ruling Number (18) in the Fate of Napoleon, The	105
Scraps of Nonsense,	29
Serene Gosâ,	17
Stray Notes from an Idler's Scrap-Book—Observations on the Waverley Novels,	153
Suicide, The	43
Sunderbund Sketch, A	124
Victim of an Unlawful Passion, The	97

POETRY.

Days of Other Years,	16
Dream, The	67
Evening,	58
Evening Hour, The	152
Fragment of a Poem,	78
Friend, A	58
I cannot Love but One,	59
Inmate, To an	129
Joy in Sorrow,	70
Land of Dreams,	27
Late Attempted Assassination of the Queen, The	103
Liberty, On	118

	Page
Life—its Joy and Hope, ...	129
Lines (from an unpublished Poem,)	127
Lines to ——, ...	151
Lines written in an Album, under the Portraits of Byron, Mrs. Hemans and Wordsworth, ...	102
Marianne, To	68
Morning, ...	42
Morning Hour, The	130
My Home upon the Deep, ...	162
Ode to Rome, ...	50
Poet, The—a Fragment, ...	123
Rosalie, ...	60
Saint Bartholomew—a Tale, ...	133, 157
Song, A	110
Sonnets, ... 15, 28, 37, 38, 60, 81, 117, 118, 120,	152
Stanzes, ... 2, 18, 28, 63,	78, 81
Sun, To the	26
Vision, A	82
"Why dost thou Mourn ?"	38

LOCAL REGISTER.

Proceedings of Societies, ... i, v, vii, ix, xi, xiii, xvii, xix, xxiii, xxv, xxvii, xxix
Monthly Meteorological Journal, iv, vi, viii, x, xii, xiv, xviii, xx, xxiv, xxvi, xxviii, xxx
Sporting Miscellany, ... xxvii, xxix
Miscellaneous, ... iii, xxiv, xxv

SIGNATURES TO ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

A Local Writer, .. 50, 68, 127
An Amateur, ... 117
B. 151
B. B. D. .. 66, 81, 151
D. L. R. 6,18
D ——t, .. 63, 118
F. H. G. 29
F. P. 162
G. C. D. 37, 60, 70, 81, 126
G. H. C. 49
G. N. 46
H. J. G. 70
J. G. 27
J. H. Q. .. 60, 94, 102, 117, 129
Jas. Gregor Grant, ... 27, 58
K. 15
Mc. N. 16
M. S. D. 38
R. .. 28, 37, 78, 81, 102
R. C. T. 110
R. G. H. 110
S. G. W. 38
S. L. * 162
T. 15, 28
△ 42, 58, 68
* * * 60
* * * * 68
† 91, 105, 118
⊙ 123
———, ... 120

CALCUTTA

LITERARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1842.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

In submitting the first number of this journal to the judgment of the public we have but few prefatory observations to make.

It does not appear necessary in a publication like the present to give any elaborate statement of our views and principles. We would rather *earn*, than *beg* a reputation. Our object is to provide reading for all classes of society—to establish a journal, the perusal of which shall prove a seasonable relaxation to the mind when oppressed and wearied with the stern realities of life; and which shall at the same time, as a record of facts,—literary, scientific, political and historical,—furnish useful information in a brief and interesting form.

We also hope that the effusions of our Indian literati will in time occupy a prominent place in the journal, and form an important portion of its contents; to this end we have secured the services of one of the highest literary talent in our Calcutta circle, and one well known for his numerous and able writings in many of our local publications; and we solicit literary contributions from those writers who may feel disposed to encourage and sustain our new undertaking. Should our success equal our expectations we hope to fill the vacuum which now confessedly exists in *our* literary world, by establishing a serial work every way worthy the metropolis of British India.

We are sensible of the many objections to which a publication like this is liable. Censures will no doubt pour in, not only from the impartially rigid but from the prejudiced and inimical. We shall perhaps be upbraided by one for the length of our articles, and for their brevity by another; one will complain that our selections are too grave, another that they are too gay. Now, though

attempts to remove all objections and to satisfy all parties appear to us hopeless, we yet promise that every obvious and remediable defect shall be rectified when brought to our notice ; and that we will never turn a deaf ear to sound admonition.

The general order and arrangement observed in the work, as far as practicable, will be as follows. The first portion of each number will be devoted to Original Articles and Reviews of new works published in India. The second to selections from the best light literature of the English periodicals ; Notices of new works published at home ;—literary news, works in progress ; a Biographical Register of persons lately deceased, and who have been eminently distinguished in the works of Literature and Science ; a Register of the Political Events in Europe up to the date of the departure of the mail, and the Commercial Condition of England at the latest advices. The third portion will contain Brief Notices of Scientific and other Societies in India, and a Monthly Meteorological Journal for Calcutta.

That our journal may find its way into the hands of readers of every class, we have determined to publish it at a rate which nothing but an extensive subscription list can sustain. We have seen attempts to establish journals of this description prove abortive ; and we may particularly refer to the Bombay Monthly Magazine, which failed through no want of ability on the part of its conductor, nor from any lack of interesting and useful matter, but, like many others, solely, we think, from the high price at which it was published, and which necessarily cramped its circulation. We have hence determined to attempt establishing this journal on the opposite principle ; and as we believe a regular demand now exists amongst an extensive portion of society for literary information in a cheap form, we feel confident of that success which will not only sustain the journal at its present cheap rate, but enable us to make it still cheaper, either by increasing the quantity of matter, or by issuing bi-monthly numbers, at the same rate of subscription as at present.

We now consign the work to the hands of a liberal public, soliciting for it that patronage which it may appear to merit. Not having escaped the numerous obstacles and difficulties invariably met with at the commencement of an undertaking of this nature, our first number is not so far advanced towards perfection as we could have wished ; we nevertheless send it forth with confidence, trusting that our readers will

> " Be to its faults a little blind,
> And to its virtues very kind."

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1842.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

The name of the editor of this periodical is at present a profound secret, and for a while we wish it to remain so. We have been not a little amused at the vain attempts which have been ventured upon by so many thousands of inquisitive people, to lift the veil of mystery in which our awful person is enveloped. The excitement in the literary world is intense and universal. The anxiety regarding the identity of Junius was nothing to it. Both in the public prints and in private circles there have been the most earnest enquiries and the most extravagant conjectures on this all-important question—who *can* be the editor of the *Gleaner?* It is our humour, perhaps our interest, to continue for some moons longer in this grand obscurity. We shall try the effect of it. When the eyes of the curious begin to ache and they cease their idle endeavours to pierce the opaque cloud which our glory chooses to inhabit, we shall perhaps suddenly emerge into perfect light, and dazzle the public with all our original brightness. In the meantime, we shall listen with a serene exultation to the agitated whispers of the vast multitude who are pleased to interest themselves so profoundly in the question of our identity. That people in private life should talk somewhat wildly, and blunder in their blindness respecting *a Great Unknown*, is not particularly surprising; but we confess that we are inclined to marvel that the editors of newspapers, who pretend to something like omniscience, should be quite as much perplexed on this occasion as any of their readers. The editor of the *Bengal Hurkaru* wonders, and wonders, and "finds no end, in wondering mazes lost." He avers that he knows of no eminent literary man in this city of palaces, who is not too much occupied with other matters to undertake the editorship of the *Gleaner*,—as if a man would not give up his shop in the Cossitollah to be one of the merchant-princes in Leadenhall-street—as if a man would not resign a seat in Council to be Governor-General of India! Is the *Hurkaru* editor *quite* certain, that no distinguished literary man is not about to resign *in a very few days*, some comparatively unimportant employment for the sake of spending all his time in the editorial chair of the *Gleaner?*

The *Idler* in the *Eastern Star* has the following very mystical explanation of a mystery:

"Mr. Carey, a grandson of Dr. William Carey, having been announced as the proprietor and editor of the new monthly, the *Literary Gleaner*, on no authority, to wit the *Courier's*, the proprietor has written to deny that he is the editor, and says the chair is filled by one 'whose fame is well known throughout India,—and not only in India—but in Europe.' Who this is, is not stated, but we are told it is to be learned by buying the magazine. The proprietor should have said the next number, for there is certainly nothing in the last and first, to indicate it. The proprietor is Mr. Carey: possibly some other, or others, may have a share in it. As for the editorship it may be got at pretty much as the Irishman let out the sex of a child just born.

'Guess!' 'A girl.'

'No,—guess again!' 'A boy.'

'By the powers you've hit it!'

Unfortunately the public cannot guess very often and miss the right *Simon Pure:* but it is *not* the editor of the *Courier*."

Now we do not pretend to know exactly to whom our clever friend the *Idler* is pleased to refer. He has the sagacity to conceal his ignorance under an implication that the riddle which puzzles all the rest of the world is as clear as daylight to himself. It is foolish in the guessers to fix an undivided attention upon any one man amongst us, when there are at least a dozen who might all with nearly equal reason be suspected of having a finger in this glorious literary pie. Are there not J. H. S.—R. A. M.—D. L. R.—J. W. K.—W. C. H.—H. B. H.—R. H. R.—and other tri-initialed wielders of the pen, who would be proud to sit upon our editorial throne, and some of whom, we are ready to confess, would fill the enviable seat with dignity and grace. Even admitting for a moment that none of these triple initialites could be rightly suspected, we should just wish to be informed what reason there is that J. H.—and J. B.—and other double-lettered literati should be excluded from the honor of having their names mentioned in connection with this magnificent undertaking?

We shall not positively assert that our own initials are in the above list—and on the other hand we shall not positively deny it. We intend to offer no assistance to the curious, though like Hamlet they should pathetically exclaim—"Let us not burst in ignorance!" We shall tell no tales of the prison house. All that our readers have any right to expect from us is a strict and zealous attention to our duty, and if we perform that to their satisfaction, they have no right to insist upon our stepping from behind the curtain even to receive their plaudits and make our bow. The time may come, however, as already hinted, when we shall voluntarily unfold ourselves to receive in person the grateful acknowledgments of innumerable admirers. In the meanwhile we entreat them to be calm and patient.

Thus much only we shall vouchsafe to reveal at present—*to wit*, that the editor and the proprietor are not two single gentlemen rolled into one, nor like the Siamese Twins indissolubly united. Their functions are quite distinct. They back each other, but they are independent in their movements. They put their heads together

for the benefit of their readers, but can separate them at their own discretion. One of these gentlemen arranges the *Original Department*, and the other selects the *Spirit of the British Periodicals*, which forms by far the most important feature of the work, and though it demands no exertion of the higher faculties of the mind, the satisfactory execution of the task, implies a degree of taste and judgment which is usually the result of many years of study and experience.

We still leave two riddles for the solution of our readers—

Who is the editor of this work?

Which department does the editor take, and which the proprietor?

We would lay a pretty round sum, that ninety-nine in every hundred guessers will misname the editor, and that nineteen in twenty will confound the duties of the individuals who have undertaken to supply the public with this glorious monthly feast in two courses; consisting of the fish of Bengal and the flesh of Great Britain.

But, we must not permit the second number of the *Gleaner* to issue from the press without bearing with it our best thanks to the numerous friends who have encouraged our efforts by adding their names to the "List of Subscribers." Thus far success has quite equalled our expectations, and we feel increasing confidence that the undertaking will be liberally sustained.

We have also to acknowledge the good wishes of some who have for various satisfactory reasons, courteously expressed, declined subscribing to our periodical; while the cavalier remarks of others have so amused us, that with regard to them we have resolved to observe a magnanimous silence. The *negative* replies to our circular soliciting subscriptions, although not very numerous, have presented an amusing variety. We take the liberty to present our readers with the following specimens:

The Candid.—"Cannot afford it, or should be happy to subscribe."

The Mysterious.—"Mr. ——'s compliments to the Proprietor, is sorry he has not time to peruse the numerous publications that issue from the press."

Our readers will probably be as much at a loss as we were, to understand how the subscription to the "*Gleaner*," involved the perusal "of the numerous publications that issue from the press." Indeed one of the chief objects of the *Gleaner* is to save people the necessity of purchasing a great many British Periodicals by presenting at a cheap price and in a small compass the selected Spirit of the whole.

The Grateful.—"I am not anxious to be a subscriber. Thanks to you, however, for the option."

The Laconic.—"Memo. We don't require this book."

We are happy to find that we have no specimen of the NEGATIVE CONDEMNATORY. This at least is *negative* encouragement; and for the *positive* side of the question, we refer our readers to the goodly array of names added to our subscription list since the first issue.

STANZAS.

I.

The radiant dawn, the year's fresh spring,
New leaves and opening flowers,
Are lovelier than the loveliest thing
That breathes of later hours.

II.

For beauty in its birth is blest
With all its holier hues,
While forms that Time's cold hand hath prest
Their purer lustre lose.

III.

How beautiful the first sweet light
To human features given,
For infant innocence is bright
With glory brought from Heaven!

IV.

The golden locks, the smooth fair face,
The round limbs sleek and small,
With witchery of unconscious grace
The gazer's heart enthral.

V.

A lovely and a loving child
That smiles in sinless glee,
Hath oft the sternest breast beguiled
To sweet idolatry.

VI.

When, like a cherub from above,
Thus smiled my own glad boy,
My fond heart overflowed with love,
And almost ached with joy.

VII.

And Oh! his sister angels fair
With all their winning ways
Would make me quite forget that care
Could darken mortal days.

VIII.

Those forms have passed beyond the seas,
And now no more I hear
Light laughs like happy harmonies
From some diviner sphere.

IX.

In silent rooms my slow tread wakes
Fit sounds for sorrow's mood;
Through my soul's cloud no sunbeam breaks;
My home's a solitude!

D. L. R.

Calcutta, March 21, 1842.

THE RAPE OF THE PUDDING.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY—ARISTOCRATIC AMUSEMENT.—A correspondent has supplied us with a detailed account of one of the most atrocious outrages, committed on a poor helpless creature by a party of aristocrats, that we have ever heard of, and which resulted in the death of the miserable creature in question. We can scarcely believe that the circumstances, our correspondent relates, can be true; yet he details them so circumstantially, and authenticates them so strongly, that we fear there must be some foundation for his statement. To elicit information, therefore, on the subject, we supply the following leading statement:—It appears that a party of gentlemen—most of them English officers—were last week on a visit at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood of Philipstown, King's County, when one evening they gave their host some opium, and, in sport, proceeded to practise their horrible cruelties upon a poor idiot boy who found an asylum about the house. They first extracted all his teeth, and then bedaubed him over with oil and turpentine—set fire to his clothes to make him run, when, horrible to relate, the poor creature was burned to death! Our correspondent states that a sort of inquest was held, but that the greatest exertions were made to hush the matter up, and conceal the real facts of the case.—*Dublin Monitor—Globe, Dec.* 30.

THE PHILIPSTOWN MURDER.—The horrible murder of the poor idiot, by a party of gentlemen who were sojourning at a country seat in the immediate vicinity of Philipstown, and to which we adverted on Tuesday last, has been considered as wholly incredible. So horrible are the facts that scarcely any person is willing to believe that such barbarous cruelty could be practised by a party of gentlemen in a Christian country. It is our duty, however, to reiterate our statement. The horrible murder did take place; but we have received additional information, which states that the idiot murdered was not a *boy* but a *man*. He was besmeared over with oil and turpentine, and literally roasted to death. An inquest was held—a mock one, we are led to believe, from the fact that one of the parties engaged in the murder sat on the inquest! Money has been squandered in profusion to hush the matter up—almost all the parties have decamped to England or elsewhere—the majority of them were officers, and, we suppose, are now with their respective regiments. What will the government do in this matter? We call upon Lord Eliot to send a stipendiary magistrate to the spot to inquire into the matter—we ask Col. M'Gregor whether the police in the district made any report to him on the subject?—we call upon government to make the proceeding of the Coroner's inquest public. A most foul and barbarous murder has been committed, under circumstances of aggravated barbarity unequalled by the horrible atrocities of Indian cruelty, and no steps have been taken, to bring the savage perpetrators to justice. Is this apathy on the part of the government to be attributed to the fact that the murderers move in a sphere of life called "aristocratic?" We cannot believe it. Justice must be done; and again we say it shall not be our fault if the offenders be not made amenable to the law.—*Dublin Monitor.*—[We were among the incredulous when the statement of this murder first appeared; as our contemporary, however, reiterates the facts, we would respectfully invite the attention of Sir James Graham to the matter; if the Irish government neglect its duty, the high Court of Parliament, now about to assemble will take care that the Home office shall not be suffered to imitate the example.]—*Globe, Jan.* 1.

Poor Teddy Delaney! He was one of the happiest fellows in the world, and one of the most harmless. He had not, to be sure, much sense to boast of, but he was all the more joyous for that. Intellect has its pains and penalties, greater and more grievous than its blessings and immu-

nities can ever sufficiently atone for, and who can say that the dispensation of Providence, by which a being with the form, features, nerves, sinews, pulses and appetites of humanity, is sent into the world, with a shrouded intellect and imperfect organs, may not be, by God's blessing, in the striking of the balance, a merciful one ?

Poor Teddy Delaney ! Yet wherefore " poor ?" People called him so, in their thoughtlessness, and spoke pityingly of him ; yet they, who viewed him with sorrowful regard, had not half the enjoyment of life, that was felt by the poor idiot. They could hear it is true, and speak fluently, which Teddy could not. He made strange noises, and he had quick eyes—tongue had he and ears too : but for any use that they were to him, they might as well not have been there.

He wandered about the village, like a tame dog, and every one had a kind look for him. Kind words would have been thrown away upon him, else many would have been spoken, when Teddy Delaney, with his blank face and his crownless hat, and his many-colored patched garments, stopped first at this cottage, and then at that, making uncouth gestures of salutation, and crossing himself at every threshold, with as much appearance of devoutness as though he had a right understanding of the precious mysteries of that Godly sign. Heaven only knows what might have been the dim perceptions, which struggled through the dark chaos of his disordered mind. There may have been an instinctive sense of reverence within his breast, and certain is it that none felt more grateful, than this poor crazy soul, for all the blessings, which a benignant Deity showers upon the fair earth. The bright sun, and the mild airs, and the green fields of spring—the yellow corn, and the rich brown tints of the autumn foliage—the white snow and the glistening icicles of winter, were all enjoyments, gratefully acknowledged in his heart, and felt to be the good gifts of some great giver, whom if he did not understand, he at least could love and adore. The sign of the cross he, somehow or other, came to associate with thoughts of kindness and gratitude, and therefore did he make it more frequently than the most devout Catholic in the country, crossing himself whenever he met a friend, or passed the threshold of a friend's cabin—and who that knew Teddy Delaney was not Teddy Delaney's friend ?

He was an orphan. His father, it was said, had been shot many years ago—eighteen or twenty at least—in a great riot, just before Teddy was born. Perhaps, it was this—for the story ran that Pat Delaney fell with a bullet in his temple at the very feet of his wife, when poor thing she was close upon becoming a mother—that caused Teddy to be thrown upon the world, with a reason shattered all to nothing. However, be that as it may, the poor bereft woman did not long outlive the murder of her husband—for so she called it, and so perhaps it was ; for a finer and more gallant fellow there was not, in the whole county, and people said that the wrong must have been very great, which could drive Pat Delaney, who was all for quietness and peace, and who thought wisely and acted calmly, though brave as a lion when roused, into open rebellion. And so little Teddy was left without father and mother, to find among the kind-hearted peasantry fathers and mothers in every house.

And thus he grew up from childhood to boyhood—from boyhood to the very threshold of manhood, counting, at least, by years, for Teddy never ceased to be a child. Every one, however poor, had something for him, a potatoe or a sup of butter-milk, and when he desired more luxurious fare,

he strolled up to the castle, and there he would get bread and meat and beer, and enjoy himself like an Emperor.

Donovan Castle was a fine old place; but like most Irish mansions a little out of repair. The lodge gates swung somewhat crazily on their hinges, and the lodges themselves were not very spruce and tidy to look upon, but useful nevertheless to those, who cared not for wind or rain. The park roads and the garden walks were a little overrun, here and there, with rank grass and spreading weeds, and, worse than all, the fine old avenues had sundry grievous gaps in them, telling, in melancholy characters, the history of the owner's extravagance. They told the truth too —a wild thoughtless extravagant fellow was the young master; with an open hand and an open heart, he had managed, in a few years, to reduce a splendid fortune from a high state of plethora to the lowest ebb of expiring vitality. What with horses and hounds and wine and women—and, worst of all, friends, who preyed upon him like vultures, poor Mat Forester was, in a short time, compelled to bethink himself of raising money at the expense of the family estate.

The servants of this young gentleman, as a matter of course, were as idle and prodigal as their master. So much the better for Teddy, as he could always find employment at the Castle and plenty to eat too. He was a handy fellow enough, and had the patience of Job himself. Only set him down to scrub a brass kettle, to polish a fire-iron, or to black a pair of boots, and Teddy would produce such lustre, as the best London servants have never dreamt of, in the wildest flights of their imagination.

Though Teddy took kindly to any sort of work, he affected boot-cleaning beyond any other. Perhaps it was because the effect is produced in so rapid—so magical a manner. If that was not the reason, I know no other—but why trouble ourselves about reasons? Wise men cannot give reasons for their tastes and predilections—why then should we expect an idiot to have any?

It is certain that he liked nothing so well as polishing boots and shoes. He was always happy, when thus employed. You could not do him a greater favor than to place before him a pile of boots and shoes, a pot of blacking, and a couple of brushes. It was curious to see him set about his favorite occupation; he would select from the heap the best-shaped, the neatest articles of the lot, and polish them perhaps twice over, with the greatest care, and seemingly with the highest relish. When he approached the older and more uncouth-looking leather cases of the servants, he worked with much less assiduity, and was contented to put them aside, with only an inferior degree of finish. On one occasion he was observed to place before him admiringly a delicate little pair of ladies' ankle boots and another of tiny little walking shoes, evidently belonging to the same owner, and after surveying them for a few minutes, to look around smiling with more than usual sagacity—then to take one of the shoes into his hand, as carefully as though he were handling a butterfly, and begin to polish it with extraordinary delight. The servants, who were looking on, appeared to be rather pleased too. I cannot pretend to say why, unless they thought that those shoes had no business there.

The greater number of Teddy's friends did not trouble themselves at all about such useless articles as shoes and boots, but when he was within the more civilized precincts of the "Castle" grounds, he would never meet the master, or the master's friends—or in their absence the steward, or the in-door servants, without glancing down at their feet, and if he saw

that their shoes were soiled, he would point down, in the first place, to the offending articles, and then go through the motions of shoe-blacking, with great admonitory zeal. It is said, that when the patent japanned leather first found its way down to the Castle, as it did in the boots of a young cornet from Dublin, poor Teddy was fairly mystified and took the matter greatly to heart. He could not fathom the secrets of leather that did not require blacking, nor could he look complacently upon shoes or boots, which were independent of his tender ministering.

* * * * *

There were great doings at the Castle, for it was Christmas; and the young Master had invited a bevy of friends to pass the week with him—harum-scarum, fast-going fellows they all were, much like Forester himself. The greater number of them were young Subalterns from the nearest garrison town, who had got a few days leave on private affairs, with one or two other officers from the crack regiments at Dublin. In all they mustered about a dozen, and as roaring, rollicking a dozen of fellows, as ever rode a steeple chase by day, or carried off a sign-board by night.

I have no time to record all the feats of these young gentlemen—Fortunately for them, there was no frost, so during the greater part of the day, they were riding across the country—with the hounds or not with the hounds—with an object, or without an object, just as it might happen—"Le mauvais perit jamais," and, somehow or other, not one of them was ever hurt, though in the course of the day they met with accidents enough to break a dozen valuable necks. Fortune did not, I suppose, think it worth her while to spite these roysterers, and so they always escaped.

It is only my intention to speak in detail, of one feat accomplished by the party—and when I have done this my story will be told. It was Christmas day, and a merrier party, if laughter denote mirth, was never assembled around a festive board. The dinner, if not conspicuous for any very elaborate kickshaws, was a plentiful and an excellent one. The wines were admirable—both were relished, and every body was in high good humour. The jest went round, and was appreciated all the more, for not being fastidiously nice. As was the case at one of Dr. Primrose's parties, if there was not more wit than usual, there was, at all events, more laughter.

A Christmas dinner, without a plum-pudding is a solecism in our "own old home," yet strange to relate, at this dinner, no plum-pudding made its appearance. There was a little delay between the courses—a delay that would have horror-struck a good house-wife—and a little whispering among the servants; but the table was spread in course of time, and no plum-pudding was on the board. Perhaps, the master, who had taken wine with all the party round, and had gone some way through a repetition of the ceremony, would not have noticed the omission, if a young gentleman had not called out from the bottom of the table, "Halloa! Forester, how is this? Are you such a genuine repealer, that you will not adorn your table on Christmas-day, with old England's finest characteristic of the season—a smoking plum-pudding?"

"Plum-pudding! eh!" cried Forester—"no plum-pudding—how's this?" and he turned round to the old grey-headed Irish butler behind his chair to demand an explanation.

Very solemn looked the old man, as he attempted to explain that the pudding had most unaccountably disappeared. It had been all duly dished, and garnished; but had been carried off bodily, he said, by some unknown thief. The cook had placed it, according to custom, with other

dishes on a dresser outside the kitchen door, to be all ready for the table-servants to carry off, but when they came to fetch it, the pudding was not to be found. No one could guess what had become of it.

These momentous tidings were delivered *sotto voce* by the discreet butler; but his master, thinking the story an uncommonly good one, burst into a roar of laughter, and retailed it to the whole party, evidently to the acute mortification of the venerable individual, who stood behind his chair. The young gentlemen, however, enjoyed the joke, almost as much as they would have enjoyed the pudding, and various were the suggestions offered with respect to the causes of its disappearance, and multiform the facetious observations which the said disappearance called forth. * *

The cloth had been removed; dessert and abundance of wines and spirits, flanking a capacious punch-bowl, were placed upon the table. The master was famous for his peculiar brew of whiskey punch, the rare merits of which had been one of the attractions which had drawn together so large a party at the Castle; and now he was just beginning to look around, to see that all the ingredients of the delicious composition were at hand, when he heard a loud scuffling noise in the hall, accompanied by numerous vehement cries of reproach and execration, uttered in very choice Irish. "What's the matter now?" cried the master.

The old butler, hearing his master's voice, came rushing into the dining-room, in a high state of excitement. "Oh! the spalpeen?—the thief of the world—only to think of him to do it—he who has had the run of the Castle, and the master being all the while just as a father to him—Oh, the thief of the world—the greedy cormorant! he'd carry off his own flesh and blood to ate it, only sorrow's the bit of flesh and blood he's got in the world, but his own self."

"Why—what's the matter, Blake," asked Forester, "what's all this hubbub about—who's the offender, old boy?"

"Who else," replied Mr. Blake,—"but that born natural, Teddy Delaney—Sure and it's him and no one else, that has carried off the pudding."

This was true enough—nothing truer. Teddy Delancy had carried off the pudding, and had been caught in the very act of devouring it. Mr. Blake told the story with imperturbable solemnity, and thereby rendered it all the more ridiculous, in the eyes of the party assembled. It was impossible for them to restrain from roars of laughter, as he informed them, with a grave face and in tones almost sepulchral, how one of the servants suspecting Teddy's delinquency, had gone out in search of him—how the man, after a time, had descried some one sitting in the clear moonlight, on the margin of a shallow brook, which ran through one of the fields—how, on nearing the brook, he had recognized Teddy, and stealthily approaching from behind, perceived the poor natural with the huge round pudding in both his hands—how Teddy dipped the pudding into the cold running stream to cool it, and then took a good bite—how he dipped and bit, and dipped and bit again, until the proportions of the fine globular mass were utterly destroyed, and Teddy's stomach well nigh stretched out to its utmost dimensions—how the man had seized Teddy and carried him off to the Castle—and how the servants male and female had set upon him and belaboured him—all these things were told by the ancient butler, with a rich Irish brogue, but with the utmost solemnity, until some of the young gentlemen present, under the combined effects of wine and laughter, had a narrow escape from rolling under the table.

"Capital, by Jove!" cried one, who had just lighted a cigar, "send for this hero, Forester; let us have a look at the fellow."

"By all means, send for him," chorused several of the party, "send for the young man, and give him a glass of whiskey to qualify the richness of the pudding. He must want something after it, I am sure."

"Very good," said the master, "let us have him in—send in Teddy Delaney, Blake—the gentlemen want to see him."

Scared, bruised, aching in every bone, poor Teddy Delaney was dragged into the presence of the young revellers. His torn garments were more than ever torn—his blank face blanker than ever—his idiotic stare more idiotic. A peal of laughter saluted him as he entered, but to Teddy that was as nothing. They might have shouted and roared till dooms-day, for any difference it would have made to him. But he saw everything, and the wilderness within became more bewildered—the confusion worse confounded. At first the lights dazzled him; but he soon came to see the familiar face of the master, and other faces, not familiar to him, around the table, which glittered all over with glasses and decanters, and he knew not what beside. He had a sort of vague instinctive sense of having done something very wrong; but he did not quite understand what it was—nor did he feel quite certain as to whether he was brought into that room to be rewarded or punished—to be saved from the ill-treatment, to which he had just been subjected, or to be visited with a repetition of it. He however, did not remain very long in this state of uncertainty. The truth was too soon manifested.

"Bring him here, Blake—bring him here," cried the master, "and then cut your lucky—'seca tuum fortunatum,' as we used to say at Trinity—Teddy Delaney come into court! what have you to say in your defence, (though sure enough, its deuced little he could say, if he were ever so innocent,)—have you any reason to give, why you should not be hung by your neck for stealing my pudding?" Poor Teddy stared wildly round the room, showed his huge projecting front teeth, and uttered a 'Haw-haw!' like the grunt of a wild bear.

"Well, gentlemen, what shall I do with the offender," continued Forester, as the poor idiot stood behind him, at the head of the table, rooted to the spot,—"what is to be the punishment upon this young man?"

A youth from the middle of the table gave a practical answer to this question, by throwing an orange at poor Teddy, which struck him under the eye—an example which would have been followed by other young gentlemen in his vicinity, if Mr. Forester had not prudently suggested that all might not happen to fire with equally good effect, and that a missile aimed at the culprit might possibly chance to strike *him*.

"No more shying," continued the master, "or by Jove, I will shy back again—no no—that punishment is rather too uncertain to suit me—what shall it be—eh? Come, will nobody speak?"

"Give him a glass of whiskey first," cried one of the jolly subs from Philips-town, "to make him digest his pudding."

"D'you call that a punishment McGinnis?" shouted another, "by Jove, if you go to punishing in that way, I'll take to pudding-stealing myself."

"Let's make him swallow a powder-flask," suggested another gentleman, "and then pour a table-spoonful of burnt brandy down his throat."

"Not a bad idea," cried another,—"or to make sure of an explosion, send a piece of German tinder after it. I can accommodate you with a yard."

"No, no," cried a third, "that's rather too much—let's pull out those savage looking teeth of his—the teeth are the great culprits—pull out the whole set of them, and it will spoil his eating for some days."

"Better spoil his appetite, my good fellow—besides we may get bit in the attempt."

"Bless your heart, not we—besides havn't we got a doctor amongst us?" returned one of the party.

"Doctor!—blood and 'ounds—sure, an't I to be, some of these days, the greatest doctor in Dublin," shouted a young gentleman, with a pimpled face, who seemed a little further gone than any of the rest—"only lay him out on the table and hold his legs tight, and I'll operate upon him. By the holy poker, I'll anatomise the subject from his brain to his big toe."

"Devil's the brain you'll find there," observed Mat Forester.

"Brain enough, you may depend upon it," returned the young medical gentleman, with the pimpled face, "but necessarily in a diseased state—an interesting physiological study—idiotœ adulti cerebellum, as my friend Celsus would say."

"Rot your physiology and your friend Celsus too," cried a good looking boy-cornet in the Dragoons, "have you got your operators in your pocket—we want these savage front-teeth out."

"The incisores—ah! to be sure," replied the medical gentleman, "very singularly developed indeed—we will have them out. I say, Mr. Calthorp, if you will have the goodness to clear away the things from your end of the table, we will lay out the patient. I should like those overgrown incisores and the brain of this extraordinary animal, for my incipient museum. By the holy poker, if I won't preserve the brain at once in that bottle of whiskey—and may be the heart's a curiosity. Come lend a hand, my boys, to lay him out on the dresser."

No sooner said than done—half a dozen young gentlemen seized hold of poor Teddy, and dragged him to the other end of the table, where a clear space had been made, whereon to stretch him out cross-ways.

"Give him a glass of the 'cratur' first," cried Mr. Forester, "to help him to go through the operation comfortably, and with good heart."

Accordingly a large claret glass was filled with the strong spirit, and presented to the ill-fated youth. He tossed it off, and smacked his lips with much relish. He understood that trick. Fool as he was, he had comprehension enough to appreciate the merits of a glass of whiskey. It was not the first dram that had found its way down the capacious channel of Teddy Delaney's throat.

Teddy, having smacked his lips, and smiled his approbation, was beginning to have a sort of obscure idea, that after all, he was going to be signally patronised, when he found himself suddenly thrown off his legs, pushed backwards and stretched supinely across the table. He did not offer much resistance at first, for he did not know but that this last manœuvre was not a part of the scheme of benevolence, which was being put forth in his behalf; but when he found his mouth forced open by the handle of a fruit knife thrust between his teeth, and immediately afterwards experienced the most excruciating pain, as though his whole head was being wrenched to pieces, he suddenly changed his opinion, and began roaring out with a voice as of fifty wild bulls, breaking loose from the shambles. To struggle was of no earthly use, for half a dozen men, more powerful than himself, were holding him down by the arms and legs.

Whilst the young medical gentleman was thus displaying his skill in the extraction of poor Teddy's front-teeth, another youth of lively temperament was engaged upon the more gentle frolic of lighting little pieces of German tinder, and dropping them among Teddy's hair; whilst a third held the lighted end of his cigar to the tip of the poor fellow's nose, that the pungent smoke might curl up his nostrils, and, as the young gentleman facetiously observed, "do as well as a smelling bottle to keep him from fainting under the operation." Nor were these all the practical witticisms, which were called forth by the occasion—a tremendous pair of black moustaches, marked out by a burnt cork, were soon added to Teddy's interesting physiognomy, which, being plentifully besmeared with blood, looked like a savage caricature of the well-known Saracen's head; and this innocent joke was followed by a proposal to manufacture what is commonly called "a devil," and set it a-going on Teddy's forehead, but this last device was not executed, probably because no one present relished the idea of making up, with his own fingers, the little pyramid of gun-powder and spittle.

However, as though to compensate for this deficiency one of the young gentlemen present, having first of all observed that he knew a trick worth two of that, ran out of the room, and presently returned, bringing with him a small green bottle. The poor youth's four front-teeth had been by this time extracted, and the remainder only spared through the interposition of the master of the house, who persuaded his guests to inflict no further punishment upon the delinquent, but to give him another glass of whiskey. Accordingly poor Teddy was suffered to rise from his supine position, and whilst still seated on the table, a large glass full of the burning spirit was handed to the poor fellow, who, in spite of the torture which he had gone through, sipped it—he did not toss off the dram this time—with high relish, and with a protracted enjoyment of the delight, as though he found in the glass a cure for all his pains and ailments. Whilst thus, to the great amusement of all present, pouring the distilled fire slowly down his throat, the young gentleman, who had just returned from his excursion into some other part of the house, poured a quantity of the liquid, contained in the green bottle, into the hollow of his hand, and began to besmear Teddy's back with it. The bottle contained oil of Turpentine, which had been left behind by a young Irish artist, who had recently been on a visit to the Castle, and with this inflammable liquid was the unfortunate victim of reckless and brutal folly speedily besmeared from head to foot. No sooner was this accomplished, than a piece of lighted paper was applied to the tail of Teddy's coat, and the poor wretch was in a blaze. At first the young gentlemen laughed and shouted, as though they thought this a crowning joke. The poor fellow sprung from the table frantic with fear, and rushed towards the door—then back again to the other end of the room—screaming and roaring with terror and pain, for the flames had begun to scorch his flesh. This was laughed at, for some time. One adventurous youth made a sudden dart forward, and pushed the flaming mass of humanity against one of his comrades—*he* pushed the poor wretch back again, and soon Teddy was rolling upon the ground. His screams were terrible to hear and his struggles no less terrible to look upon. It could be a joke no longer. The sight was too appalling, and a sense of the barbarous deed which they had perpetrated, found its way at last to the hearts of those drunken, insane revellers.

"For God's sake do something," cried the master, "he will be burnt to death."

"What shall we do?" asked several agitated voices, "what can we do?"

"Throw some water over him—quick! There is no time to be lost."

One of the young men seized a decanter and poured its contents over the wretched and writhing idiot. To his surprise and horror it made the flames rise up with renewed vigour, in large blue sheets. The bottle had contained whiskey.

"More water—more water! in God's name, what have you done, Rawson—that was spirit! there is water in the finger glasses, empty them all, call the servants.—In God's name do something." He was too much agitated to do anything himself.

"For the love of God," repeated Forester, "do something—more water—stamp upon him—roll up the carpet—is there anything at hand—no hearth-rug—tear down the window-curtains then—he is dying, I see—I hear—he is dying—he does not scream now—oh! God, what have we done?" * * *

They had murdered him—nothing more. The flames were at length extinguished, and the unhappy young men who had perpetrated this exquisite *joke*, stood sobered, stunned, appalled, horror-struck, with pale faces, and still hearts, around the blackened and disfigured corpse of poor Teddy Delaney.

What followed I do not know. * * * It is said that, on the following day, a sort of Inquest was held; but whether the perpetrators of this horrid act were brought to justice—whether the law has had its course, and punishment has descended upon them, or whether the story has been "hushed up," I do not as yet know. I am only able to write of the deed itself. Its consequences have yet to be declared.

K.

SONNET.

To roam amid secluded shades and bowers,
Whilst nature smiles and looks divinely gay;
To breathe the balmy gale of vernal flowers,
And view heaven's arch its sparkling gems display;
To see the rising moon, with temper'd beam,
Light up the mountain, with its hanging woods;
To listen to the murmur of the stream
Gushing thro' dells and rocky solitudes;
To breathe the feelings such a scene doth raise
To one beloved and congenial soul;
To hear her with devoted ardour praise
The mighty power that animates the whole—
Is bliss, than which no greater here is given,
It seems a foretaste of the joys of heaven!

T.

THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS!

[A SORT OF PALINODIA.—BY MC.N.]

When I was a youth, with a heart just as light,
As the very swan-downiest feather;
And a head both as silly and giddy—oh, quite,
As a score of coquettes' heads together:
Then beauty's bright ray, could win its quick way,
Through the whole of my bosom's defenees;
But *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have recovered my senses!

Whenever a pair of soft eyes on me beam'd,
No matter their size or their color;
To *my* eyes still brimful of passion they seem'd,
(And they could not have well appear'd fuller!)
Whether black, grey, or blue, my peace how they slew!
No escape from their dread consequences!
But *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have recovered my senses!

As surely as ever two lips us'd to smile,
I'd have given all the world to have kiss'd 'em;
And the tone of a feminine voice could beguile,
For a fortnight, the whole of my system:
The touch of a hand, was like Oberon's wand,
And would flutter my wild appe-tenees;
But *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have reeovered my senses!

I have had a death blow from a scaree-budded girl,
And a matron of thirty hath slain me;
I have died for a skin white as mother of pearl,
And even a brown one could gain me:
Then a blush or a sigh (I could never tell why)
Had a power, which no longer immense is;
For *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have recovered my senses!

I loved to go shopping: those jewellers' shops,
Were the deuce for sueh victims as I was;
For there, what with necklaees, lockets and drops,
Too strong the temptation to buy was:
The price who'd enquire, whose soul was on fire?
What adorer e'er thought of expenses!
But *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have recovered my senses!

If next one at table, I never could eat,
For whispering, and flustering, and wooing;
If in a quadrille, oh, her satin-wreath'd feet,
And small ankles would provc my undoing:
My pulse would go *then*, at a hundred and ten,
And my pillow brought no somno-lences;
But *now*—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have reeovered my senses!

Thus time *was* when my heart on love's altar would burn,
No touchwood at kindling more rapid ;
But feelings and passions it then could inurn,
Seem now very stupid and vapid :
No longer I care, for the tawny or fair,
My once open bosom now dense is ;
And so—either woman has lost her charms,
Or—I have recovered my senses !

SERENE-GOSA.

(AFTER OSSIAN.)

A TALE of the present times !

As floating music, sweet are the thoughts, of Eastern Maids, that roll over the soul. Their Fathers come from the stormy North ; their Mothers spring from this sunny clime. Softly graceful are their rounded limbs. Serene, their minds wander in mazy rounds ; but their souls when roused are full of fire !

Lovely of her race was Serene-Gosâ. She sat in her father's halls. He a warrior of stern mould ; a warrior of the field of Ghusnee. She sat reclined in a dreamy mood. The light-winged punkah waved her locks ; those locks dyed with night's darkest hues ! Soft breathed the maid. She thought of other times, when beyond the rough sea she had gone. Of her father-land, of the streamy land of joy. Her far-off kindred, of her noble father's line. She thought of his rank, of her warrior father's valour. But, in her gentle soul there came no thought of her mother.

Then sadly the dreams of love swept by. A young beam of Erin was the youth of her love. High heaved the breast of the white-bosomed maid, as heaves the foam of the crested sea. A cloud depends. Gloom sits on her thick-haired brow, ruffled like an eagle's. A storm impends !

Serene-Gosâ rose from her bright-rayed cloudy couch as rises the gorgeous Moon. Rustled her silver dress. So rustles the light-leaved bamboo in these breezy woods. Her looks are high, this maid of the sun. She walks erect. Small are her rounded shoulders. Small her waist. Descending her form is perfect. Yet as she steps her supple frame denotes her Eastern mother. The maid seeks the breezy verandah. No word she utters, but at her beck a slave hastens with an easy chair. Drops her form into it ; her feet rest on a soft low stool. Rocking, gently her spirit calms. She would hum with the whistling wind ; she would kiss the birds that sing. She would——

The young maid rolls her dark eyes. What is it meets Serene-Gosâ's glowing eyes ? Her brown dimpled hands snatch her hair from the amorous wind. Suffused are her cheeks. She looks with awe, or expectation. Beyond her father's wall a barren heath ; one scraggy tree in midst, the gloomy spirit of the place. A storm-blown hut, a wretched long low-roofed and rent hovel near. " Who comes so dark from Ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud ?" His hair wildly floating in the blast. " Death is trembling in his hand ! his eyes are flames of fire ! Who roars along dark Lora's heath ?" The glowing sun pours broad upon him. An open blade glistens in his hand. He looks upwards as if invoking spirits of the hot air to aid him in some fiery deed. " See ! how he turns and strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven."—But there is another ! Low bending over an object, a dark struggling form half hid among some bushes, close

by that horrid tree.—Strained her sight the quick-breathed maid. He with the blade draws nigh. He stoops. The quiek-glancing knife is used. The two bend low straining to the ground. A dark thing struggles mightily in their terrible grasp. A cry! a piercing shriek! a child?—a smothered groan!

Rolled back the thrilling soul of Serene-Gosâ! The trembling chair alone showed signs of life! And a eurious erow, perehed by, looked wondering on!

Long lay the maid in that unconscious state. "Who eometh from the hill, like a eloud tinged with the beam of the west? Whose voiee is loud as the wind, but pleasant as the harp of Carril?" It is her love. Erin with black hair and laughing grey eyes. But soon was he sad. Pale and motionless was his love. He bent over her. Mysterious are the influences of love! She began to revive. As the presence of the sun opens to life the bosoms of earth's flowers. A sigh, as a summer breath of air; a look! a smile! fresh as the early morn. But again horror gathers over her darkened brow. Wildly she looks around, then clasps her eyes with her tiny hands. Imploring he asks what shocks her. She shudders, but is speechless. She points towards the horrid tree. Utters the dreadful thoughts—"I saw! I heard! a child! murder!—there! there!"—Erin turns to the gloomy heath. He was silent. But now a resounding laugh bursts from him. Long continued was the merriment of this laughing son of Erin; till he at last found words to say to the astonished maid—"Why, it is only a—it is only Buckrec-Eed and the Mussulmans have been killing a Goat—see they are now skinning it—a black Goat!"

Serene-Gosâ rolled her burning eyes full upon the audacious youth. As roll the black clouds baek in these hot skies, then frowning lower awfully big with impending fate, then beleh their lightnings forth! Her heavy brows with deep threatenings lour, and meet in one dark indignant line. Terrible her flashing eyes stream forth their burning indignation! Scorn quivers her lips. She turns with lofty pride, and leaves him! Erin lost—for ever lost the love of Serene-Gosâ!

STANZAS TO ———.

I.

When the thick clouds within my heart
O'er this sad brow up-roll,
Let not the sight one shade impart
To thy serener soul.

II.

And lady, fix not on my face
That kind yet searching eye,
Nor deem thy spirit there may trace
The thought that bids me sigh.

III.

Enough for thee this truth to hear—
This heart, though dark it be,
Hath never borne—shall never bear
A thought unkind to thee.

D. L. R.

CALCUTTA

LITERARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1842.

HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.

[The following is an abridgment of a series of able and interesting articles which have appeared in some recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. Those who remember the brilliant papers which appeared in the same journal in 1833 on the *Greek Anthology*, will derive equal pleasure from the perusal of these later records of Homeric-Grecian manners and thoughts. The abridgment here made concentrates the controversial arguments into a smaller and easier understood compass; but gives other more generally interesting parts in fuller detail; and the whole as nearly as possible with and in the spirit of the original.]

Homer, the general Patriarch of occidental literature, reminds us powerfully of the river Nile—whose annual swelling, whose creative ageney, and above all whose ultimate source was such a mystery for so many years, and viewed by antiquity as charmed against solution: "*Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre,*" said Lucan, fancying it was denied to look upon his state of weakness and childhood:—whose well-heads when discovered by Abyssinian Bruce in *one* source are found still to be a mystery, for there is yet another branch whose fountains lie in far other regions—thus the great letter Y. that Pythagorean marvel, is still covered with shades in one half its bifurcation. Such thoughts also settle on Homer; for 2,800 years have men drunk of the waters of this earliest amongst poets (himself under one of his denominations the son of a river, Melesigenes, or the grandson of a river, Mœonides), the parent of fertilizing streams, as mysterious in his fountain as father Nile. As Egypt is but the valley of the Nile, and the mere creation of the river annually depositing its rich layers of slime; so Greece and the Grecian Isles may in many moral respects be considered the creation of Homer. If it is unavoidable to assume some degree of civilization before Homer, it is certain that he, by the picture of unity which he held aloft to the Greeks, in making them co-operate to a common enterprise against Asia, and by the intellectual pleasure which he first engrafted upon the innumerable festivals of Hellas, did more than lawgivers to propagate this early civilization, and to protect it against those barbarizing feuds or migrations which through some centuries menaced its existence.

How could such a poet as Homer—such a poem as the Iliad—arise in days so illiterate? If the Iliad could and did arise, not as a long series of separate phenomena, but as *one* solitary birth of revolutionary power, how was it preserved? how propagated over Greece during centuries, when our modern facilities for copying on paper, and the general art of reading, were too probably unknown?—In 1795, the great German philologer, Fred.

Augustus Wolf, gave a great shock to the slumbering credulity (doubts *had* long before been awakened) of men on Homer; this controversy in Germany has continued to the present time. Wolf by his matchless revisal of the Homeric text, gave to the world, simultaneously with his doubts, the very strongest credentials of his own right to utter doubts. His acuteness in raising objections to all the received opinions, had fallen upon a kindly soil—the German mind being but too naturally disposed to scepticism. But yet it is remarkable, Wolf would not respond to the general call upon himself to come forward and close the dispute with a *comprehensive valuation* of all that had been said, and all that yet remained to be said, upon this difficult problem. It is however to be observed that so early as 1689, the sagacious Bentley had thrown out doubts that people of old had been tampering with Homer's text;—and Wood in 1769, threw up some rockets in the same direction. [For a full detail of the entire controversy the writer recommends the perusal of Nitzsch's (Niche) papers in the great *Allgemeine Encyclopædie*, though he charges him with an excess of the prevailing vices of German speculation—1st, vague indeterminate conception; 2dly, total want of power to methodize or combine the parts, and indeed generally a barbarian inaptitude for composition.]

The great sectional divisions of the Homeric controversy are:—

I.—*Homer*—the man, the poet.
II.—The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—the poems distinct from the poet.
III.—The *Rhapsodoi*—poetic chanters of Greece, and their predecessors or contemporaries, the *Aoidoi*, the *Citharœdi*, the *Homeridai*.
IV.—*Lycurgus*. V. *Solon*, and the Pisistratidæ. VI. The *Diascenastæ*.

We begin by stating the chronological bearings of the principal objects connected with the *Iliad*.

Almost universally it is now agreed that the siege of Troy occurred about 1300, or at the lowest calculation more than 1200 years before Christ. It is generally agreed that the period of Homer's flourishing was from two to three centuries *after* Troy. The earliest series of events connected from *before* and from *behind* with the Grecian bard, may be thus arranged:

B. C. 1220.—Trojan expedition.
1000.—Homer a young man, and contemporary with the building of the *first* Temple of Jerusalem (with Solomon.)
820.—Lycurgus brings into the Peloponnesus from Crete (or Ionia) the Homeric poems, hitherto unknown upon the Grecian *continent*.

Up to this last epoch the poems had been in the custody of two schools or professional orders, the *Aoidoi* and *Citharœdi*. These had originally no more relation to Homer than to any other narrative poet; their duty of musical recitation had brought them connected with Homer as it would have done with any other popular poet; and it was only the increasing current of Homer's predominance over all rival poets which gradually gave such a bias to these men's professional art, as at length to suck them within the great Homeric tide: they became, but were not originally, a sort of Homeric choir or orchestra. Through them the two great objects were secured—first, that to each separate generation of men Homer was *published* with all the advantages of a musical accompaniment; secondly, that for distant generations Homer was *preserved*. We go along with Nitzsch and others in opposing Wolf as to the existence of alphabetic writing in the days of Homer, and believe that a laborious art of writing *did* exist, but with such disadvantages as to writing materials that Homer

would have fared ill as regards his chance of reaching the polished ages of Pericles, had he relied on written memorials, or upon any mode of publication less impassioned than the orchestral chaunting of the *Rhapsodoi*. The other order of men dedicated to some Homeric interest (their functions were never well ascertained) were those technically known as the Homeridæ. These as their name indicates sprung from Homer, and constituted a *local* college of Homeric ministers, confined originally to a single island, and not diffused as were the Rhapsodoi over all Greece.

Thus far we hear of no care applied to the periodical revision of the Homeric text. The text of no book can become an object of anxiety until by numerous corruptions it has become an object of doubt. Lycurgus it is true, the Spartan lawgiver, *did* apply his own authority in a very early age to the general purpose of importing the *Iliad* and *Odyssey:* but there his office terminated. About four centuries after Homer we begin to feel anxious about the probable state of the Homeric text. Not that we suppose any interregnum in Homer's influence—nor in any possible defect of links in that vast series of traditional transmitters,—the integrity of that succession was guaranteed by its interwreathing itself with human pleasures, religious ceremonies, with household and national festivals. On the contrary, too constant and too fervent a repetition would have been the main source of corruptions in the text; for as sympathy in the audiance must always have been a primary demand with the Rhapsodoi, it might sometimes happen that when allusions were no longer intelligible or effectual, they would be dropped from the text—and introductions might be made to please contemporary auditors. It was at length high time to have some edition "by authority."

It was a real providential care for the civilization of Greece (providential, when we recollect the great part played by Greece in propagating Christianity through the previous propagation of her own literature and language), which caused the era of state editions to supercede the *ad libitum* text of the careless or the interested,—just at that precise period when the rapidly rising tide of Athenian refinement would soon have swept away all the land-marks of primitive Greece, and when the altered character of the public reciters would have co-operated to make a true Homeric text irrecoverable. [For the Rhapsodoi were in a regular course of degradation who connected the past with the present, and who *sang* precisely to that of mere mercenary artists, because their burthen of truth was too solemn for unimpassioned speech from the rank of sacred minstrels. They were rapidly sinking under the changes of the times—were open to bribes, and as one consequence (whilst partly it was one cause) they ceased to command the public respect. The very same changes, and through the very same steps, and under the very same agencies, have been since exhibited to Europe in the parallel history of the Minstrels.]—It was in the interval of 111 years between 555, B. C. the *locus* of Pisistratus, and 444 the *locus* of Pericles, whilst as yet the traditional text of Homer was retrievable—and the arts of reading and writing had not weakened the popular devotion to Homer by dividing it amongst multiplied books—in that critical isthmus of time did two or three Athenians of rank, first Solon, next Pisistratus, and lastly (if Plato is right) Hipparchus, step forward to make a public, solemn, and *legally* operative review of the poems. They drew the old vessel into dock, laid bare its timbers, and stopped the further progress of decay. One century after Pisistratus we come to Pericles—or counting from the *locus* of each (555 and 444 B. C.) exactly 111

years divide them: one century after Pericles we come to Alexander the Great—or counting from the locus of each (444 and 333) exactly 111 years divide them. During this period of 222 years Homer had rest—nobody was allowed to torment his text any more. And it is singular enough that this period, during which Homer reigned in the luxury of repose, having nothing to do but to let himself be read and admired, *was precisely that ring-fence of years within which lies true Grecian history;* for if any man wishes to master the Grecian history he needs not to ascend above Pisistratus nor to come below Alexander: before Pisistratus all is mist and fable, after Alexander all is dependency and servitude. And remarkable it is that soon after Alexander, and indirectly through changes caused by him, Homer was again held out for the pleasure of the tormentors, which is singular, when we contrast it with the known idolatry towards Homer of that royal soldier. Among the dynasties founded by Alexander's Lieutenants was one memorably devoted to literature. The Macedonian house of the Ptolemies when seated on the throne of Egypt had founded the very first public Library, and the first learned Public. Alexander died 320 B. C. and already in 280 the learned Jews of Alexandria and Palestine had commenced, under the royal patronage, that translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek which, from the supposed number of the translators, has obtained the name of the *Septuagint*. This was a service to posterity. But the earliest *Grecian* service to which this Alexandrine Library ministered was Homeric. Had Alexander survived forty years longer how angry it would have made him that the very first trial of this new and powerful galvanic battery should be upon the body of the *Iliad!*

From 280 B. C. to 160 there was a constant succession of Homeric critics. The immense materiel found in the public library towards a direct history of Homer and his fortunes would alone have sufficed to evoke a school of critics. But besides it contained vast collections towards the study of the Greek language through all its dialects, and its chronological stages. This study led back by many avenues to Homer. A verse or a passage which had hitherto passed for genuine, was now found to be veined by some phrase, dialect, terminal form, or mode of using words, that might be too modern for Homer's, or too far removed in space from his Ionian country. We moderns, from our vast superiority to the Greeks themselves in Greek metrical science, have had an extra resource for detecting the spurious in Greek poetry; and many are the condemned passages in our modern editions of Greek books, against which no jealousy would have arisen among unmetrical scholars. But even without that resource the Alexandrine critics contrived to riddle Homer through and through with desperate gashes. In fact after being "treated" and "handled" by three generations of critics, Homer came forth (like one of Lucan's legionary soldiers from the rencontre with the Amphisbæna, the dispas, and the water-snake of the African wilderness) one vast wound, one huge system of confluent ulcers. Aristarchus (one of these Alexandrine scorpions) might well boast that he had cured Homer of the dry-rot; he *has*—and by leaving hardly one whole spar of his ancient framework. To cure a man radically of the tooth-ache by knocking all his teeth down his throat, seems a suspicious recommendation for "dental surgery." And with respect to Aristarchus's Homer, besides the lines, sentences, and long passages to which that Herod of critics affixed his *obelus* (†) or stiletto, there are entire books which he found no use in assassinating piecemeal; because it was not this line or that line into which he wished

to thrust his dagger, but the *whole* rabble of lines. Which reminds us of Paul Ritcher who suggests to some author anxiously revising the table of his own errata—that perhaps he might think it advisable on second thoughts to put his whole book into the list of errata ; requesting of the reader kindly to erase the whole work as an oversight, or general blunder, from page 1 down to *finis*.

After the Alexandrine tormentors we may say, that Homer's pre-christian martyrdom came to an end. His post-christian sufferings have been due chiefly to the Germans, who have renewed the warfare not only of Alexandrine critics but of the ancient *chorizontes*—separators, so called from their beaking up the Iliad into multiform groups of little tadpole Iliads,—also from their splitting the one old hazy but golden *Homer*, who looms upon us so venerably through a mist of centuries, into a reverberation of little silver Homers that twinkled up and down the world, and lived when they found it convenient.

Let us combine the separate points of this chronological deduction into one focus ; then we will examine each of the main questions of the controversy which we have already numbered. After the three periods above pointed out, viz. B. C. 1220—Troy ; 1000, Homer, contemporary with Solomon ; 800, Lycurgus ; we come to—

555.—Solon the Athenian lawgiver, Pisistratus the ruler of Athens, and Hipparchus his son, do something as yet undetermined, for the better ascertaining and maintaining of the original Homeric text.

444.—From the text thus settled are cited numerous Homeric passages in Plato and all the other wits of this period, the noon-tide of Greek Literature (of Pericles) ; and these passages generally coincide with our present text, so that we have no reason to doubt about our Iliad being essentially the same as that used and read in the family of Pisistratus.

333.—The main year of Alexander's Persian expedition, and probably the year in which his tutor Aristotle published those notions about the tragic and epic "*unities*," which have since had so remarkable an effect upon the arrangement of the *Iliad*. In particular, the notion of "episodes" or digressional narratives (interwoven with the story) was entirely Aristotelian ; and under that notion people submitted easily to interpolations which would else have betrayed themselves.

320.—Alexander the Great dies.

280 down to 160. —The Alexandrian Library is applied to for the searching revision of Homer ; and a school of Alexandrine critics usually called the Alexandrine "grammatici"—(wherein flourished Zenodotus, Aristophanes and Aristarchus) dedicated themselves to Homer.

After the era 160 B. C., by which time the second Punic War had liberated Rome from her great African rival, the Grecian States began rapidly to fall under Roman conquest. Henceforward the text of Homer suffered no further disturbance or inquisition, until it reached the little wicked generation (ourselves and our immediate fathers) which we address.

Now let us turn from this chronological series of fortunes, to the *Iliad* in itself and in its personal relations, *i. e.* in reference to its author, its Grecian propagators, its reformers, its interpolators, and its critical explorers.

HOMER.

It happened to Homer, as with the speaker of the House of Commons, in one of 101 epigrams fired off at Pitt and Dundas who were scandalled with having appeared one night drunk in the house,—

Pitt.—I cannot see the speaker, Hall,—can *you* ?
Dund.—Not see the speaker!——*I* see two.

Some say, "there never was such a person as Homer." "On the contrary," say others, "there were scores." Considering circumstances, the polytheism of the case was natural; the atheism was monstrous.—Because the name of Homer (derived from ὁμου and αρω) can be made to yield a fanciful emblematic meaning, Mr. Ilgen insists that Homer must be a *myth*—an "abstract idea." The word Αρω means *to join, to fit* or *adapt*—and ὁμοῦ is *together*, or *in harmony*. One critic understands it in the sense of metaphorical cabinet-making, as if it applied to uniting words into metrical combinations. Mr. Ilgen however explains it as applying, not to any labor whatever of the poet *as* a poet, but to the skill of the musical accompaniment and adaptations; because the poet may also be the musical reciter of the poem, and in that character he may have an interest in this name of Ὅμηρος but not as a poet. But indeed Homer may mean a *hostage*, a *blind man*, or *packer-up*, as well as any of the above. Seriously, however, were the name bursting with hieroglyphic life, this would be no proof that the man Homer was an "abstract idea." Many "significant names" express accidents of birth commonly recurring—as *Benoni*, "the child of sorrow;"—or express those qualities which are always presumable, as Honor, Prudence, Patience, common female names in England. Honest people's children are not to be treated as "abstract ideas" because their names may chance to look symbolical. Were Demosthenes not under the full blaze of history and coeval with Alexander, (333 B. C.) who would not pronounce him a mere allegorical man, when he understood that the name was composed of these two elements—*Demos* the "people," and *Sthenos* "strength," this last word having been notoriously used by Homer as that power which makes itself known by thundering sound, "the thundering strength of the people!"—who would believe that the great orator had actually brought with him this ominous and magnificent name, this natural patent of presidency, to the Athenian hustings?—It startles us to find lurking in any man's name a prophecy of his after career; as for instance to find a Latin legend, "and his glory shall be from the Nile," *Est honor à Nilo*, concealing itself in the name of *Horatio Nelson*.

Chrysostom, that eloquent father of early Christianity, had he been so *baptized* ("golden-mouthed," *chrysostomos*) might have been suspected for one of Mr. Ilgen's "abstract ideas," but that it happens we know he existed in the body, and that the name of honor was conferred upon him by the public in commemoration of his eloquence. Supposing therefore Homer's name to bear a symbolical meaning it should rather be looked upon as a reflex name, artificially constructed for reverberating his glory *after* it gathered, than as any predestinating name.

From the name it is a natural step to the country; all know the satirical couplet—

> "Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

And for the names of these cities (and islands):

> Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argo, Athenæ,
> Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.

Amongst these Smyrna, and Chios, have very superior pretensions. But even Babylon, Syria, and Egypt have put in their claims; these however are mere bubbles exhaling from national vanity. Wood particularly insists upon Smyrna; and we doubt not it was Homer's birth place: but the island of Crete, is to our thinking, the seat of his connections, and often

of his residence. In those summer seas, quiet as lakes and basking in constant sunshine, it would be inevitable for a stirring animated mind to float up and down the Ægean: and we doubt not Homer visited all the festivals of the Ægean Islands. Thus he acquired that learned eye which he manifests for female Grecian beauty,—"rosy-fingered," "silver-footed," "full-bosomed," "ox-eyed," &c. It has happened through accidents of migration and consequent modifications of origin, combined with varieties of diet and food, that the Greek islands still differ greatly in the style of their female beauty. Now, the time for seeing the young women of a Grecian city, all congregated under the happiest circumstances of display, was in their local festivals. And here, at the islands of Ios, of Chios, and particularly of Crete, we are satisfied did Homer behold many fair Phidiacan forms moving like goddesses through the mazes of religious choral dances. Crete and Cretan life to this hour presents us with the very echo of the Homeric delineations. Take four several cases:—

1. The old Homeric superstition which connects horses by the closest sympathy, and even by prescience, with their masters, still lingers unbroken in Crete. Horses foresee the fates of, and weep for, riders who are doomed; and referring to this capacity they name him singularly το αλογον the irrational creature. In a Cretan ballad of 1825, the following stanza occurs, "Upon which he mounted, and his horse wept; and then he saw clearly how this should bode his death." Under the same old Cretan faith Homer says, "Tears, scalding tears trickled to the ground down the eyelids of them (the horses) fretting through grief for the loss of their charioteer."

2. Another almost decisive record of Homer's familiarity with Cretan life, lies in his notice of the *Agrimi*, a peculiar wild goat or ibex, found in no part of the Mediterranean except in Crete. Homer's most minute measurement of the horns of this animal is corroborated by recent English travellers: as also the "preternatural agility," which he attributes to it, (both which facts had long greatly been doubted)—"they spring from precipice to precipice and will leap *up*," says Mr. Pashley "a perpendicular rock of ten to fourteen feet high." Its alleged habits too, and the difficulty of approaching it, agree with late discoveries; whilst the spirited description of Pandarus' sporting adventure is picturesquely true to the very life of 1841; thus showing pretty strongly that Homer had participated in such sporting himself.

3. Another argument for the Cretan habitudes of Homer is derived from his allusion to the Cretan tumblers, which to this hour may be seen practised at Crete. Two men place themselves, the one standing on his head, the other in the natural position clasping the ankles of the first so as to sustain his legs inverted in the air. Thus placed, they begin to roll forward, head over heels, and heels over head; every tumble inverts their positions; but always there is one man, after each roll, standing upright on his pins, and another whose lower extremities are presented to the clouds. And thus they go on for hours.

4. The most remarkable among the Homeric mementos of Cretan life is the τηλολαλια—or conversation from a distance. This must have suggested to Homer his preternatural male voices—Stentor's, who spoke as loud "as other fifty men,"—Achilles', simply by whose *roar* the whole Trojan army is scared. Now in Crete (and in Albania where Cretan emigrants have settled) shepherds and others are found with voices so resonant, aided perhaps by a Grecian atmosphere, that they are able to challenge a person "out of sight;" and will actually conduct a ceremonious

conversation (for all Cretan mountaineers are as ceremonious as the Homeric heroes) at distances which to us seem incredible—M. Zallony says they will conduct a courtship about two miles apart.—Their power likewise of descrying remote objects by the eye (favored no doubt by the atmosphere) is repeatedly alluded to by Homer.

5. But the legends and mythology of Crete are what most detect the intercourse of Homer with that island. A volume would however be requisite for fully displaying this truth. It will be sufficient here to remind the reader of the early civilization of Crete, long before that of Greece continental; which furnishes an *à priori* argument for Homer's resorting to Crete; and inversely his elaborate use of Cretan traditional fables is an *à posteriori* argument that Homer *did* seek this island. It is of great use to fix Homer's locality and trace his haunts, whereby, in connection with the internal indications of the *Iliad*, to arrive at his true *era; which* on the other hand, if otherwise deduced, would assist the indications of the *Iliad* to determine his locality.

The main point about Homer which now remains to be settled is, *could he write?*—how did he fix his thoughts and images as they arose—did he trust to his own memory for the rough sketch, and to the chanters for publishing the revised copies? This question we shall consider under the head *Solon and the Pisistratidæ.*

[To be continued.]

TO THE SUN.

Theme of the world's primeval song
And hymn'd through ages past,
Whose golden glory streams along
Creation's starry vast!
Exhaustless fount of living light
From Eden's hour 'till now!
How throned in majesty and might
And loveliness art thou!

Coeval with the birth of Time
Thy glorious youth began,
'Ere dewy eve or glowing prime
Beheld immortal man.
Yet not unblest didst thou arise
On Nature's long eclipse,
A choral joy the infant skies
Prolonged, from seraph lips.

Hosannas to the highest name
Thy natal pæans gave,
Earth echoed back the dread acclaim
And Ocean's new born wave.
And e'en though seraphs bade rejoice,
A holier joy was there,
When thine Almighty Maker's voice
Proclaimed thee good and fair.

Thy Titan glance beheld the first
Of human things arise,
Beheld their patriarch offspring nurst
To commune with the skies.
Even as now thy glad beams dance
On cloud and wave and bark ;
They kist the lessening flood's expanse
And hailed the rescued ark !

Such glory gave the Lord of Light
The creature of his nod ;
To thee lost man ascribed the might
And terrors of his God !
And bow'd in false devotion's trance,
All ignorant of *Him*
Before whose dread eternal glance
Ten thousand suns were dim !

But thou ! whilst blazed their erring shrines,
His glory didst record,
And spoke from age to age the signs
And wonders of thy Lord !
Now, at his Prophet's lifted hand
Forebore thy march on high ;
Now, backward at his dread command
Crept shuddering through the sky !

Majestic orb ! on thy decay
No human glance shall be,
Till roll the Heavens and Earth away
And Time expires with thee :
Till ruin draws o'er suns and stars
Her universal pall,
And *He* who kindles, makes and mars,
Decree thy final fall.

JAMES GREGOR GRANT.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THERE is a shadowing forth within the mind
Of mysteries sublime, when by the light
Of the incarn'd divinity of thought, we wind
Through dusky regions of repose ; and find
Again the people of THE PAST, as bright,
As erst we knew them, ere the gloomy night
Of Death had dark'd their path ! As shall the sound
Of the Archangel's trump awake the still
And ghastly ; memory thus from depths profound
Of her dark empire ; at the spirit's will
When comes its summons with electric thrill—
Ungulfs the dead that to our hearts were bound :
And lo ! they wander with us blithe again,
As if they'd ne'er in cold obstruction lain.

J. G.

STANZAS.

The skies may wear their brightest blue,
The fields their freshest green,
And things of every form and hue
But breathe of bliss serene,
Yet all that sights like these reveal
This sad heart must disown,
For oh! I cannot choose but feel
In loveliest scenes *alone!*

If thus when light and glory bless
This strangely varying sphere,
I may not taste the loveliness
Since no kind heart is near;
When o'er the landscape shadows steal
And low winds deeply moan,
Alas! how sadder still to feel
In that dark hour *alone!*

Awhile I haunt the glittering halls
Where youth and beauty shine,
Where gorgeous mirrors on bright walls
Reflect each form divine;
And yet my heart I coldly seal
And inly weep and groan;
For oh! tis terrible to feel
In joyous crowds *alone.*

If thus I bear amidst the gay
Where soft eyes magic dart,
Where night is made more bright than day,
This solitude of heart,
'Tis worse to home's still roof to steal,
Where once was heard the tone
Of love and joy—and then to feel
E'en there—e'en there—*alone!*

Calcutta, April 12th. 1842. R.

SONNET.

I would not change a glance of that bright eye,
Whose beauteous orb doth sparkle with a glow
Resplendent as a cloudless summer sky,
Or the clear azure of the depths below,
For all the wealth Peruvian mines can store,
Or Ind that 'showers barbaric pearl and gold.'
I would not lose the blush that mantles o'er
That dimpling cheek of nature's finest mould,
Or the sweet tones that murmur from a mouth,
Whose luscious lips do rival in their hue
The dewy rose-bud, when the balmy south
Expands its tints and beauty to the view!
For all the honors of the hero's name,
Or the bright lustre of the poet's fame.

Calcutta, 15th April, 1842. T.

SCRAPS OF NONSENSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CALCUTTA LITERARY GLEANER.

Sir,—I was lately turning over a small private collection of letters, in verse and prose, from the pen of an elderly gentleman not perhaps wholly unknown to the literary circles of Calcutta (though it is a great many years I believe since he gave up writing for the public prints,) and I was in some degree entertained by the good humoured nonsense which he had carelessly scribbled off in his leisure moments, either to relieve his own ennui or to amuse his correspondent. As I suppress his own name and that of his friend, and as the letters are of an old date and not of a very private or confidential nature, there can be no great harm I think in putting a few specimens* into your entertaining miscellany. The author's correspondent told me very freely and candidly, that I need be under no apprehension of offending the said author for that he was positively "one of the vainest creatures that ever lived," and that though he had penned his extravagant absurdities without the least care or consideration, he would be sure to be rather pleased than otherwise to see his hasty doggerel preserved in so respectable a periodical as the *Gleaner*. Many other severe things were uttered respecting his personal foibles, (too severe indeed to record,) mixed up however with some expressions of real kindness and regard.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your obdt. servt.,

Mirzapore, April 6, 1842. F. H. G.

AN EXCUSE FOR NONSENSE.

To ————

My dear ——,——When you find the —— of this strange letter you may think I could better employ my time than on nonsense-rhyme, but the truth to tell, I like very well, to idle away, a part of the day, in a manner that many would think a mere zany alone could delight in. Perhaps I'm not right in thus wasting my time, on nonsense rhyme, and making each person, whom I write verse on, exclaim with an air of pathetic despair—"This is really too bad—the man is quite mad!" Yet to tell you my mind, I am half inclined, when I see solemn coddles slowly shaking their noddles, and taking such huff at what they call *stuff*, to think the said stuff, at which they take huff, would not seem so bad, if they themselves had, some *stuff* within that hollow machine, which they wear on their shoulders to cheat beholders with a vision vain of a box of *brain*, and which after all, is nothing at all, but a *bone-and-skin-ball*, as dull and as thick as the head of a stick, which the carver and cutter (to gain bread and butter) has made to stare with a knowing air.

Now pray don't suppose, that I class *you* with those, who mistake the mind's play, for disease or decay, for though I admit, there is no gleam of wit, in the doggerel prolusions and idle effusions, which so freely and gaily I send almost daily to —— —— —— Row, yet you very well know, I am not quite the ass, for which I should pass, if a prude or a parson, who ne'er commits arson by setting in flames either Ganges or Thames, were called to pronounce, on the state of my sconce, by the tone of my letters addressed to their betters.

* On second thoughts I have decided upon sending you only one letter for the present; I may send you more if this should be accepted.—F. G. H.

A king of great fame (I forget now his name) when freed from affairs that breed troubles and cares, his heart oft beguiled by a romp with his child. It happened one day, as they rolled on the rug, in the midst of their play, he suddenly gave a pish! and a shrug. "It is time to be grave," he exclaimed with a sigh, and with scorn in his eye: "We must rise from the floor, *for a fool's at the door!*"

Now to *your* happy mind, as sound as its kind, I never need fear that *my romps* can appear (on paper or floor) either less or more, than a mere relaxation from thought or vexation.

I am told you have smiled at my nonsense wild; and 'twas such a smile, that 'twas seen all the while, you were well content with the *stuff* I sent, because you knew, 'twas a token true, that the writer's heart had ceased to smart, and forgot for a time, in the foolish rhyme, the needless pain of the thoughtful brain.

But to end this letter with something better than this jerking jingle, and begin to mingle with all this jest one truth confest,

Believe me, &c., &c., &c.,

March 5, 1827. * * * * *

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

Outlines of a Series of Lectures on Iron Suspension Bridges, delivered at the Calcutta Mechanics' Institution in 1841; *by Captain A. H. E. Boileau, of the Corps of Engineers, &c. &c. &c.*

A comprehensive little manual on the subject of suspension bridges,—containing much valuable information for scientific men, and possessing some interest even for unscientific ditchers, from the information it affords relative to the Suspension Bridges in the vicinity of Calcutta. Detailed accounts are given of the fourteen bridges erected over Tolly's Nullah and the Circular Canal; nearly all of which it appears have been constructed within the last ten or twelve years, at an aggregate cost (inclusive of the estimated expense of the Ooltadanga now in progress,) of 3,10,795 rupees. The whole process of constructing suspension bridges, from the preparation of the materials to the "setting up," is displayed in a clear and masterly manner. The proving machine, of which an elaborate description is afforded, is indeed a wonderful instrument, and its invention reflects much credit on the late Captain G. Thomson the inventor; we went once to see it at work, and can bear our testimony to its great use in this department of bridge construction. Descriptive notices of the principal iron suspension bridges in England, Scotland, France, India, &c. are given in the Addenda; and two plates, one a sketch of Hasting's bridge, and the other of the sections of the Ooltadanga bridge, accompany and set off the little volume.

The profits of the publication are to be devoted to the Calcutta Mechanic's Institution. The work certainly merits an extensive circulation,

The Eton Chronology of the Kings of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar, A. C. 55 *to A. D.* 1837, *with the Principal Events of each Reign, &c. &c.*

This, as the title imports, is a reprint of a useful little school book by Dr. Moore. Considerable additions have been made to it by Mr. Henwood, a teacher in La Martiniere; and it is now published with especial reference to the pupils of that institution.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1842.

THE "ANNUAL" STYLE OF WRITING.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

THERE are some men in the world, in all ages, who complain of the degeneracy of public taste in their own times. They always aver that the preceding generation consisted of writers of better taste. But the people of these times should keep in mind that their ancestors in the reign of Charles the second did not value Milton's Paradise Lost; that Shakspeare in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was considered not so good a dramatist as his contemporary Ben Jonson; and that Glover in his day was reckoned one of the best epic poets that England or any other country has ever produced. A thousand other similar instances might be adduced, to show, that the taste of the present generation is not inferior to that of the past. Our critics of the present day, have, however, two very good reasons of complaint.

Of these, one is that too much encouragement is given to prose fiction. If any novel is elegantly printed and illustrated with fine engravings, it is sure to be welcomed whatever its other qualities may be; and the other is that too much applause is given to a flimsy and frothy sort of composition such as is generally to be found in Annuals, and which we shall therefore denominate the Annual style of writing.*

In this style of writing there is a continued struggle after effect, and a verbosity, a *Bombastes Furioso* manner, that will never fail to disgust and weary those who are accustomed to read works of real elegance and simplicity, such as Washington Irving's Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall, some of the British Essayists, and any of the best English poets. Such works do not tire the reader with high-flown sentences and pompous words, but bring home to the heart accurately defined images and distinct pictures. In speaking of common-place or hackneyed things, these puerile writers will generally use grand and ill-suited language, which makes their productions look like a piece of patchwork or like the motley dress of the fools of ancient days. They wish to be extremely poetical, and romantic, but they become extremely FINE and foolish. They expend a great number of words, forgetting the good old maxim in composition, "*Be as sparing of your words as of your money.*"

* Let me not however be misunderstood in what I say—I speak generally. In the Annuals of the present day, there are occasionally some very well written articles; nor can I deny, that some of the novels of living authors are full of broad and racy humour, and genuine pathos.

I cannot, however, better describe their style and matter, than by writing a tale myself in their own way; "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

THE HAUNTED CASTLE—A TALE.

On the eastern embankment of the Damoodar, there lived some four hundred years ago, the proud family of Raja ——— Roy Bahadoor. The country on both sides of this river is exceedingly picturesque and romantic. The tamarind, the mangoe, the peepul, and various other trees weave together their stately branches on both its sides, forming a convenient shade at noon for the wild jackal, the ferocious boar, the graceful stag, and even for the lordly tiger. Birds of various hues and notes trim their feathers and build their nests among the branches; and the wily snake basks in the sunshine on the edge of the river, or retires to its cool and secret den.

Ghauts had been erected on both banks of the river, whose ruins are still to be seen. On holidays these were tastefully adorned with flowers, and many a happy hour would the villagers pass under them, when the shades of evening had fallen on the earth and "twilight glimmered o'er the scene."

Ruins of antiquated temples inhabited by the owl and the fox were to be met with within the neighbouring forest, and it was considered the glory of Roy ——— —— to have sprung from a race of men, whose wealth, piety and valour, made them erect so numerous and such magnificent temples as those whose ruins were yet extant. From the highest turret of the castle of Roy —— Bahadoor, not a single dwelling of any importance was visible in the surrounding country; huts built here and there without any regard to order, some of which were occupied by the Rajah's retainers, were the only proofs of the country's being inhabited by men.

It was a fine morning in the month of March, the sun had not as yet risen, but the beauty of the scene scarcely admits of description.

The roses had opened their cups which were filled with the pearly dew, the *belle* had put forth buds, the Indian pink was in bloom, and rosy-fingered Aurora issuing from her "saffron house" had roused up the rooks that cawed and fluttered around their nests, the lark had left his lowly seat and was heralding the coming sun, the cuckoo too, that "wandering voice," sent forth notes at once deep and loud, the grasshoppers clicked in the dewy grass, and the waters of the *Damoodar* slunk into a narrow channel, and ran as stilly as if it had never been swollen or disturbed by the tempests in the rainy season. The breezes were fresh and balmy, the skies were bright and clear, and the trees were clothed in their newest attire. In fact, all was peaceful and happy around the ancient castle of Roy ———— Bahadoor.

A bustle of preparation for some great festivity, at last broke the silence of those halls; the trampings and neighings of horses, the shouts of men and the rude song heard above the din showed that the morn was to be devoted by the Roy to hunting, and the day to merriment. Here is an imperfect translation of the HUNTER'S SONG:

Wake! brethren wake! Now fades each lovely star,
The blushing east proclaims the fresh spring dawn,
The notes of birds are wafted from afar,
The stag is bounding on the dewy lawn.
Wake therefore, wake, 'tis almost day,
And over gladd'ning hills away!

The morning breeze that cools the burning brow
Is breathing richest perfume, which it steals
From roses, chumpas, flowers of every hue
That grace the river's brink or deck the hills ;
Wake therefore, wake, &c.

See brethren see ; the hills in bright array,
Catch the fresh light ; and now the cheerful bee
Is bending o'er the rose. The early haze
No longer shrouds with silver veil the lea.
Wake therefore, wake, &c.

Through hill and dale the shepherd's song resounds,
And sheep in numbers pour upon the plain,
Mount then your steeds, and with your trusty hounds,
Range the wild woods—till every stag is slain.
Wake therefore, wake, &c.

Singing this song to a wild native air, about five and twenty men issued from the huge gateway of the castle, they were nearly all dressed in the same manner excepting the Rajah and his four sons ; these were most gorgeously attired in dresses which suited well with their robust and beautiful forms. They carried spears in their hands, and swords were tied to their waists. The Rajah in particular was extremely majestic ; his dark beard fell upon his breast most gracefully ; and the hair of his head, which vied in colour with the raven's wing, descended in graceful curls upon his shoulders. The feather of an ostrich surmounted his glittering gold turban, which was a distinction to which neither his sons nor retainers were entitled. The eldest of the four sons very much resembled his father in countenance, as in temper, which was proud but condescending, affectionate at home, but warlike and quarrelsome abroad ; kind to his inferiors, but arrogant towards his equals and superiors. The other three sons were young men in whose faces beamed health and beauty, and whose frames it seemed were formed for athletic exercises, and for war.

Almost all the retainers were fine athletic men, but they had neither so fine horses, nor were they so magnificently dressed, as the Rajah and his four sons. Some of them carried hooded hawks in their hands, others spears, chains and so forth.

This gallant party, as was mentioned before, issued from the gates of the castle to the sounds of drums and clangings of cymbals, and bended their way towards the neighbouring wood : as they crossed the plain that lay between the castle and the forest, a large sized heron was seen hanging in the air, at a tremendous height. A whistle was heard, and one among the many beautiful hawks sprang up into the air and soared away, but in another direction from whence the heron floated motionless.

" Hollo ! Ramnarain, what have you done, you fool, you have freed our new and perhaps our best bird," exclaimed the Rajah ; " may be, we shall lose sight of it for ever ; therefore as a necessary precaution two of you go and follow it, till you can bring it back again, while we go to chase the deer."

Two men followed the hawk as was ordered, through deep-tangled bushes, over marshy grounds while the hawk not caring for its prey soared northward ; six miles were already passed when its " quivering wings" tired of so much exertion were gathered together, and it perched on the top of the highest turret of a lofty building, one of those huge piles which prove the grandeur and magnificence but not the taste of Indian

architecture. The men who had pursued the heron through all its devious course alighted near this mansion and began whistling loudly to attract the attention of the hawk, when a very beautiful boy of about ten years of age crept on cautiously and slowly behind a railing and caught hold of a small iron chain attached to one of the legs of the bird, and disappeared again in high glee at having so easily won what he earnestly desired.

His movements were so quick that all seemed passing as in a dream to the two men below, while he himself appeared " like a stray babe of paradise, just lighted on that moss green wall."

In the meantime the rajah and his followers, through the thickest of the jungle, had followed the deer over hill and over dale; their horses were now tired and foaming at the mouth, their turbans were soiled and torn, but three full-sized stags were the rewards of their labour. It would be tedious to describe all the processes, by which these three graceful animals were slain; suffice it to say that one was killed by the rajah's own spear. It had turned, and was endeavouring to escape by a tremendous bound from the adversaries that surrounded it; but the leap proved fatal, for as it was still poised in mid air, the fatal javelin found its way to the heart of the noble creature, which soon after rolled bleeding amongst its unrelenting conquerors.

It was now near noon; the sun was intensely hot, when the rajah met the two companions whom he had sent to look after his beautiful favorite. Their looks were clouded, their brows were overcast, and slowly but distinctly they uttered what had passed. Again were the heads of those jaded horses turned towards the half-ruined building where the hawk had alighted; and soon did the rajah and his followers arrive at the end of their journey.

Thundering knocks were given at the gateway, which was after a good deal of hesitation opened by a strong, athletic, grey-headed man, evidently the lord of the castle with a " What do ye want here?"

" A hawk," answered the rajah haughtily. " A hawk of mine has flown up to this building, and I have been given to understand that it is unlawfully detained, for which reason I am come to claim it."

" You have *no* right to claim it;" retorted the old man with a marked emphasis on the word in italics; " hence, or we will make you scamper off like so many geese." With these words he gave a long low whistle, and about sixty-five men starting up from behind the ample folds of the huge gateway stood confronting the rajah and his retainers.

They were all armed to the teeth, their drawn swords and spears glittered in the noontide rays of the sun, while an immense huzza, showed that they were ready to do any thing that the old man dictated. A contest was now unavoidable.* Though the rajah very well knew that he was deficient in every thing when compared to his adversary, though he knew that the number of his men was less, and that they were tired and faint to the last degree, while his enemies were as fresh as the morning dew, still to maintain his honour and rank he would and must fight.

The unequal forces were at last drawn up in battle array, the signal was given, and they charged each other, " fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell."

Long and various was the contest, but the rajah as might be expected was defeated at last; the day's work was indeed hard. Of the four sons one breathed his last in the conflict, and another, L ——, was severely wounded. Of the twenty retainers, six had fallen to rise no more, and

* Besides the dispute about the hawk, these two noblemen were originally at continued variance like two ancient barons of Scotland.

three were wounded, but not dangerously; the rajah himself was scratched and bruised in many places, but "'twasn't much," as he himself expressed it.

The gateway was drenched in blood, which ran as if from a brook swollen up by the rains, for the loss of the victorious party was equal to that of the defeated; five of them were killed, and nearly seven were in a dying condition.

It was a most horrid sight to see,—those wildly staring eyes,—those ghastly features upon which death had laid his icy hand,—those broken muttering voices,—those clasped stiff hands upraised to heaven or grovelling in the dust, oh! what can I say of THEM! They do but mock the efforts of my humble pen!

* * * * * *

The evening had settled in, dark and gloomy; clouds appeared in the northern horizon, and the red lightning flashed along the murky heavens in many a fiery zigzag; the thunder muttered, and a few scattered drops of rain fell.

About eighteen or nineteen men, some on foot, and some on tired or disabled horses, wound their way up a path by a hill upon one of the banks of the Damoodar. Silence rested upon field and dwelling; only the shrill notes of the owl, and the discordant cries of the jackal, and the slow but measured tread of the horses, marching by the river's brink, at intervals broke the awful stillness.

The retainers of the rajah marched a little before him; gloomy and thoughtful, without speaking a single word, followed the Roy himself and his three sons. The golden turban, and floating ostrich feather, that graced the rajah's brow at morning was now exchanged for a soiled handkerchief bloody and torn. His garments were miserably changed, they were tattered and besprinkled with mud;—his hair was dishevelled, but his look was calm and composed; his eagle eye glistened indeed with the sparkling tear, but it was as steady as ever; the dresses of his three sons were equally discomposed, but one of them, L ——, had done a noble deed; he had himself received a tremendous blow in endeavouring to save his father from it,—a blow which perhaps would have ended his father's life. It was now very dark, the moon had not appeared, and scarcely a single bright star graced the dark firmament.

"L ——, my dear son," said the Roy, at last breaking the silence, "L ——, will you not lean upon any of the attendants; you were very severely wounded."

"No father, I feel I am better, and my spirits are rising, my wound is not so severe as *you* think it to be," faintly answered L ——. And the party proceeded in silence.

One whole hour was nearly spent, when a noise as if some one of the party had fallen on the earth, was heard, and the rajah stumbled on something. "Ah! whom am I treading upon? for G—'s sake, halt."

The little party stood still. "Ah! have the waters of the Damoodar reached so far as to wet my feet," continued he.

At this instant a flash of lightning revealed the whole scene. There by the son stood the father. L —— had fallen from his horse.

"God of my fathers," exclaimed the frantic Roy, it is my own son's *blood!*"

The youth's eyes stared vacantly, there was no speculation in them, his hands were clasped in prayer, while he indistinctly murmured to his father,

" Father, bless my departing soul." The next moment he was a corpse.

Raised to the highest pitch of despair, the father shed not one tear,—uttered not one sigh,—his look that but a moment before was calm and piercing as the eagle's, was now wild and staring. He was becoming an idiot!

For some time he stood immoveable from the spot to which his eyes were riveted. He was at last roused by another flash of lightning, followed by a loud burst of " heaven's artillery," which revealed his little force, standing by, silent and motionless. " March," said he in a hollow voice, and the dark column moved again.

The rajah was a little behind the rest of his party, his appearance was wild and haggard; the prospect of revenge alone seemed to keep him up; he was employed on his own dreary thoughts, when a tap on the shoulder roused him; on turning round he beheld a person dressed like a fisherman, the darkness enabled him to catch only a glimpse of the figure; the man appeared to have just alighted from his boat after having been engaged in his usual employment of fishing, for his clothes, from what could be seen, were muddy.

" Follow me, rajah, and I will impart to you something that will secure you from further insults," cried the man, in a low husky sort of voice; the rajah started and wondered how the news of the engagement could have come so far. But he was in that peculiar mood of mind, (which sometimes natives even now are liable to,) which renders advice at certain times, from any person whatsoever welcome. The rajah therefore answered, " Lead on."

It was in a solitary grove upon the banks of the Damoodar,—the forces of the rajah had marched onward unacquainted with the fact that he was lagging behind—that the rajah bade the mysterious fisherman impart his information.

" I will be brief," replied the latter, commencing the conversation, " for I have no right to detain *you*." In your royal castle in that part of the gardens, where grow the fig and the huge banian tree, where there is only a single bed of roses,—there, in that very part,—if you open it yourself,—alone,—unaccompanied,—at the dead of night, you shall find five large diamond apples put under the earth by your ancestors and reserved for this occasion. Ask *me* no questions; what I am, I am. Say only, that you will do what I bid you." The rajah, who had started on hearing all this, only gave his assent, and on the fisherman leaving him, the Rajah proceeded to rejoin his group of retainers.

A flash of lightning discovered to the rajah the fisherman getting into his boat. Another flash followed, and to the surprise and horror of the rajah there was on that river neither boat nor man, probably the tide had swept away the tiny boat to a considerable distance; but superstition says not so.

The rajah joined the rest of his force and repaired home; on that very night was the garden dug, and the diamond apples were found;—but greater cares employed the head of the rajah than a battle with neighbouring lords.

His two remaining sons,—his wife,—and his fair blue-eyed, dark-haired daughter, died within two or three days of each other, of that terrible scourge of India—fiercer than the plague of London—the *cholera morbus*.

Who was the adversary of the rajah in the engagement has little or no connection with this history; suffice it to say that he was one of the noblemen of the country.

The fate of the rajah has, we doubt not, been anticipated by the reader—he died of a broken heart.

It is whispered among the unenlightened neighbourhood even to this day, that the fisherman was the evil genius of the rajah, who came to destroy him and his family. Others more wise shake their heads and affirm that it was the rajah's elder brother who had departed from his father's house, after the death of his wife and eldest child, to roam a wanderer through foreign lands, that he had at first journeyed through many countries as a *fakeer,* but had a few days before the event narrated happened, returned to his native country in the guise of a fisherman, and that he was near the conflict when it took place.

Alas! How futile are all human wishes! Those diamond apples that the rajah had raked up from the earth were lost to the world forever after his death. That proud castle—the dwelling place of his ancestors and himself is now tenanted by the ominous raven,—the owl, that bird of midnight; and the jackal whose piercing shrieks alone break the awful stillness. Sometimes a solitary wandering fakeer deigns to rest there for a night. But evil tales about it are abroad. The spirits of the dead—of the rajah and his four sons are said to haunt this ruined building,—and to utter discordant shrieks that jar upon the ear of the midnight traveller.

But the beauty of nature is still undiminished. The lark still soars with "quivering wing" and "solemn joyous airs" to hail the rising morn. The rose still blushes. But never is the sound of merriment heard within those halls.

> "The village maids with fearful glance,
> Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
> Nor ever lead the merry dance,
> Within the towers of —— hall."

Reader,—

> "If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught
> Rapt in the poet's dream, or sages thought,
> To thee—those mouldering walls a voice shall raise
> And sadly tell how earthly pride decays,
> How human hopes—like human works depart
> And leave behind—the ruins of the heart."

G. C. D.

SONNET.

The earth is beautiful! Oh, dearest friend,
Pass it not thus with unregarding eye;—
Green fields, bright streams, deep vales and mountains high,
Rainbows that o'er the wide blue ocean bend
Their many-colored arch, the stars that send
Their mystic light through countless leagues of air—
Are they not all unutterably fair?
Can art's proud triumphs e'er with these contend?
You gaze on palaces and crowns, and own
Such baubles please. You bow to mortal kings,
Forgetful of *their* King, whose glorious throne
Mocks man's conception. Alas! earthly things,
Save those suggesting nobler, leave their stings
In the sad heart when youth and hope are gone!

R.

"WHY DOST THOU MOURN?"

I.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Why from thy troubled breast that anguish-speaking sigh?—
Why that pale cheek—coldly contrasting
With the blank burning horror of thy tearless eye?

II.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Is it the desolating monster's sudden stroke—
Riving the loveliest and the last
Of all thy prattlers?——morning ne'er on lovelier broke!

III.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?
Sorrowest thou for him,—to thee more dear than life—
The husband of thy youth, on whom
Long thou hast leaned, heedless of this world's bitter strife?

IV.

Gone to the grave?—The sunny world
To thy lone spirit is a bleak and dreary scene;
The confines of Despair thy dwelling—
Terrestrial joy may never reach thy heart again!

V.

Why dost thou mourn, afflicted one?—
Night's gloom the star of promise serves but to reveal;
Listen!—'tis MERCY's soft still voice—
"*Earth has no sorrow that* GOD *cannot—will not heal!*"

Calcutta, May, 1842. S. G. W.

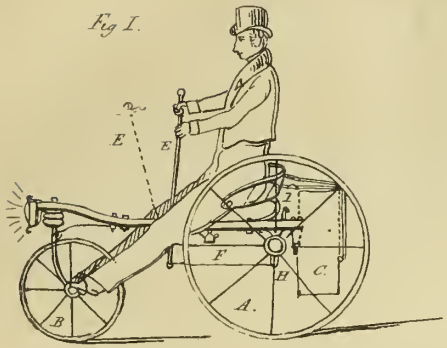
SONNET.

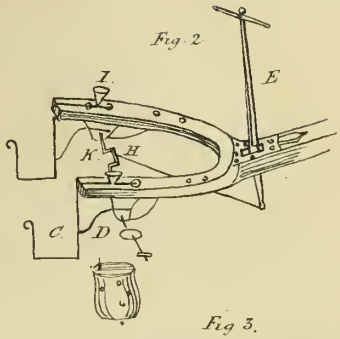
WRITTEN AT THE HINDU COLLEGE BY A YOUNG NATIVE STUDENT.

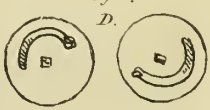
OH! how my heart exulteth while I see
These future flow'rs to deck my country's brow,
Thus kindly nurtured in this nursery!—
Perchance unmark'd, some here are budding now,
Whose temples shall with laureate-wreaths be crown'd
Twined by the sister Nine;—whose angel-tongues
Shall charm the world with their enchanting songs:
And time shall waft the echo of each sound
To distant ages.—Some perchance here are,
Who with a Newton's glance shall nobly trace
The course mysterious of each wandering star;
And like a god unveil the hidden face
Of many a planet to man's wondering eye,
And give their names to immortality!

M. S. D.

FRANKS' MECHANICAL HORSE.







Description of Engravings.

A, fig. 1, two 3 foot wheels.
B, guide-wheel, 18 inches in diameter.
C, luggage box, (movable.)
D, fig. 3, two mortise plates brazed, on the crank's axle, reverse to each other, allowing each wheel to make a half turn for passing round corners in the road.
EE, a lever, 2 feet from fulcrum, showing its sweep.
F, connecting rod.
G, fig. 2, nave of the wheel with a dog-stop (fixed firmly in) to work in the mortise-plate.
H, a 3-inch crank.
I, two oil feeders.
K, the crank axle, 2 feet 6 inches long, made round, to run in nave; the latches in the mortises turn the wheels.
Fig. 2, shows a portion of the horse piece.
The whole of the bearings are bell metal; those in the crank axle are quarter-inch.

The above cut represents as nearly as possible, a machine which has been tried in England by Mr. Franks on the roads in Hertfordshire, with great success. In many respects it is to be preferred to the velocipedes formerly in use, both as regards convenience and comfort, and in that which those vehicles did not possess, the capability of carrying one's luggage as well as one's person, when proceeding on a journey. Mr. Franks in a letter to the editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, thus speaks of his hobby:

"Thirteen months ago, I constructed a horse, composed of stout wood, tough iron and bold brass. From that time until now, I have travelled with it on an average of ten miles per day; at first my arms tired, but constant use overcame that, and my chest is four inches more across, and the muscles of my arms two inches round, *more* than they were twelve months since. In fact, I find that it is as easy to propel myself and one cwt. of luggage at six miles an hour, as it is to walk three in the same time. The greatest speed I have attained was sixteen miles in one hour and a half, from Newton Abbot to Exeter. To prove what I have above stated, I will make a wager that I will travel with my "mechanical horse" forty miles per day, for six successive days. After having travelled with it for one year, I can speak conscientiously as to its merits."

In Calcutta and other flat parts of India such a machine, with little alteration to suit it to the climate, would prove a very cheap, healthful and comfortable mode of conveyance. To the man of pleasure—to the man of business it would alike prove of the greatest use. To all who have to run to and fro between Barrackpore and Calcutta, such an expeditious and independant mode of travelling could not but prove greatly preferable to the two hours and upwards now spent in horse labour.

FORCED MARCHES.

[FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.]

In the midst of an almost universal peace, we were suddenly startled by the intelligence of an expected rupture with a neighbouring state. It appeared that Scindiah, a tributary ally of our government, being unable to raise sufficient supplies to maintain his troops, the commander of his forces, Josee Secunder (a low Portuguese,) contrivcd, with considerable address, to take advantage of his master's critical situation, and assume an attitude of open defiance. He attached the troops to him by permitting them to plunder every town and village in the province. In consequence of this abominable licence, the march of the rebel army left every where the traces of violence and oppression. Secunder, not content with simply throwing off his allegiance to Scindiah, made war on the adjoining province of Tehree ; the Rajah of which place was also under the protection of the British government. In consequence of the combined representations of these two princes, the Governor General's Agent for Bundelcund collected a small force which proceeded to the Tehree frontier, where, a day or two before its arrival, a very spirited but undecisive battle had been fought. There were two huts on the field, the thatched roofs of which had been taken off by Secunder's soldiers, and used for fuel to boil the simple meal of rice, with which they had refreshed themselves a short time before the engagement. These huts were filled to the top with the dead bodies of those who had fallen, on both sides, a sacrifice to the fierce spirit of war. This pile of human carcasses having been exposed to a scorching sun, and torn and mangled by the hawks and jackals, presented a most hideous spectacle, and tainted the atmosphere to a degree that was almost insupportable. Within a few yards of this disgusting scene was a fine old tamarind tree, thickly studded with bullets. Two or three of its noblest branches were struck off by cannon shots. Secunder, on hearing of our advance, retreated the day previous to our arrival, but still remained within a few miles, with a force amounting to nearly 30,000 men, armed with matchlocks and spears. The whole of our force, on the other hand, I believe, did not amount to 3,000. We had also but three pieces of cannon to oppose to thirty of the enemy. But this numerical disproportion excited no serious apprehension on our part, for the English are so much accustomed to confront and overpower their enemies in Hindostan, that the prospect of possible failure is seldom entertained. For some time we had nothing to do but to saunter about the camp, and talk of the expected engagement. At length, at the urgent desire of the Political Agent, who displayed admirable tact in all his dealings with the natives, Secunder agreed to return to the court at Gwalior, and solicit the unqualified pardon which Scindiah appeared willing enough to grant. But it was some little time before Secunder could muster sufficient resolution to place himself in the lion's den. He too well knew the perfidy of Indian princes to trust implicitly to his master's word. After repeated assurances, however, of protection from the British government, he delivered himself up to Scindiah, who did not venture to act the treacherous part his own unbias-

sed policy would perhaps have dictated. For many months after this affair was, to all appearance, quite settled, our troops remained encamped in the same neighbourhood—for what reason they could gain no information. There was, no doubt, a sufficient cause for this detention; but the army not being acquainted with it, began to exhibit symptoms of impatience at being so long idle in their tents at the hottest season of the year.

It was about this period that my health rapidly declined, in consequence of continued exposure to the climate. My company had been ordered out at an hour's notice, to join the Governor General's Political Agent, and form his body-guard. He was about 20 days' march from Bandah, where I then resided. It was a day or two after I had started, that the news was received of the expected rupture on the frontier. The Agent sent expresses in all directions to collect the troops, many of which at that time were, according to custom, changing stations. The regiment at Bandah, to which I belonged, received orders to proceed by *forced* marches to Tehree, and in a few days overtook me on my route, which, as I had received no directions to quicken my pace, I had previously pursued with tolerable case. But I now joined my regiment, and for several days we had the most harassing *forced* marches. We rose every morning at 4 o'clock, and did not often reach our tents before mid-day. We then started again at 5 or 6 in the afternoon, and did not arrive at our place of encampment before 10, and sometimes 11 or 12 at night. At last, an express arrived giving the regiment permission to proceed more leisurely, and by *regular* marches only, as its presence was not so immediately required as was at first expected. We now rejoiced at the prospect of a comfortable rest after all our toil; and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day we received this welcome intelligence, I threw myself on my couch in the hope of refreshing body and mind with a long and pleasant slumber. Just, however, as I was falling into a calm forgetfulness of every thing around me, another express arrived with the Political Agent's desire, that I should advance by *forced* marches with my company, as he required his body-guard immediately. The regiment itself was not directed to make any extraordinary expedition. I was therefore compelled to dress myself, and start off as speedily as possible. But being in a miserable state of health, the toil which I had already undergone rendered me so faint and stiff, that I was scarcely able to support myself on my horse. The moon shone brightly, and pierced with its silver light the mist of the surrounding groves. The fire-flies twinkled amid the boughs of the graceful bamboo, and the broad fan-like leaves of the palmyrah, like the crowd of phosphoric stars that rush up from the bosom of the tropic sea at night; and a profound silence, broken only by the regular foot-fall of the soldiers, threw a charm over the landscape, which would have quite enchanted me, if I had not been oppressed by sickness and fatigue. In a state of irritation and impatience, I put spurs to my horse and galloped on towards the place of encampment, leaving the company of sepoys to proceed leisurely after me, under the superintendence of a very efficient native officer. I had not advanced three miles a-head of my company, before I was obliged to dismount and lie down on the bank by the road-side. It now became evident that I was attacked by that appalling scourge, the cholera morbus, and with not a single attendant to render me any assistance but my syce. As there was no time to spare, I directed him to mount my horse, and make the best of his way to the nearest European house, which I supposed to be about two miles further on. I ordered him either to procure me medical assist-

ance or a draught of brandy.* During my servant's absence, I was in a state which I shall not attempt to describe. Only a few evenings before, I had witnessed the sudden death of one of my own domestics by the same dreadful disease; and I well knew that nothing but the most expeditious and decisive treatment afforded any chance of recovery. I began to think of another world, but with no very pleasant feelings. There was something insupportable in the thought, that I should be deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of a last farewell to those I loved; and this far from my native land, and the scenes of my early life; I must die like a brute animal, in the heart of a detested solitude, without one kind human eye to watch the last glimmerings of departing life. It is a peculiar characteristic of the cholera morbus, that all hope is immediately abandoned, and the patient's spirits are overwhelmed with images of horror and despair. I shall never forget the sensations with which I first caught the distant returning sounds of the horse's hoofs. My syce arrived with the brandy, but no medical man. I eagerly took a long draught of it which almost instantaneously threw me into a profound sleep, from which I awoke apparently wholly cured, and with a mind so altered and tranquillized, that I even wondered at the terrific visions that so lately haunted me with their appalling shadows.

Bandah, in Bundelcund, 1822.

MORNING.

With dewy fragrance from her downy bed,
Aurora opes her eye, and like the glow,
Which slumber leaves upon an infant's brow,
Upon the cloudless East her smile doth spread
Kindling the face of nature—Night has fled
Like a false bride who sees her Lord draw nigh,
Regardless of her train, that still on high
Reluctant linger—hark! from ev'ry grove,
The minstrels of the morn their notes awake,
And sing the varied songs of praise and love,
While dew-drops from the em'rald foliage shake,
With living radiance!—How the heart doth move
With voiceless admiration, till each sense,
Acknowledges the glory of Omnipotence.

Δ

May, 1842.

* I have heard but of few instances in which an *immediate* use of brandy has not effected a cure, when the patient has not been too much accustomed to spirituous liquors. But if it be not taken at the very *commencement* of the attack, it is of little avail. The addition of a few drops of laudanum and peppermint is sometimes efficacious. Unfortunately, persons are not always aware of the exact symptoms attending the first approach of this fearful malady. The violent sickness and pain which accompany it are too often attributed to other causes. Dr. Robert Jackson, late Inspector of Hospitals in the British Army, is said to have discovered the wonderful utility of spiders' web in the treatment of this disease. After cleaning it from dust, drying it in the sun, and reducing it to a powder, it should be made up, he says, into pills of five grains each. This may appear a wild fancy; but it is well known that in several countries the common black spider's web (or even the whole body of the spider) is sometimes employed as a remedy for the cure of ague and fever. I have a far better opinion, however, of the general practice of administering strong spirits and laudanum.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1842.

THE SUICIDE.

PREFACE.

In publishing the following document, I perform a duty both unsolicited and unexpected. It is not presented to the world from a supposition that it is likely to produce a great or beneficial effect upon society, or because the opinions expressed in it coincide with my own, but solely in compliance with the last request of a friend from whom I received many acts of kindness.

It is probable that my estimate of the author's character, being the result of but a brief acquaintance, may be erroneous in some particulars; but I saw enough of him to convince me that he was a man of refined taste, of a bold and lively intellect, and acute sensibility. The work itself will shew the morbid state of some of his feelings, but his intercourse with society had taught him that the expression of these was not for the general ear, and it would have required no common acquaintance with the workings of the human bosom, to have discovered beneath his light and cheerful deportment so rooted and deep a despondency, as from the record of his sentiments now before me, appears to have preyed upon him. His conversation was lively and amusing, but wandering from subject to subject, in a way that betrayed a restlessness of mind, the result of either extraordinary mental activity, of a nervous temperament, or an excited and irritated state of feeling, that rendered him unable to confine his thoughts to any one topic for long together; but it was only a more intimate acquaintance that showed me how deeply the arrows that tormented him had penetrated! There is one characteristic that distinguishes the gentleman by nature, from the mannered ruffian, who retains his position in society, from the mere knowledge and observance of its conventional usages, viz. his delicate regard for the feelings of others! It is shown in the self-denial and voluntary sacrifice which he is ready to make in trifling matters—in his efforts to lessen the weight of obligations and his scrupulous care in avoiding subjects of offence; and though the nervous excitable character of the suicide may have betrayed him at times, I am sure that his general deportment and conversation proved this kindly disposition to have been inherent in him. But with all his good points of character, his taste, his reading, his observation, his acquirements, his natural strength and independence of mind, he lacked one thing that was necessary to support him in the hour of trial—that which affords the only

footing that hope can find as she flies o'er the troubled waters—the anchor whereby we ride out the gales of life—the wings whereon the spirit balances and buoys herself in her flight through time—the pabulum that constancy feeds on—faith! He felt the weakness of his own nature,—had experienced the incompetency of his own power of self-guidance to direct him aright,—knew that in himself, isolated from the abounding source of strength and happiness, he was helpless and unblest, and yet he was unable to receive into his soul that conviction of dependance and unwavering trust, which alone could endue him with fortitude to defy the trials of this life, or enkindle in his heart the glowing assurance of a brighter eternal! His mind, like a star that is unbound to any system, moved by its innate impetus, ranged from sphere to sphere, in its eccentric and unguided movements exploring immensity, but finding no regular orbit wherein to confine itself, till wandering from regions to which no light extends, and in itself unenlightened, it rushed to its own eclipse! Seeking to comprehend that which is infinite and incomprehensible, he became bewildered and lost!

Insanity assumes so many different forms, and the original varieties of mind are so numerous, and their manifestations so diverse, that it is often very difficult to determine whether an action results from natural eccentricity of character, or from aberration; but in the overheated tone of sentiments that I have heard him express in private, the excited state of feeling that he then evinced, in his exaggerated views of some particular subjects, the strangeness of some of his opinions and the tenacity with which he seemed to adhere to them, he sometimes evinced symptoms, which, combined with subsequent events, might be rationally supposed to evince a slight affection of hypochondriasis! But of this I speak with reluctance, for the idea is one he sought to prevent, and I am well aware that but for his last fatal action no one would have entertained it.

"I hate India," he would exclaim, "India has been my ruin, the grave of my hopes as of those of thousands of others—all my misfortunes, the loss of health, fortune, family, success in life, are owing to my acquaintance with this hated country. The hot damp atmosphere of Bengal is killing me—I breathe poison, miasma, death! But for the balcony that surrounds this building I could not breathe here! I am but kept alive by artificial means—the doctors prolong for me a life of pain. Life to me is but pain, mental and bodily pain. I shall die here! If I could hope to see England again, it were worth living for, but I am tied to the soil. And what a barter we make—health and long life and the society of friends—for what? For a mere subsistence, for in the army it is no more—for a mere subsistence in a moral desert—in a country uncongenial with our feelings, where our earliest associations are violated, in a climate that wastes our frame, subdues our energy, exhausts our strength, undermines our constitution, that renders those who become acclimatised, old in the years of youth. How many thousands fall early victims to its noxious influence, who might have lived to an honored old age, and died surrounded by friends in their native land. Our country is our idol, we throw ourselves before the Juggernaut of her vast ambition! Of those who come here, not one in ten returns, and he, the fortunate one, may accumulate a large fortune, and, when every tie is broken, when his tastes, habits, associations and feelings are no longer what they were, when Indian ways and indulgences have unfitted him for living elsewhere, when England is no longer England for him, returns thither to regret the changes that time has made in it and in him—perhaps to find himself a stranger there, and

to feel that a life spent in the accumulation of wealth has been a life wasted! Now when it is too late, I see it; would I had been a mechanic, a labourer, a beggar in England, rather than have passed the life I have led in detested India! Good, happy, cheerful, healthful, intellectual England—a peasant at home rather than an Indian prince!"

Such, and as nearly as I can recollect, in those very words, were the sentiments he expressed regarding India. On one occasion, I found him suffering severely. He spoke with great feeling of his children. "What would I not give to see them," he exclaimed. "But once to look on, to speak to, to hear them speak to me, to embrace them! and yet it can never be!—I can never see them—they can never know me, but through the reports of others—my character may be calumniated to them—their father may be held up to them as an example they should avoid to imitate. God knows I would suffer that, if it would teach them to shun my errors. But to have them around me, to instruct, to guide them, to watch over them, there is nothing, nothing on earth that I could not barter for such a hope!" He turned towards some little miniatures that hung on the wall, and his eyes filled with tears. I had never seen him so affected before, and reminded him that he was yet but little past the meridian of life, and might live to rejoin them. But I found it impossible to shake his conviction that such would never be the case, and it occurred to me, subsequently to the fatal act, that he even then had determined on his own destruction.

On the last morning of his life, I found him busily occupied in sealing and directing several parcels that lay on the table before him. He conversed cheerfully on the passing topics of the day, nor did I observe any thing unusual in his manner. When I rose to depart, he asked me if I would undertake to edit a work which he had been writing during the last three or four days. I expressed my willingness to do so, but enquired why he preferred entrusting it to me to publishing it himself. You will know when you get it, he replied; something extraordinary will happen ere then. Supposing that he alluded to some misfortune that might have threatened the commercial project in which he was engaged, I promised to fulfil his request to the utmost of my ability. He expressed his wishes for my welfare in an unusually earnest manner when I left him, and I saw him no more. The work now published is the one to which he alluded, and which did not reach me until the second morning after his death. I print it almost as I received it, the chief alterations I have made being the omission of a few allusions to living individuals.

The guilt of suicide, like every other crime, is in a great degree dependant on the circumstances that induce it. To give one's life for one's country—to court martyrdom for the sake of religion—to die for a friend—are all species of suicides, and are actions that the voice of the world has not only justified, but applauded, whilst it is ever justly loud in the condemnation of him who throws away life to escape from private griefs. The one is the act of courageous generosity, whilst the other evinces weakness, if not cowardice; the martyr devotes himself to the good of others, the suicide dies to escape evils that afflict but himself. It may be argued that a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own, and what is more absolutely so than his life; but, has a man a right to do what he likes with his own? in what degree has he that right, when the effect of every one of his actions must extend to others? Not a thought passes through his mind, but it leaves its permanent trace; he commits not an action whose effects are confined to himself—there is not a thought of his mind or an

action of his life that is not followed by a series of consequences infinite as the duration of humanity itself. Where then, this absolute and unconditional right to commit an action so momentous in its results as suicide! Courage is a noble virtue,—but even the courage of the suicide is often of a questionable sort. It is possible that a man might be induced to terminate his life, from contempt of the world, and a desire to escape to a better, one more adapted to the capabilities that he feels within him; but was a good and happy man ever known to commit suicide? Is it not oftener the result of a fearful shrinking from trials which an enlightened and confident hope of an hereafter, of a happier and eternal existence would enable him to defy? The courage of the suicide is a phrensied despondency, the desperation of terror, the impulse of a timid apprehension—to escape the shower that beats upon him, he leaps into the sea—to avoid a night that is transient, he rushes into darkness that to him must be interminable and unknown. There is a lurking wish for annihilation in the motives that actuate suicide, and to wish for annihilation is beneath the dignity of life! Let us imagine an immortal being awaking for the first time to a conscious state of existence, and appreciation of his own nature and destiny. I AM ALIVE FOR EVER! would be the stupendous thought that would fill his mind, and overpower his faculties, with an attempt to realise in conception the wonders of the momentous truth! I AM ALIVE FOR EVER! would be the thought that would overpower every feeling of wonder, gratitude, love, adoration, and fill to overflowing every avenue of his heart! and would a few trials or struggles on the outset of so glorious an existence, induce him to wish the great boon of life to be withdrawn! The world's abuse, or disregarded, disappointed love, foiled ambition, temporary bereavements, bodily suffering—these to him, to a man so empowered and supported, would be but as arrows armed at a god, that fall harmless at his side. What would not such a view of his destiny, such a conception of his own nature enable him to endure! Yet such is a just view of the true destination of man!—But let me not usurp the seat of a judge. The degree of a suicide's guilt can only be known when every bosom shall give up its secrets, as the great deep shall deliver its dead; it can only be determined by Him to whom the mysteries of our nature are clear, and to whom the secrets of all hearts are known.

8th June, 1842. G. N.

Death—to those called good and bad is a fearful thing—to overcome fear is courage of the highest order—consequently suicide is not cowardice, as the religious, as they are termed, call it. A man on the point of death makes, if he makes any, a hurried will—he flies to the bible, to friends, to forms for relief; and though pious, there is nothing he would not implore or attempt to insure his detention in this world at the forfeit of so much heavenly bliss. Oh fools—if heaven is better than this world, and you would have us forsake certain joys below for those above, why should you not rejoice for those who die—their fortune is made—their bliss complete, unless indeed they have to wait for admittance until the last day; when detention at the gate, and who does not know the pain of it, may cause inconvenience. I speak not thus to shock those who are called serious, but to attract notice to conflicting creeds derived from the same source—I mean the belief of the Protestants and of the Catholics. Were I to give all the reasons which could be assigned for and against suicides and creeds, my life would last for years; for if biography be true, Halsebach, a professor at Vienna, attempted to expound the prophet Isaiah, but finished not the first chapter after twenty-one years' preaching—if, as has been remarked, the bible be true (none denies it contains truth, the vilest books even contain it,) why should it require

expounding ?—why not speak in accents soft and convincing to every heart. (The heart, here figuratively used for it, is in no way the seat of feeling or of love—still to us *falsely taught* is a sweet expression, I cannot give it up.)

The dying who worship not the God of the Christians, but who happen to exclaim in their death-throes—oh God! my God! Christ God and so forth, are said to repent of their deviation from their creed and to repent when too late—'tis no such thing, we use them from custom which we cannot throw off, more than the oriental his metaphor, for as Shelly says they are

———" Specious names
" Learnt in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour," &c.

From Queen Mab copy the whole of the lines which complete the sense, you that live after me and think with me, but to those hastening to death 'tis tedious to quote—and to write—or why else hasten from this

" Beautiful smiling world of ours?"

Oh, only, only from follies and causes not all my own that have bereft me of happiness in it. 'Tis said those who talk of, or threaten suicide never commit it—there is one of my family now in this country that knows early sorrow inclined me to take my life when I was a youth.—I was born wayward yet warm-hearted, was it my fault? Like Madame Sevigne, I confess for one, I would never have been born had my consent been asked.

How much better and kinder and how much more refined will the world be, when as Burdon says, " morality gets rid of religion"—dull, stupid, morose, unforgiving religion—which prays to forgive those they never pardon—to be done by as they never do to others. I mean not to say to be good is not to be religious—to be good you should be very religious—but then religion should consist in GOODNESS—all our actions in life should be religious—they should be all forbearance, all kindness, all consideration, all forgiveness, all that is unquestioning and ready to serve. We can but, in homely and hurried language, speak of the bridge as it carried us over—I detest India because it from the first ruined my constitution, and because I was not as successful as others less zealous, and who possessed not such strong recommendations to those under whom they served, as myself. I speak in favor of those not termed religious—as from them I have been forgiven my trespasses—they excused the follies of youth, and encouraged reform by generous assistance and kind encouragement—whereas the pious (those so known) would bind you down to conditions men can never keep—and shackle and confound you by distrust. Fools! confidence placed in the dishonest will often restore them to rectitude. If you make virtue harsh who can be restored to it! Such are the first night's hasty thoughts of one who finds himself too unhappy to live—yet all, believe me, reader, good and bad, cling to life as long as they can:—who can tell what change circumstances in a few hours may bring to me. No—I deceive myself, if I think they can save my life—nature deviates not from its course, I cannot return to England, nor to the hills, and life in Bengal is to me, added to a broken heart, painful beyond endurance—exercise—rest—food nor amusement afford me pleasure, or relief—but I laugh,—I play—act—I am not sickly-looking, though very slight, and the doctors say, there is nothing the matter with me. I possess no disease I can name, but I feel I have a head, liver, joints, &c., whereas when a youth all did their functions, and I knew not that I was made up of parts—uneasiness here, pains there, fullness, oppression, want of appetite, lassitude, distress, &c.; my temperament and a degree of vitality above my muscular power prevents my being termed a hypochondriac, but what of that? Medicine and skill cannot restore me to health, and the hypochondriac is laughed at, because physicians, unable to reach his complaints, insinuate or plainly assert they are all imaginary, as if a person would not sooner imagine himself *well* than sick, or *live* than *die*—or why is not suicide the proof of happiness.

Oh God—oh God! they exclaim! The exclamation expresses but pain and struggling, and has no more meaning in it than the oath of the merry, thoughtless seaman or soldier. I love them both, but never in the Indian

army, except when I had Europeans under me, did I ever feel or believe I was soldiering; bah! what associations are there between a Native soldier and European officer!—'Tis the fashion to vamp them up! I endeavored to treat them as men, most officers treat them as children—with a better system than that of the Company's they might have been made men of by this time; *individuals* among them are brave, are generous, but as a whole they are no soldiers! The Company's soldier should have a commission open to him for good conduct and bravery. I myself know those in the ranks whose merits demand an epaulette as much as their comrades in the Royal service. There is more of heroic and happy life in the Queen's than in the Company's army, but like Salathiel—I am wildly throwing off all I think. But suicide should be my theme. No temporary insanity is the cause with me; unless when things are *past* people say, "I thought his manner queer." Capital article that of the *Englishman* against the *Courier!*—a laugh in death—why not, I have a few days to live, and a soldier should laugh, and every body else who has sense, till he dies. Sir Humphry *Davy*, called a Christian, (read his Consolations of Travels,) believed there would be no recognition after death—a Christian idea truly; all religions are as true, the one as the other; my creed is "peace be with all," &c. vide Shelly—kind, benign Shelly. Religion consists but in *goodness,* not in words and forms. * * * The man is mad as a mareh hare—not a bit of it, unless I have been so all my life. I write as I think, and feel as most, or I trust some, of our Indian *editors* will say for me. But, friend, you will live as long as you can, sir? Who will not? you ghost! But I will, as authority may be demanded, give reasons for and against suicide. Belief is not optional—faith, people fancy, is; I judge from impressions made on me. In courts, military and civil, the members or jurors (*unless bullied into one opinion*) find people guilty and innocent on the same evidenec—that which to one makes a man innocent, convinces another of his guilt! Am I therefore wicked if I cannot believe the scriptures—look at the difference of opinion entertained by the *different* churches regarding them, and each church thinks the other wrong. Look to our own history and trace the changes of religion! Came they from God or politicians? Our own Queen, good fortune attend her, in one of her speeches, talks of "fixing the religion of the country on the affections of her people:"—if it has no charm in itself all you can say, Royal Lady, will not make it respected. Soldiers defend you and the land for honor and money—priests cry up cruel creeds for money and *honors*—priests lay up and make provisions for this world as keenly as others, though *all* are forbidden to do so. Oberlin (is that the name?) was all a priest should be. Kind, good, benevolent, Oberlin! you felt for all, and could pity and assist the wayward. This was religion, was goodness, not merely forms, which had he dispensed with altogether, he would have effected more. Suicide! No man likes the idea—don't wonder that I wander from it. Nelson said he had soul enough for two such bodies as he possessed. I too have vitality above, far above my strength; it has on more occasions than one enabled me to do what stronger men with less energy have been unable to accomplish: but give me health and strength, before any mental property whatever. And yet who envies the happiness of those who possess no mind at all? No—the "mens sana in corpore sano" is the real pass for enjoyment in life, but I not possessing inducements sufficient to bind me to the world, that is, I endure more pain than I partake pleasure, I wish to shew I have a right to quit it if I please. "Sir," said Johnson to Goldsmith, "as to voluntary suicide, as you call it, there are twenty thousand men in an army who will go without scruple to be shot at for fivepence a day." *Goldsmith*—But have they any moral right to do this?" *Johnson*—"Nay, sir, if you will not take the universal opinion of mankind I have nothing to say."—What more moral right had Englishmen to enlist in the services of the Queen of Spain and of Don Carlos, for there were some in both armies, and to sacrifice their lives in brawls in which they had nothing to do, than I have to take my own? Baxter, the good Richard Baxter, believed that a suicide might be saved. "If," says he, "it should be objected that what I maintain may encourage suicide, I answer, I am not to tell a lie to prevent it."

Rabelais and others condemn suicide as cowardly, but his and their arguments are mere twaddle. Socrates, Plato, Xenophon and I think Eschines pleaded for suicide as lawful—death is but the termination of our birth. Sejanus says one is not chained to the misfortunes of life. The soul of the most unfortunate is in his own hands, suicide is not murder, 'twould be as sensible to accuse a man of robbing or stealing from himself. Mirabeau asserts that the punishment of death is not authorized by any right, if so, how shall we recognise the maxim that a man has no right to kill himself? I will but give arguments and let the reader draw what conclusions he pleases. Many persons weary of life have taken the lives of others for the purpose of getting hung; this is certainly both cruel and cowardly; but I remember reading of an officer of the 60th regiment, and a soldier of the Royal Artillery, who confessed to this, and I should not be surprised if persons of some creeds thought the murder and hanging less offensive than simple suicide! Who that is glad is ever in a hurry to die. Suicide is not often committed in a hurry. Coombe says, "Let no one suppose such an act done from mere error in judgment. It proceeds from internal and involuntary feelings of a diseased nature, of the misery and torment of which, no man who has not felt anything similar can form an accurate conception."

I cannot but think a man has a right to dispose of his own life, and he, not others, should determine how. As to reflections on my belief, they are, as they always were, things indifferent to me. I suspect many, very many contemplate suicide, but a sudden change of fortune or a turn in their affections induces them to live on and they become happy. 'Tis when hope is at an end that death becomes a relief. 'Tis told of the beautiful Madame Mounier that she contemplated suicide twelve years before she committed it. Scott says, "Imagination or fancy renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits: all belonging to this unhappy class must have felt, but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy." I am sure, I know one who has often felt so!

Cato (Uticensis) employed the night before he stabbed himself in reading a work against suicide, an act which affords some proof that he did not think the arguments very convincing. But enough has been quoted to shew I am not singular in my opinions on suicide. I only wish, instead of scrawling these hasty remarks, I had commenced them sooner, for the point of death is not the most composed of a man's existence. This morning a young man, Mr. ——, in whom I feel a deep interest, called upon me; he little thought, I am sure, that I had but a few hours to live; he will do me the credit to say he never saw me more composed or talk with greater freedom on indifferent subjects than I did to him. It is my intention to put these pages into his hands, that he may correct the numerous errors of the pen, that cannot but be expected under the hurried and necessarily broken periods at which they have been written. One thing surprises me, that up to the time I am now writing many trifling affairs demand as much attention as they did when perhaps they were to be worked out into matters of great importance. No one (though when my death is known many will recollect my hints,) I am sure, none observed any change in my manners, and I find even as every hour progresses I pursue my daily routine with my usual regularity. I have found no difference in my appetite, and I rose this morning quite composed, though I knew I was never to go to bed again.

30*th April*, 1841. G. H. C.

Note.—We publish the above after a little hesitation and not without some reluctance. It is not fiction. It is alas! but too true. It is quite clear that the mind of the unhappy suicide was in an unsound condition when he penned this crude, irregular, and illogical composition, and rushed uncalled into the presence of his Maker. We should have a very poor opinion indeed of that man's intellect, who should be convinced of the moral propriety of suicide by so wild a production. It *cannot*, we think, do *harm*, and it *may* do good. It is not impossible that it may reach the eye of some miserable man who medi-

tates suicide himself. It might lead such a person to suspect himself of the same unsoundness of mind of which, though it is so obvious to every reader, the writer himself was so little conscious. The words of a dying man cannot be received with indifference, and they who make the human mind a study will perhaps thank us for the communication of the above observations from an unhappy fellow-creature, voluntarily stepping into the dark and silent grave, and yet anxious to satisfy the living world he is leaving, of the propriety and wisdom of his conduct.—Ed.

"ODE TO ROME."

By a Local Writer.

When the barbarian, with his Northern legions
O'erthrew the Cæsar's city and its gods,
Like to a torrent from the mountain regions
Depopulating men, and their abodes :—
Then Rome was *Rome* no longer, sunk in ruin,
But war, and wasting flame their worst were doing,
And her too feeble sons besought in vain
The rude red right hand of her forest foes.
She saw her statues level with the plain,
Blasted, and blackening where the smoke arose;
Shrines, fanes, and temples bare and desolate—
Her sword no further able to restrain
The sceptred eagle's bloody overthrow.
Oh Carthage ! well wert thou avenged, thy fate
Was worthy of thy greatness, since the blow
That sprung the hinges of thy city gate,
And bowed thy walls in ashes, (till the site
Whereon thou stood'st in empire's strength, became
A torchless tomb, where all is void, and night,)
Came from the valour of no less a foe
Than *he* whom Afric honor'd with her name,
The Roman Chief,—immortal " Scipio !"

But thou, Oh Rome! that did, and dost contain
The relics of thy Cæsars, whose proud dust
Once drove the Hun, and Vandal from the plain—
Back to their desert-bourn. Oh ! could they just
Have seen the toga torn, the mantle rent,
Thy mountain rudeness, and by savage lust,
Freedom and art, and glory's monument,
And thoughts, and deeds, and names perchance unknown,
The marble poet, builder of the bust,
Whose glowing heart appealed to ye in stone
Now ashes, vainly watered with our tears !
Arise ye mighty dead ! and view the scene
Where Desolation only now appears,
The mingled wreck of that which once hath been,
Where are thy trophies ?—and a thousand years
Of god-like glory, wisdom, art, and power ?
All—all swept like the leaves, before the thunder shower !

Enough—I turn in solitude to think,
The summons of my soul hath been obeyed,
From all thou *wert*, to ruin's ghastly brink,
Inviolable Fate thy walls hath laid—
Seat of the Muses !—centre of the arts !—
I speak of thee, by what I have surveyed
When my young blood ran brighter, and resign
To those of loftier soul, and better parts
The tragic praises of thy sad decline !"

HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.*

THE ILIAD.

WHAT is the subject matter of the *Iliad?*—According to the ordinary notion, founded upon the opening lines of this poem, the subject is the *Wrath of Achilles.* But others have thought, with some reason, that the idea was not sufficiently self-diffusive. To settle how much of the *Iliad* is really interveined by the feud between Achilles and Agamemnon, a German Jew took a singular method. Like the barbarous prince who, in order to decide territorial pretensions between himself and a brother potentate, sent for a map, and cutting out the rival states, carefully weighed them against each other in gold scales; the Jew cut out of a Greek *Iliad* every line that referred to Achilles and his wrath:—and what was his report? Why, that the wrath of Achilles formed only "26 per shent" upon the whole *Iliad,* i. e. one quarter of the poem. Thus far, therefore, we must concede to the *Chorizontes,* that the original stem on which the *Iliad* grew was probably on *Achilles.*

It cannot be argued by the most idolatrous lover of the *Iliad,* that the main central books exhibit that sort of natural intercohesion which *determines* their place and order. True, they have reached us so; but not probably in their present arrangement from an earlier period than that of Pisistratus—when manuscripts becoming general, it might be easy to preserve even the loosest succession of parts—and especially where a great veneration for the author and the general notoriety of the poems, would secure the fidelity of copies. But the sceptics require to know how those loose parts could be cohesively brought over that gulf of years between Homer and Pisistratus (the one a whole millennium before our christian era, the latter little more than half that time,) whilst traditionary transmission through singers and harpers constituted perhaps the sole means of preservation, and therefore of arrangement.—Accordingly *some* interpolations are confessed by all parties. For instance, it is *certain*—and even Eustathius records it as a regular tradition in Greece—that the night-adventure of Diomed and Ulysses against the Trojan camp, their capture of the beautiful horses brought by Rhesus, and of Dolon the Trojan spy, did not originally form a part of the *Iliad.* At present this adventure forms the 10th book, but previously it had been an independent *epos,* or epic narrative, perhaps locally circulated amongst the descendants of Diomed, and known by the title of *Doloneia.* It has been remarked that its place in the series is not asserted by any *internal* indication. An allusion there is indeed to the wrath of Achilles; but probably introduced to harmonize it as a part of the *Iliad* by the same authority which introduced the poem itself: else the whole book may be dropped out without any *hiatus.* The battle, suggested by Diomed at the end of the 9th book, takes place in the 11th: and as the critics remark, no allusion is made in that 11th book by any of the Grecian Chiefs to the remarkable exploit of the intervening night.—The most amusing incoherency however detected in the *Iliad,* arising from arbitrary juxtapositions, is that brought to light by the late Wilhelm Mueller. "It is a fact," says he, "that Ulysses is not ashamed to attend three dinner-parties on one evening." First, he had a dinner engagement with Agamemnon (b. ix. 90); next he dines with Achilles (b. ix. 221); and finally with Diomed (b. xi. 578). What most

* Continued from page 26.

amuses us in the business is Mueller's so stealthily pursuing Ulysses through two books of the *Iliad* in order to watch how many dinner-parties he attended! And there is a good moral in the whole discovery; for it shows all knaves that though hidden for 3000 years, their tricks are sure to be found out at the last!

It is undeniable that some of the German objections to the present arrangement are valid. For instance, the duel between Paris and Menelaus, with the perfidious shot of Pandarus, and the general engagement which follows, "all belonging to the same *epos*," says Mueller, "wear the appearance of being insulated where they now stand, and betray no connection with any succeeding Canto. In the Ἀριστεια Διομηδους (5th canto) the whole incident is forgotten and is never revived. The Greeians make no complaint of the treachery practised; nor do the gods take any steps to punish it. On Hector's coming to his brother's residence not many hours after the duel, neither refer to it; although Paris was necessarily ignorant of the subsequent events. And Hector's reproaches to Paris for his *láchéte* are in contradiction to the single combat which he had so recently faced: yet Paris does not refer to his late energy. Besides when he announces to Hector his intention of going again to the field of battle, he makes no proposal to re-establish the interrupted duel, as is natural to suppose he would. The duel therefore and all that belongs to it (3d & 4th books) formed originally an independent *epos*, which belonged probably to an earlier stage of the Trojan war, and was first thrust by the authorized arrangers of the *Iliad* into the unhappy place it now occupies." As regards the treachery in the duel we would suggest that, as the interposition of Venus is not to be interpreted in any foolish allegorical way, (for the battle interferences of the gods are visible and undisguised,) doubtless the Greeks, not less than the Trojans, understood the interruption as in effect divine; by which the act of Pandarus would be covered, no matter how he meant it. Even in the first *Iliad* it is childish to understand the whispering of Minerva to Achilles as an allegorical way of saying that his prudence arrested his hand. That is not Homer's style of thinking, nor of Homeric ages. The interference of Venus in the duel must have been palpable: and this is one circumstance which satisfies us that the age of Troy was removed by several generations from Homer. To elder days, and to men fancied more heroic than those of his own day, (a fancy which Homer expressly acknowledges,) he might find himself inclined to ascribe a personal intercourse with the gods; and he would find every where an audience favoring this belief. Men that often rose themselves to divine honors might readily be conceived to mix personally with the gods. This duel however is nowhere absolutely contradicted even by implication, it is simply neglected in the subsequent books of the Iliad.——But there are cases which involve direct contradictions, and therefore argue either that Homer had those "naps" which Horace imputes to him, or that counterfeits got mixed up with the true bullion of the *Iliad*. Amongst other examples pointed out by Heyne or Tranceson the following deserve notice: 1. Pylœmenes the Paphlagonian is killed by Menelaus (v. 579-590) but further on (xiii. 643-658) he is chief mourner at the funeral of his son Harpalion. 2. Sarpedon is seriously wounded in the leg (v. 628, &c.) and an operation may be expected; two days after he is moving about and "operating" upon other people. We however doubt the contradiction here, simply—because Sarpedon was a son of *Jupiter* who might have a particular salve for wounded legs.

3. Teucer however was an undeniable mortal; yet having been wounded desperately in the arm (viii. 324) and carried groaning off the field by his brother Telamonian Ajax, he again appears in the next morning's battle (xii. 387). 4. Vulcan's long day's tumble from the sky as described in book i. 586, does not harmonise with the account in xix. 394. 5. Vulcan in the *Iliad* is married to Venus, whilst in the Odyssey his wife is one of the Graces.

Mueller critically observes—"As upon earth so in Olympus, the fable of the Iliad is but loosely put together. In the first Iliad Thetis receives a Jovian guarantee (viz. Jove's authentic nod) that he will glorify her offended son Achilles by making the Trojans victorious, until the Grecians, seeing their error, should propitiate the irritated hero. But unmindful of his promise, Jove disposes Agamemnon by a delusive dream to lead the army to battle. The duel between Paris and Menelaus takes place, and is abruptly closed by Venus, apparently with equal indifference on Jove's part to either incident. Even at the general meeting of the gods, in the 4th book, there is no renewal of the proposal for the glorifying of Achilles.—Again, Jove from old attachments would willingly preserve Priam's stronghold from ruin, and lead the whole feud to some peaceful issue: but the passionate female divinities, Juno and Minerva, triumph over his moderation and firmness, and the destruction of Troy is finally determined on. In the next great battle the Trojans are severely pressed, and the Greeks of course feel no regret for Achilles' absence. Nay, as if expressly to show that Achilles was *not* wanted, Diomed turns out as described by a son of Priam to be more terrific than Pelides! and even to make Mars yell with pain and howl like "ten thousand mortals." But when we turn to the eighth book, Jove remembers his promise to Thetis and steps forward to guide the course of war, peremptorily forbids both gods and goddesses to interfere, and threatens the Greeks with a preponderance of calamity. "From this review," says Mueller, "it appears tolerably certain, that the 3rd to the 7th book belong to no *epos* dedicative to the glory of Achilles. The wrath of that hero, his reconciliation, and his return to battle having been announced in the opening as the theme of the poem, are used as a connecting link for holding together all the cantos about other heroes which have been interealated; but this tie is far too slack, and one rude shake makes all the alien parts tumble out."

Time of the Iliad.—The duration through which the action of the poem revolves (an old disputed point) is very important towards investigating the succession and possible *nexus* of the events. Bossu made the period of the whole to be forty-seven days; Wood forty; the *Memoirs de Trevoux* (1708) forty-nine. But the *computus* now finally adopted, amended, and ruled irreversibly, is that of Heyne, countersigned by Wolf, namely, fifty-two days,—but with a subsequent correction of an obvious oversight of Heyne's, Fifty-one days.—Book i. nine days the plague rages, (v. 53.) On the 10th, Achilles calls a meeting of the staff officers: the occurrences at this meeting subsequently occasion his mother's visit. She tells him (v. 423) that Jove had set off the day before to a festival of the Ethiopians, and is not expected back for twelve days. Hence the visit of Thetis to Jove (v. 493) must be transplanted to the twenty-first day. Here terminates the first book which contains therefore twenty-one days. Book ii. up to v. 293 of book vii. comprehends a single day, viz. the twenty-second. Book vii. (v. 381, 421, and 432) the twenty-third day: and v. 433-465, the twenty-fourth day. Book viii. to the close of book x. the twenty-fifth day and succeeding night.

Book xi. to close of xviii. the twenty-sixth day. Book xix. to v. 201 of book xxiii. the twenty-seventh day and succeeding night. Book xxiii. (v. 109-225) the twenty-eighth day: and v. 226 to the end, the twenty-ninth day. Book xxiv. for eleven days Achilles trails the corpse of Hector round the sepulchre of Patroclus: on the twelfth day a meeting is called of the gods, *i. e.* on the thirty-ninth day of the general action; for this indignity to Hector's remains must be dated from the day of his death, which is the twenty-seventh day of the entire poem. On the same thirty-ninth day, towards evening, Priam ransoms the body which is conveyed at night to Troy. Next morning, the fortieth, the venerable king returns to Troy, and the armistice of eleven days concluded with Achilles, is employed in mourning for Hector and in preparing his funeral during nine days: on the tenth of these days takes place the burning of the body and the funeral banquet; and on the eleventh the solemn interment, and the raising of the sepulchral mound. With the twelfth day recommences the war.—This circumstantial detail is due to Wilhelm Muellcr—guaranteed by numerous scholars.

Name of the Iliad.—The eldest author now surviving in whom that designation occurs as a regular familiar word, is Herodotus—contemporary with Pericles. He was the senior author in that great period of Athenian splendour, as Plato and Xenophon were the junior. It is therefore probable that the name *Iliad* was already familiar to Pisistratus; since its common use by Herodotus implies that it was no novelty at that time, and next because he who first gathered the entire series of Trojan legends into artificial unity, would be the first to want a collective title. Solon or Pisistratus, no matter which, did therefore first gather the whole cycle of Iliac romances into one body; and to this aggregate whole gave the name of *Ilias*. But in what sense? Not for deception. Pisistratus' original motive for stirring in such an affair could only have been love and admiration; and it was to prevent changes, not to sanction adulteration, that he interposed with the state authority. He meant by the name precisely what a man would now mean who should publish a body of ancient romances relating to Charlemagne or to the Crusades; not implying by any unity in the title, that these romances were all one man's work or several parts of one individual whole, but that they related to one terminal object. Whilst therefore we concede to the sceptics that several independent poems (though still by possibility from the same author) were united by Pisistratus, we deny any fraud in this, or that the name was framed to disguise that independence. Pisistratus only says—Behold a series of poems, all ancient; all from Homeric days; and (whether Homer's or not) all relating to the great crusade against *Ilium*.

SOLON AND PISISTRATUS.

Homer did a great service to both these great Law-givers according to tradition, by settling a legal dispute for each. It would indeed then have been a knavish trick if they undermined that text from which they had reaped such singular fruits in their own administration. But what they precisely did *to* Homer remains a mystery to this hour.—Athens and Sparta, from the time of their regular organization by law and institutions became the two counter-forces of Greece, and Lycurgus and Solon confront each other as the leaders of their respective civilization. About 800 B. C. Lycurgus draws up a system of laws for Sparta; more than two centuries later, Solon does the same for Athens. And most unaccountably each

of them undertakes, not as a private citizen to admire the Homeric poems —but to privilege Homer, to place him on the *matricula* of denizens, to consecrate his name, and to set in motion the whole machinery of government on behalf of his poems. For what purpose? On the part of Lycurgus for a purpose well known and appreciated, viz. to use the *Iliad* as the basis of public instruction, and thus mediately of a warlike morality; —but on the part of Solon for no purpose ever yet ascertained. Strange, that from the literary land and the *later* period we do not learn the "how" and the "why;" from the gross illiterate land and the short period we *do*.—Lycurgus had in view the interest rather of Greece, of Sparta, than of Homer. With Solon on the other hand, Homer must have been a final object; no means towards something else, but an end *per se*: practically indeed he could not find any opening for Homeric services in his own professional objects.—The Spartans had a craze about the *Iliad*, as though it bore some special relation to themselves: for Plutarch mentions it as a current saying in Sparta, that Hesiod was the poet for Helots, since according to his poetry the end of man's existence is, to plough and to harrow; but Homer, said they, is the Spartan Poet, since the moral of the Iliad proclaims—that the whole duty of man lies in fighting. If they admitted that Athens settled his text, they firmly held that Lycurgus first introduced Homer upon the continent of Greece.

That Solon, the legislatorial founder of Athens,—the Pisistratidæ or final princes of Athens—that these great men did link their names with Homer, each and all by specific services, is undeniable. What was the service of Solon? Or, after Solon, what service could remain for Pisistratus?—We might beneficially follow the rule of the conceited Frenchman who pretended to think that history ought always to be read backwards; and ascertaining what Pisistratus and his son Hipparchus *did*, find out what their predecessors did *not* do. The best account (though obviously wrong in many respects) of Pisistratus' doings is given by an obscure *grammaticus*, Diomedes. If we adopt the tradition about Lycurgus, or even if we reject it, we must believe that copies of the Iliad and Odyssey (*i. e.* as regards their substance, not arrangement) existed in Athens long before the Pisistratidæ, or even Solon. Were it only through the *Rhapsodoi*, this must have been the case—particularly in a maritime city like Athens communicating so freely with Ionia and all insular Greece.—Throughout, however, the story of Diomedes, disfigured as it is, we see that the labors of Pisistratus were applied to *written* copies. That is a great point in advance. And instantly it reacts upon Solon, as nearing the nature of *his* labours. If Solon was the very first to take down the Iliad in writing from the recitations of the *Rhapsodoi*, then Pisistratus might have collated Solon's written copy with such other memorials, or recollections of reciters, as would likely exist in different parts of Greece, amongst families or cities tracing descent from particular heroes of the Iliad.—If on the other hand Pisistratus first matured a written copy, what remains for Solon's share in the business? This—he applied some useful check to the extravagancies of the musical reciters. This notion is supported by the famous Greek words in Plato and Diogenes Laertius. To chant ἐξ ὑπολήψεως—and to chant ἐξ ὑποβολῆς—these were the new regulations introduced by Solon, or by him *and* his successor. The first expression means here in *succession*,—the chanters being obliged by the new law, on certain occasions, to pursue the entire series of the Iliad, and not to pick and choose as heretofore. The use we presume was the same as that of the rubrick of the English Church (also we believe of the

Jewish Synagogue) which arranges in succession the lessons so as to secure the certainty that, within a known period of time, the whole of the canonical books should be read onee through from beginning to end. Plato expressly says that the chanters were obliged, at the great Panathenaic festival, to recite the Iliad ἐξ ὑποληψεως ἐφεξης—the first expression referring to the persons, the second (ἐφεξης) to the poem. The popular translation would be that they were obliged, by regular relays or succession of chanters, to recite the whole poem in its order. And this fact is recalled by an orator, after Plato, to the people's attention as a thing notorious to them all.—The other expression above referred to ἐξ ὑποβολης, though it has occasioned some disputing, undoubtedly means *by way of suggestion—under the condition of being prompted.* Here then is pointed a state copy of the Iliad, (however obtained by Solon) which Homeric canon was confided to a prompter for his checking the slightest deviation from this authorized standard. In this sense the two regulations support each other: one provides the whole shall be read; the other secures the fidelity of this whole. And here comes in the story of Salamis, about which a legal or international question having just been decided on the mere authority of a passage in the Iliad, it was high time that statesmen should see that a poem, which was thus solemnly adjudged to be good evidence in the supreme courts of law, had its text authenticated. In fact several new cases (see Eustathius on the second Iliad) were decided not long after on the same Homeric evidence.

But this prompter's copy most certainly presupposes a complete manuscript of the Iliad. It may be a question whether *this* in fact was not the service rendered by Pisistratus; and Solon's, the provision of going through the whole Iliad: but rather again whether both services being due to Solon—what then remained for Pisistratus? He might, and we have little doubt did, 1st, restore—as from incipient decay; 2ndly, authenticate—as between readings that were doubtful; 3rdly, assemble—as from local dispersion of parts; and 4thly, arrange—as from an uncertain and arbitrary succession. The three first are already involved in the story of Diomedes.—Solon probably engrossed upon *brazen* tablets such a text as one man could obtain. But it would be a work of time, of labour, of collation, and fine taste to complete a sound edition. And such was Pisistratus' task. [By the bye, the revisals of his work by the Alexandrine critics also presuppose a received and orthodox text.] As to his 4th labour, of arrangement, it is important to observe, that it was not merely the giving four-and-twenty cantos and placing them in the most natural order. The existing distribution of the poem into twenty-four tolerable equal sections, designated by the twenty-four capitals of the Greek alphabet is ascribed to Aristarchus. But there was an earlier and far more important arrangement due to Pisistratus.

THE AOIDOI, RHAPSODOI, HOMERIDÆ.

The Germans are exceedingly offended that any man in ancient days should presume to call himself a *Rhapsodos* without sending down a sealed letter to posterity, stating all the reasons which had induced him to take so unaccountable a step, For our parts we are chiefly perplexed at *their* perplexity.—It is undeniable that, every narrative poem was called a *Rhapsodia;* and hence the several subordinate narratives now united in the composite structure of the Iliad, such as that called the 'prowess of Agamemnon,' the 'adventure of Dolon,' and many others, were always

introdueed by the ehanter with a proemieal address to some divinity. The Germans insist that as this opening address was often composed by the chanters, they might also forge a middle or an end. But we know that their preludes were pure detaehed generalities applieable to all eases indifferently; απαδοντα, irrelevant, as an old Greek author ealls them. They were not *impromptus*, but forms ready for all oeeasions. *A Jove principium*, says Horaee: with this opening a man eould never go wrong, let the eoming narrative point whieh way it would. And Pindar observes that in faet all the Homerie Rhapsodoi *did* draw their openings from Jove: perhaps sometimes also from the Muses or Apollo.—But the Germans will also quarrel about the time when these *Rhapsodoi* began to exist. If they will persist in making a row, we shall try to rap their knuckles. They say the Rhapsodoi were, eomparatively with Homer, young people. We say they were *not*. And now that our blood is up, we insist upon it—that they were as old as the hills; twiee as old as Homer; three times as old, if it will vex them more. We eannot say that we know this "of our own knowledge," but we have better evidenee *for* it, than any they can have *against* it. In a eertain old seholiast on Aristophanes, this eouplet is quoted from Hesiod:

> Ἐν Δηλῳ τοτε πρωτον ἐγω και Ὁμηρος ἀοιδοι,
> Μελπομεν, ἐν νεαροις ὑμνοις ῥαψαντες ἀοιδην.

"Then first in Delos did I and Homer, two bards, perform as musieal reeiters, laying the *nexus* of our poetry in original hymns."

He means to say they were no itinerant *Rhapsodoi*, getting others to write a poetie address for them. The preluding hymns were their own, and also had a meaning—they formed the transitional passages whieh eonneeted one *epos* or narrative with another. Plato again who stood nearer to Homer than any one of us, by the little differenee of 2,260 years, swears that he knows Homer to have been a *Rhapsodos*. What does that word mean? Strabo explains that poetry in general was ealled ἀοιδη or song. Henee eaeh kind of poetry bore the appellation, *aoidé*, or *odé* or *odia*, as a eommon or generie element in its designation, whilst its differential element was prefixed.—as goat-song, *tragodia;* revel-song, *komodia*. So *Rhapsodia* shows by its ending that it is poetry of some kind. *Rhaps—Rhapto* means to *sew with a needle*, i. e. to *connect*—more peeuliarly applieable to long narrative poems, having different eonneetible *epos*. And thus *Rhapsodia* or linked-song indieated narrative poetry; and a *Rhapsodos* was the personal eorrelate of sueh poetry—the man that ehanted it.

Pindar too referring to Homer says, he established (i. e. raised into life and eelebrity) all modes of exeellenee κατα ῥαβδον—whieh is a poet's way of saying that Homer did this as a *Rhapsodos*. *Rhabdos* therefore is nsed as the symbol of a *Rhapsodos;* his instrument for eonneeting the narrative poem whieh gives him his designation. It might have been a stiek, having something to do with the roll of remembranees, (not perhaps written eopies, but meehanical suggestions for reeovering the main sueeession of paragraphs) whieh the Rhapsodos used as short-hand notes for aiding his performanees. Another passage of Pindar, whieh has oeeasioned some fighting, relates to a eertain eonqueror at the games, who, he says, took his *coup d'essai* from the point (Jove) whenee the Homeridæ take theirs,—alluding to the prelusive hymns. And it is remarkable that Pindar in that passage identifies the Homeridæ, Aoidoi, and Rhapsodoi—ῥαπτων ἐπεων ἀοιδοι, an ingenious way of expressing that the *aoidoi* were the same as the *Rhapsodoi*. Now where Pindar saw no essential differ-

ence, except as a species differs from a genus, it is not likely that, we of this day shall detect one. The *Aoidoi* and perhaps the *Rhapsodoi*, certainly existed in Homer's days; the Homeridæ after him, but when, or under what precise circumstances no record remains to say; only that being known to dwell in Crete, they appear to be personally connected with Homer. At all events, this matter touches not the integrity of the Iliad.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Erratum.—In our last article on this subject a typographical blunder crept in which it is as well at once to correct—in p. 21, line 36, *for* "degradation who connected the past with the present, and who *sang* precisely to that of mere mercenary artists, because their burthen of truth was too solemn for unimpassioned speech from the rank of sacred minstrels;" *read* "degradation from the rank of sacred minstrels, who connected the past with the present, and who *sang* precisely because their burthen of truth was too solemn for unimpassioned speech, to that of mere mercenary artists."

A FRIEND.

Give me a goblet starr'd with gems,
Rich as the gorgeous realms of Ind,
Lavish on priceless diadems,
The brows of mightiest kings to bind;
And in the dazzling treasure deep,
Pour ye a subtler sweeter draught
Than grape of ruddiest blush can weep,
Or mortal lip hath ever quaffed.

Then bid by its enchanted gleams
At my lone board a guest appear,
The glory of our youthful dreams,
A friend unchangeably sincere;
By all this heart would not forget
For myriad gems of matchless glow,
By every hope that warms it yet,
That cup divine for him should flow.

James Gregor Grant.

EVENING.

Whene'er I look upon the ev'ning sky,
As the soft twilight o'er the dusky West,
Steals onward unperceived, with sober vest,
And the last gleam of sunlight meets the eye,
Like the rich bloom that fades with every sigh,
On the fair cheek of beauty—and one star
The eldest born of Night gleaming afar!
Which with its placid light invites the heart,
That worn with care and sorrow, seeks to pour
In silence what it suffers, and impart
Its tale of woes!—At such an holy hour!
My soul expands with gladness to depart,
And wakes the wish to cast its bonds and flee,
Homeward with the glad pinions of a bird let free.

May, 1842. Δ

I CANNOT LOVE BUT ONE.

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON.

'Tis over now—the die is cast:
The vision's fled—the dream is past;
And fancy folds her sunny wings,
And hope foregoes her wanderings;
And my sweet peace of mind is gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis over now—the silver chain
Is broken, ne'er to join again;
The rose is pluck'd—and sweetest showers
Can't make it bloom like other flowers;
And all the sweets of life are flown,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis over now—the stamp of woe
Is deeply fixed upon my brow;
And smiles have fled, and joy and mirth
Are banish'd from my lonesome hearth;
And I must leave my native zone
Because I cannot love but one.

And in a clime unknown and strange,
A hapless exile I must range;
There none will bid the wanderer hail:
For none must know his mournful tale;
And thus I'll live—unseen—alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go—but ah! where'er I be,
There's not a tongue will welcome me;
No ear shall hear the mourner's prayer;
No kindred heart his griefs will share;
Weeping I still my course must run,
Because I cannot love but one.

But though in foreign climes I roam;
And though I seek a foreign home;
And though I breathe a foreign air;
Till I forget a faithless fair,
My own dark thoughts I ne'er can shun,
Because I cannot love but one.

The veriest wretch that breathes on earth,
Enjoys perchance his hours of mirth:
But I can find no comforts here,
My prospects are all dark and drear;
And scenes of joy I still must shun,
Because I cannot love but one.

And *who* this worshipped one can be,
Must still remain a mystery:
And *how* this love was wrench'd away,
To other ears I may not say:
I only mourn I am undone,
Because I cannot love but one.

I tried to serve another too,
With lips and eyes as sweet to view;
But still some spell I can't divine,
Made me her fetters to resign;
And though *she* holds a heart of stone,
I still will love and love but one.

Farewell! and when the wanderer dies;
When death at length shall close his eyes:
When his sad voice no more you'll hear;
Then o'er his tombstone drop a tear;
And think for thee what he hath done;
How well he lov'd! and lov'd but one.

* * *

ROSALIE.

Mark'd ye how her bright eye flashes,
Like a seraph's lit with love,
As if the eye its radiance catches
From some sister star above?—
A brighter guerdon have I won me,
Than warrior wins when foemen flee,—
Thus ever in such light to sun me
My bright-eyed, red-lipped Rosalie!

Mark ye how her ripe lip teemeth,
Like the honey-laden flower,
Nectar stor'd; whose sweetness seemeth
Food which gods would fain devour?
Life were a cheerless void without her,
But with her, all is bliss to me:
Oh, I will love her—never doubt her,—
My bright-eyed, red-lipped Rosalie!

Maulmain, 12th April, 1842. J. H. Q.

SONNET.

The leaf-crowned heads of nodding trees that grace,
In quiet majesty, the hill tops high,
With morning light are touched; at each soft sigh
Of the cool winds, upon the glorious face
Of verdant nature, in bright showers fall,
Like orient gems, the silvery drops of dew.
The horizon clouds of every shape and hue
Part, and do homage to the golden ball,
That o'er the waving fields of ripened corn
Sheds a fresh lustre. In the noiseless vale
The rose's red lips open. Lilies pale
With tears of welcome hail the radiant morn.
But sweeter far than all, from hill and dale
The voice of prayer upon the blast is borne.

Calcutta. G. C. D.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1842.

REMINISCENCES OF MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN PRINT.

Authors are a grumbling race !—Every one who can, or who fancies he can round a period or turn a stanza fit to meet the critic's eye, has something to sing or say of the cares, the pains, the troubles of Genius. Many, doubtless, have sufficient cause for lamentation. But probably in the majority of cases either the genius or the grievance is imaginary. Often, and that with the most querulous, both are so. Some murmur because it is the fashion amongst authors. *Alas !* is the watchword of the *genus irritabile*. Some complain merely to prove that they *are* the sons of Genius, who according to their notion entails nothing but sorrow upon her children And some do it as a shopkeeper decrys the particular calling by which he is making his fortune, viz. to discourage rivalry.

But admitting that genius, or its more common representative—*the ability to write*, is such a sorry possession as the growlers would have us believe, it cannot be denied that it has its pleasures and advantages, and those too of no ordinary kind. Setting aside the fame and the wealth which literary labour *sometimes* brings—there is one pleasure which the humblest scribbler of the present day may enjoy, a pleasure which even Homer might have envied :

" 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's self in print."

Who that has been " in print" will gainsay that !—And if it be pleasant when it is a treat no longer new, what must it be with all the charm of novelty upon it ? What must it be to see one's self for the *first time in print ?*

Years (half a score at least) have gone by since that thrilling pleasure was mine ; yet do I remember, distinctly as if it were an event of yesterday, every circumstance, every feeling of that proud time. I was then in merry England, ignorant of the shape of a musquito as of its bite, and not likely to become acquainted with either. The bright eyes of Sophy Thomson, and the perusal of Kirke White had " made me poetical." I had found myself the possessor of a power hitherto hid even from myself—the power of rhyming. And I set to, to cultivate the power with all the enthusiasm of a romantic boy of seventeen. Of course after duly addressing Sophy and the moon, I wished to extend my fame. I was ambitious of seeing myself in print, and soon laid and perfected my plans for the consummation of my bounding hopes. A local occurrence of a tragical nature which had furnished our provincial town with a week's talk

furnished me with an attractive subject. Provided with this I was not long in producing half a dozen stanzas of (by courtesy) poetry, of the convenient length of four lines each, with a tripping, John Gilpin-kind of measure, and alternate rhymes. It has since occurred to me that some of my rhymes did *not rhyme;* and that not a few of the lines were indebted for their rhythm (such as it was) to the aid of sundry awkward, expletive, *do's* and *did's*. At the time, however, I thought all right and almost beyond the reach of criticism.

Fairly as my trembling hand could do it, did I copy out the production which was to raise me to the dignity of an *author in print*, or to quench my glowing hopes—for a while. As neatly as my skill could compass was it folded, sealed, and addressed to " The Editor of the Literary Fosterer;" and with beating heart and blushing cheek, with at least as much fear of detection as a pickpocket exercising his craft at the window of the neighbouring printshop, did I stealthily commit it to " The Editor's Box." The editor ! what an awful personage I imagined him to be, now that my fate was committed to him. To me he was a great, a dread unknown, but fancy pictured him a prodigy of genius and learning. I have since discovered that he was a poor, dissipated, unsteady *ne'er-do-weel*, who was making his last feeble effort to earn for himself the red herrings and gin which formed the staple of his subsistence. The champions of cheap knowledge had then just taken the field, and he for want of something better had joined their ranks as editor of a sheet, which for the reasonable sum of one penny sterling " furnished a weekly repast of useful and entertaining information." This was the man to whom my hopes were committed, and never did prisoner at the bar wait for the award of the jury in more painful suspense than I did for the sentence of my judge. Four days were to pass before I could learn my fate. Anxious days they were to me, and well nigh sleepless were the nights that accompanied them. Dreams of frowning editors penning cutting " Notices to Correspondents," in which " *Juvenis*" (*id est* I !) was informed in a variety of torturing ways that he was *an ass* and that his *trash* was beneath contempt—chased from my troubled slumbers, dim visions of endless columns of type, divided into groups of four lines each, with capitals at the beginning of every line, and to which columns I, the dreamer, was by some mysterious process continually adding. Suspence—but every one knows what that is, so I will not attempt to enlighten those who are already as wise as myself.

At length arrived the hour that was to disclose—*to publish !* my failure or my success, and I hastened forth to learn my fate. It was the laudable custom of our editor through his agents, the bill-stickers, to present to his friends and the public a *carte* of the intellectual feast which he had provided for them. At a neighbouring corner, flaming aloft upon the buried ruins of its precursors, and soon in its turn to be covered by innumerable successors, a brilliant yellow placard met my anxious and enquiring eye. I mixed with the crowd of idlers who were conning this latest addition to the mass of gratuitous information. At a glance I took in its contents. I felt the rush of joy through my frame as I read. There—at the head of the poetical department shone the title of the darling offspring of my Muse. In a few moments more I was possessor of a copy of The Literary Fosterer damp from the press. Little did the bookseller whom I patronised know that he had been honoured by the custom of a poetical contributor to that famous periodical ! Oh ! what a treat it was to me to see my stiff school-boy calligraphy transformed into trim compact type. Art

and labour had been employed to give to the thoughts of an unknown stranger the stamp of immortality. Others had given to my words a new body, but their soul was still the one I had put into them.

That I did not touch the earth as I hastened home I will not positively affirm, but if I did I was unconscious of it. That I succeeded in giving an expression of genuine modesty to my unruly countenance when I spread the proof of my triumph before my friends and read in their looks surprise and incredulity, I do somewhat doubt. *Note*—my attempt had been a secret, and if it had been unsuccessful would certainly have remained one. It had been a secret even to Sophy Thomson, and now that its triumphant result was unfolded to her, how proud *she* was of her poet-lover, and how happy the approving smile from her soft hazel eye made *him!*

Thus far my success had been fully equal to my hopes. I had enjoyed a pleasure which Scott and Byron had enjoyed before me. I now looked forward to the time when my fame should rival or perhaps eclipse theirs. Visions of glory flashed across my soul. I beheld myself raised by my literary labours to wealth and fame. I was the sought, the admired of the fair and the great—the observed of all observers. I beheld myself, seated in my library, an exact counterpart to that at Abbotsford, with a goodly row of gilt octavoes—my own WORKS on one of the shelves—engaged in a composition which was to raise my name if possible still higher.

Such were the dreams in which gratified vanity led me to indulge, but need I say, they have not yet been fulfilled and it is not likely they ever will be. Since my first *debut*, I have often enjoyed all the dignity of the "Poets' Corner" in publications of a more ambitious class than that which first introduced my Muse to the public. But the hopes which once inspired me vanished long ago, and I do not murmur at their disappearance, for hopes *deferred* as they would most likely have been for ever, make the heart sick. Happily for myself I made the discovery that to raise a man to literary greatness, something more is required than the mere facility of stringing rhymes, however smooth they may be. Now in another land, with other duties, and other pleasures, I may occasionally resort to the pen as an instrument of amusement; but my hopes, my expectations reach no further than that the *Juvenis* of "The Literary Fosterer" may eventually become the *Senex* of some more respectable publication.

STANZAS TO ———

I.

If aught beneath this boundless sky
There be to brighten this sad brow,
Or make me once forget to sigh,
Dear maid!—it is, it must be,—thou!

II.

Those eyes, where fond affection beams,
Oft like the moon impart
The softest hues to tinge my dreams
And light my darkened heart:—

III.

Yes, I have known, and deeply felt
Heart-rending grief and woe,
Which by the hand of fate is dealt
To all who dwell below.

IV.

Tho' few my years,—yet they have taught,—
Aye, sadly taught,— that here,
"The hours with life's endearments fraught"*
Will never more appear!—

V.

My childhood looks dim as a cloud
Enthroned upon a distant sky;
The mists of by-gone years enshroud
The fair scenes that behind me lie.

VI.

I look before, the dreary scene
Shows visions grim of misery;
It tells me, what I once have been,
I never, never more can be!

Calcutta, 5th July, 1842.

D——T.

* D. L. R.

ON THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

"Ages, and climes remote, to thee impart
What charms in genius and refines in art;
Thee in whose hands the keys of science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon the vestal lamp."

Pleasures of Memory.

Dr. Johnson has remarked that "memory is, among the faculties of the human mind, that of which we make the most frequent use, or rather that of which the agency is incessant, or perpetual." Without this faculty every day's life would be a mental death.

As those objects, which are, by their nature, useful to man, are arrested by attention for study and their relation to others linked by the association of ideas, all the advantages we may derive from this constitution of our mind, would possess but a negative influence, if memory did not treasure and reveal them to us whenever they were required. Without this faculty no progress could be made in science and literature. The mind would not be impressed with the truths it imbibed from books or converse with men. There would, in fact, be no idea of the past.

The origin of our knowledge, as has been observed by all moral philosophers, is from sensation and reflection. Nature, like a kind and intelligent mother, has provided infancy to be the season for gathering the greatest number of ideas, and hence memory is one of the earliest of the faculties which develope themselves at that period.

Were there no certain order by which this extensive harvest could be gathered in the mind, how unimportant would our knowledge be to us. Facts and inferences, and reflections would be huddled together in confusion and recur to the mind in an undigested mass. Memory would resemble an auction room with every species of commodity exposed to view without any assortment. Philosophical genius could never be exercised in inventions and discoveries, and wit and poetical fancy would never have had an existenee. They would be as powers unknown, impalpable to the *mental touch* and imperfect in their combinations.

How natural it is to recall past events by local situations. Poets have not failed to ascribe to this power the liveliest emotions. When after a long interval, I revisited the place of my nativity, the old trees and mouldering walls struck the chords of memory, and a throng of pleasing associations flitted over my mind, like summer clouds, throwing a beautiful light and shade over the natural prospect. "The man," says Dr. Johnson, "who could walk unmoved over the plains of Marathon, nor feel his patriotism awakened in the Pass of Thermopylæ, does not possess a feeling heart." What a thrilling vision must have been excited in the mind of D. L. R. on his revisiting "dear old England." Let me here give an extract from his poem written on that occasion:—

"The radiant sight redeemed the past, and stirred with transport wild,
I paced the swift bark's bounding deck, light-hearted as a child;—
And when among my native fields I wandered in the sun,
I felt as if my morn of life had only just begun.

The shining golden butter-cup—the daisy's silver crest—
The living gems of every hue on Nature's verdant breast—
The cheerful songs of British birds that rose from British trees—
The fragrance from the blossomed hedge, that came on every breeze—
The white cot peeping from the grove—its blue smoke in the sky,—
The rural group of ruddy boys that gaily loitered nigh—
The silent sheep-besprinkled hill—the rivulet-watered vale—
The lonely lake, where brightly shone the fisher's sun-lit sail;—
Awhile these seemed illusions brief of beauty and delight,
A dear but transitory dream—a mockery of the night!
For often in my slumbering hours on India's sultry strand,
In visions scarce less palpable, I hailed my native land."

It is natural to the human mind to look back to its early days and revel in the delight which that chequered scene of the past creates. Men in the evening of existence generally console their minds with the recollections of their past deeds, and some of them derive so much pleasure from this, that they scarcely feel the weight of life. A man who travels alone in some distant land, finds a delightful companion in memory, and thus alleviates the fatigues of the journey by a pleasing recollection of his early days. The relics of towers, temples and palaces, gardens,—once the seat of delight —covered with weeds, and cities shaded with dense jungle, affording shelter only to solitary beasts, are objects that create a melancholy reflection in a lonely mind—listen to what Byron says—

" Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard these relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from the isle they roved
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatched thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorr'd."

In accordance with this disposition of the human heart, care should be taken by teachers that the connection by analogy be grounded on utility. Let ideas of intellectual and moral beauty be combined with every lesson of virtue you inculcate. Let censure and disgust accompany the deformity of vice, and the unseemliness of depravity. It is not enough that in conformity with the pictures of inferior minds, we display virtue in silk and brocade, and vice in tattered rags at the conclusion of the chapter; but rather with Shakespeare and Milton, those successful anatomists of the human heart, probe it deeply, and examine those feelings, which, in the adversity of virtue, are calm and dignified, and in the prosperity of vice, are corroding and awful. I repeat, let us always observe man, not in society alone, but in moments of solitude when the heart converses with itself.

There have been rules laid down, some of which are inserted in Dugald Stewart's works, by which the memory may be cultivated. There are many instances related of extensive and tenacious memories, but, for the ordinary purposes of human life, we need not (unless a deficiency renders their application necessary) put those rules into execution. A club-foot may require certain measures for correction, but no medical man would advise their adoption in the case of another individual who possesses an ordinary foot. So also with these rules. In after life, they may be applied by persons themselves to forward their own wishes, but in schools, let us follow the aim of nature as closely as we can.

It has been observed by Mr. Locke, that memory depends much on attention and repetition, and Quintilian himself has remarked the connection between attention and memory. There cannot be a doubt but that memory is greatly assisted by attention. It is also assisted by the harmony of a sentence. An individual will learn twenty lines of poetry sooner than he will an equivalent number of prose. Pope very justly exclaims—

> " What can a boy learn sooner than a song?
> What better teach a foreigner the tongue,
> What's long and short, each accent where to place
> And speak in public with some sort of grace ?"

Practice, too, improves this faculty. In the commencement of my study I found it very difficult, when a boy, to learn by heart; but a few days' experience soon facilitated the acquisition of my task. I remember when I was in the Hindoo College, I could not learn the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid. The task appeared to me so difficult, (and it must have appeared so since I had no taste for it,) that I at last gave it up in despair and could never prevail upon myself to attend college at the hours for mathematics.

There are boys in school, who appear to possess a quick memory. They have a lively temperament, and learn their lesson easily; but the misfortune is, they soon forget it. Those, however, who are somewhat slow in getting their task by rote scarcely ever forget it. The ideas of the former are connected by general resemblances or by time and place; the other, most frequently by analogy. Those men, therefore, who possess a ready command over their mental operations are always found to be agreeable and vivacious, while the other set who think deeply, pour forth their sentiments slowly, and in a style so removed from the ordinary current of conversation, that they wear the appearance of extravagance.

It should be the duty of every teacher to watch sedulously the order in which ideas may be associated in the mind of his pupils. Every answer should be explained by the pupil in relation with others obtained. The relation between cause and effect, and premises and conclusions, should be attended to. This order would be impressed upon the memory, never to be effaced. Let the rules of science be well understood, and then let them be compressed in a few words, and they will never be forgotten.

I cannot conclude this crude essay without a quotation on this subject from the eloquent pages of Doctor Brown—

" In the rich and ever-ready stores of a well-cultivated mind, we have the only image which we can in any way acquire of the omniscience of the sovereign intellect, of that Being, to whom omniscience in all its infinity of comprehension of whatever is, and whatever is to be, is the knowledge only of the wonders of His own creative power. We acquire our knowledge slowly, but we retrace it rapidly; the universe itself, when we have enriched our memory with the knowledge of its laws, may then in some measure be comprised in a single retrospective thought—

> "What wealth, in memory's firm record,
> Which should it perish, could this world recall,
> In colors fresh originally bright,
> From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years."

Calcutta, 3rd July, 1842. B. B. D.

THE DREAM.

To A ———.

Methought I saw thee in a dream last night!
Fair as when first in girl-hood's young delight,
My heart and eye approved thee as mine own,—
Ere yet within thy heart affection's tone
Its music woke—ere yet I sought to prove,
Within thy breast, the dawning of young love;
Thy auburn tresses decking neck and brow,
And with dark ringlets shadowing the glow
Which buoyant health had tinted on thy cheek,
With youth's rich bloom. My lips essayed to speak
The wishes of my heart! but with a smile,
Not such as now its gloominess doth guile,
But what sweet pity wakes, you check'd their flow;
And bade me cease to ask, what thou couldst not bestow!—

* * * * *

Once more the dews of slumber closed mine eye;
The scene was changed! an exile from the shore,
Which claimed my birth and home I travers'd o'er
The wide and boundless sea, where wave and sky
Mingle at airy distance, and no sound
Save the shrill boatswain's cry and the glad bound
Of the exultant vessel as she flung
The gathering foam and weed that round her clung,
Disturb'd the silence!—on the distant west
Daylight was lingering on the ocean's breast,
Like fading hope within a mourner's heart
When one by one its fairy hues depart.
A moment! and 'twas gone, but with its flight
The storm blast came upon the wings of night;
Dark clouds deformed the sky, and flash o'er flash
Succeeded the deep thunder's awful roar.
The winds, that like loosed hounds now traversed o'er
The darken'd sea, in stormy joy did clash
With each huge billow, as its foaming crest
Defiance hiss'd in every terror drest—
Methought that thou was't there—but mute with fear
Didst watch the doom impending—not a tear
Suffused thine eye—thy lips and cheeks were pale—
Pale as the lily, when beneath the gale
Its drooping head is bowed—thy parted hair,
Loosed from its fillet on thy bosom bare,
Fell in confusion—and thy snowy hands
Were clasp'd in agony against thy breast;
Thou too was't bound like me to other lands,
But knew not that I was among the rest.
Once more to heaven thy prayerful countenance
Was raised, but in that transient glance
Thine eyes met mine, and with one shrieking cry
Rush'd to my arms, "Oh save me or I die;"

And on my breast insensible didst seem.
One crash—another! but it was a dream!
* * * * * *
Again my weary eyelids sought repose,
The scene was chang'd!—within a trelliss'd bow'r,
Where climb'd the jasmine and the scented rose
I sat beside thee—'twas *that* gentle hour!
When darkness creeps upon the fading light,
Like sorrow's shadow stealing from the cheek
Its glowing tints—and there we marked the night
With her bright train invest the starless sky,
Thy hands were lock'd in mine, and thou didst speak,
In sweet response the language of deep love
Which my lips utter'd, and the hours did fly
Unnoticed in the luxury which bless'd,
My grateful heart, that joyfully express'd
The fulness of its love; no words could prove
The depth of feeling that did then possess
My soul—for there affection's lustre shone,
Like moonlight on the slumbering wave, to bless
Its darkness with the music of thy love.
The night orb reach'd her zenith, and apart
No sound disturb'd the silence of the scene.
So still!—that I could hear the beating of thy heart,
Audibly on my breast* where thou didst lean
With trembling confidence; oh! who could feel
At such an hour, the cares that sometimes steal
Upon life's darker moments—thou wert mine
By love's approval!—how could I repine?
With such conviction!—No! I sealed my vow,
I press'd thee to mine arms—but, slumber broke,
And back to my heart's loneliness again I woke.

April, 1842. Δ

TO MARIANNE.

Soon as welcome night lets fall
O'er the earth her dusky pall,
With beating heart, and flying feet,
I'll hasten, love, thy face to greet;
Then will music's sprightly strain
Charm away each lingering pain;
Nor wilt thou disdain to hear,
The humble suit that courts thine ear;
Perchance may smile most witchingly,
To hear thy lover's tender sigh.
* * * *

* "Nothing is new under the sun," and it occurs to me that I have somewhere met with this idea, though differently expressed, and I have thought it just to mention my impression, lest it may be considered a plagiarism.—Δ

ON COMPOSITION.

[EXTRACTED FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POETASTER.]

ROUSSEAU used to say that with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is of slow and laborious acquisition. Hazlitt when, as a young man, he read Burke's glowing productions, used to weep over his own incapacity. It was long before he arrived at the power of expressing his thoughts with rapidity and happiness. Walter Scott in his youth was with a party on a pleasure excursion, when it was proposed that each in his turn should produce an extemporary verse. The future poet, who poured out verses by the cart-load, was the only one of the party who failed. He could not put two lines together. But perhaps he was more fastidious than his companions, and his ambition checked his powers. It is easy enough to write badly—the difficulty is to write well. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" often exult over the difficulties which impede the deep thinker in his attempts to wreak his thoughts upon expression. There is a *fatal facility*, as Lord Byron calls it, which is a very bad sign of a writer's powers, and nothing presents such an obstacle to great excellence as the ability to produce with rapidity that which is "very tolerable, and not to be endured." It tempts a man to go on writing without thinking. It prevents him from diving into the depths of his own nature or that of other men, or examining closely and struggling with the real difficulties of the subject before him. He slides pleasantly over the surface and thinks not of the riches in the stream below. He is under a pleasant delusion—pleasant to himself but unprofitable to his readers.

I like to see a young beginner bite his pen and look perplexed; for I generally observe that the shallowest thinkers—the mere word-weavers—run on with wonderful rapidity. I myself write now with great ease and quickness, because I have had long practice; but when I commenced the trade of a scribbler, I thought I never should be able to put two decent sentences together. As is generally the case, I wrote verse with tolerable fluency long before I could write prose, but the verse was poor wishy-washy stuff.

I began to write and publish about the same time as D. L. R., and used to consider myself his rival. The first poem I ever perpetrated was the following:

SONNET TO A LADY WEEPING.

Fairest of Scotia's maids! oh, tell me why
That mournful shade o'erhangs thy graceful brow?
That dims the lustre of thy bright blue eye
Where love and laughing pleasure wont to glow.
Thine scarce the morn of life—its dawning day—
Can'st thou so soon its withering storms have known?
Are all thy youthful hopes and fancies gay—
Are all thy dear deluding visions flown?
It may not be—that eye's cerulean hue
Was meant to sparkle bright in guiltless gladness,—
Thy life so blest, so innocent and true
Can justify but ill thy bosom's sadness.
That tear then falls I ween for others' woe——
Oh may such sacred tear be all thou shed'st below!

Well, this was poor enough, but I did not think so when it was hot from the brain. I thought it then, I must confess, a very passable sonnet, and I had produced it with no little care and pain. I was then far in the Mofussil. I despatched it to the leading Calcutta Journal of that day. I watched anxiously for its insertion. Paper after paper came to hand, but with no notice of my poor sonnet. I did not take in the Journal, and after borrowing it from a neighbour for several weeks for the sole purpose of seeing the sonnet, ceased to trouble him for it. I gave up the matter in despair, and began to think more modestly of my own powers. But it happened that I was dining out a few weeks afterwards, and seeing a stray newspaper on the table, I carelessly took it up, and on turning it over, to my surprize and delight, I beheld my own sonnet at the top of the Poet's corner. This decided my fate. I became a confirmed scribbler. If those confounded fourteen lines had not won their way into print, I might at this day have been a practical man of business—a man of the world, and perhaps possessed of "a plum;" whereas I am poorer now than I was then, and have gained nothing and lost every thing by my passionate attachment to literature, which I have loved "not wisely but too well."

H. J. G.

JOY IN SORROW.

A FRAGMENT.

A GLEAM of joy upon her sorrow flash'd,
And through her tears she smiled. As 'mid the clouds
That frowning sullen lour upon the earth
Bright lightnings break, so o'er her darkened mind
That burst of joy its sweet reviving light,
A moment shed; like the resplendent sun
That 'mid an April shower, a sudden flood
Of golden radiance pours, while lofty domes
And glittering towers rejoice in his return.
Or like his last soft rays, that darting, play
Upon the waves, and throw a transient smile
O'er the cold face of e'en the dreary deep.
Thus too, the joyous laughing beams of day,
Pierce nature's pall. Thus smiles the dewy morn
When shadowy night upon her cloudy car
Melts with the fires divine, that all along
Had decked her sable brow.
——— As raven locks
Diffuse by contrast o'er a lovely face
A charm ineffable, and undefined,
So to her gloom that ray of light opposed,
A lovelier grace impressed. Her cheeks were tinged
With roseate hues,—her eye once more resumed
Its wonted glow; and like the pensive moon,
When struggling through thick clouds, she softly peeps
Upon the verdant earth, her joy appeared.

G. C. D.

HOMER AND THE HOMERIDÆ.*

VERDICT ON THE HOMERIC QUESTIONS.

I. Voss rightly said that all arguments worth a straw in this matter must be derived from the internal structure of the *Iliad*. Let us then consider its characteristics, its style, language, metrical structure.—The sceptics say, a thousand years make a severe trial of a man's style. The Greek of one end of that period will probably be unintelligible at the other end; and the Rhapsodoi, to sustain, to humour the public interest, would adapt their delivery to the existing state of language. Hence the Iliad will now resemble Sir Francis Drake's ship—repaired so often that not a spar of the original vessel remains. We answer, already in the era of Pericles, *i. e.* 444 B. C. the Greek language had reached its state of rigid fixation. None will deny that the Greek of Thucydides, Sophocles, Euripides, contemporaries with Pericles, or of Plato and Zenophon, who lived before Pericles died, continued through all after ages *standard* Greek : so that 1890 years after, at the final capture of Constantinople by the Ottomans, it was spoken by educated people ; and differed from the vulgar Greek of the mob only as written language always differs from the spoken dialect of the uneducated. The time therefore during which Homer had to struggle with the agencies of change was not 1000 years, but about five centuries and a half.

Now the tendency to change is different in different languages ; from internal causes—mechanism, &c., and from external causes laid in the varying velocities of social progress : Secondly, there is also a varying *rate* of change in the same language compared with itself. Probably 150 years at stagnant periods of history do less to modify a language than 40 years amidst great struggles of intellect. Now between Homer and Pisistratus, the changes in Grecian society likely to affect the language, were not to be compared for power with those in English society ever since the Reformation. Yet, though 500 years are completed since Chaucer was a stout boy, with exception to some ninety or a hundred words which are now obsolete, his language with slight practice is easily understood. The Canterbury Tales were fully published in 1380; but the composition was certainly proceeding between 1350 and 1380, for before 1360 some parts were published. Here we have a space greater by 35 years than that between Homer and Pisistratus. And observe—had Chaucer's Tales the benefit of an *oral recitation*, assisted to the understanding by pauses, emphases, &c. (well accomplished in a chant or λογος μεμελισμενος,) none however unfamiliar with old English, but might goalong with the movement of these tales, though he might mistake the meaning of insulated words. —Observe too the constant succession of metrical writers connecting the time of Homer with that of Pericles, such as the authors of the *Nostoi* (or memorable returns homeward from Troy), of the *Cypria*, of the many Cyclical poems; the lyric poets closing with Pindar, then Æschylus, then the dramatic poets who glorified the life of Pericles—this *continuous* series of verse writers, without a single prose one, would inevitably keep alive the poetic form of words, in a degree not to be expected under any interrupted succession. Our Chaucer died above 70 in the year 1400, *i. e.* in

* Concluded from page 58.

the concluding year of the 14th century. Much of the latter half of the 15th century was occupied by the civil wars of the two Roses, which threw back the development of English literature, and disturbed the fluent transmission of Chaucer's and Gower's diction. The tumultuous 16th century, the former half of which was filled with the Reformation, caused a prodigious fermentation and expansion of English intellect; but such convulsions are very unfavorable to the steady conservation of *language* and of every thing else depending upon usage. In Grecian history there are no corresponding agitations of society. It is true the great Persian war agitated Greece profoundly; and must have given a powerful shock to the stagnant ideas inherited from antiquity. But, as this respects Homer, its operation was defeated: for the outrageous conflagration of Sardis occurred about 506 B. C., and the final events of the war, Salamis, Platæa, &c. occurred in 480 B. C.; but Homer had been revised and settled by Pisistratus 50 years befor the affair of Sardis.

There is also a philosophic reason why the range of diction in Chaucer should be much wider, and liable to greater changes than that of Homer. The obscure parts of Chaucer are the *subjective* portions—those for instance in which he elaborately decomposes a character; which being a subtle essence exists only according to the capacity of the eye which is applied to it. In Homer's age no such meditative differences were perceived. All is *objective* in the descriptions and external. And where the mind or its affections are noticed, it is always by the broad distinctions of anger, fear, love, hatred, without any vestige of the more delicate interblendings or *nuances* of such qualities. But a language built upon these elementary distinctions is necessarily more durable than another which applying itself to the subtler phenomena of human nature, exactly in that proportion applies itself to what is capable of being variously viewed, or viewed in various combinations, as society shifts its aspects.—Thus throughout the 445 years from Homer to Pisistratus, the diction even of real life would not have suffered so much alteration as in modern times within some single century. But with respect to poetry, its being a privileged diction, the result is stronger. Solemn or impassioned poetry every where affecting the antique or scriptural language, no call would arise for modern adaptations—the non-intelligibility of one word is nothing—for a word which is separately obscure is not so *in nexu;* as for instance the word *chode* used in our Bible is easily understood from the context to be the past tense of *chide*. Again what intelligent English (or Indian) reader of Sir Walter Scott would fail to gather the full sense of the Scottish dialect? or, in other works, of the Irish dialect? or of nautical dialect? In all such cases, the passion, the animation and movement of the feeling, very often the logic, as they arise from the context, carry you fluently along with the meaning.

Homer's Lexis.—What effect has age produced upon his language?—The Germans argue *a priori* that such and such alterations would probably take place. Well, open the book and see what *has* taken place. They talk as if the Homer we have now, spoke exactly such Greek as Euripides, or if they admit a difference, they seem to mean that this is as slight as Pope's diction differs from that of 1841. There are not twelve consecutive lines in Pope, Swift, Addison, which are not marked by such slight pecularities as *writ* for wrote and written, and *'tis* and *'twas* &c. yet their general agreement with ourselves is so striking, that the

difficulty is to detect the differences. But how is it with Homer?—why his *lexis* is so thoroughly peculiar and individual that it requires a separate lexicon; which if all men do not use it is only because that particular vocabulary has been digested into the general vocabularies. What would they have? Homer, they say, is an old man—and ought to look very old indeed. Well, so he *does*. He ought, they say, to be covered with lichens and ivy. Well, so he *is*. Not one of our earliest writers, hardly Thomas of Ercildoune, has more of peculiar antique words than Homer.

Homer's Metre.—The Germans admit the extraordinary character of the Homeric *rhythmus*. "How free, how spirited in its motion!" they all exclaim; "how characteristically his own!" If then they modernize his whole diction, can they preserve his metrical effects? With the peculiar word or idiom would vanish the peculiar prosody. Even a single word is not easily replaced by another having the same sense, the same number of syllables, and in each syllable the same metrical quantity; but how immeasurably more difficult is this when it relates to a whole sentence or clause having the same sense in the same number of syllables and the same prosody? Why, a man would not manage three such lines in a century;—and at the end of his labor, like Addison's small poet who worked for years upon the name of "Mary Bohun" for an anagram, he would probably fail, and go mad into the bargain. If the metre is characteristically Homeric, then is the present text (so inextricably co-adunated with the metre) by their own showing the good old Homeric text.—But the metre, though flowing and lively, betrays the immaturity of the metrical art. Those constraints, from which the Germans praise its freedom, are the constraints of exquisite art. In our own literature the true science of metrical effect has not belonged to our later poets, but to the elder: Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, are the great masters of exquisite versification; Chaucer also, though so thoroughly misunderstood by Dryden in this respect.—Not so in Pagan literature. The Roman Poets precisely as they were antique, were very inartificial in their metre. Thus Lucilius, Ennius, even Lucretius, leave a class of faults from which Virgil would have revolted; and the same faults are found in Homer. But though faults as regards severe art, they are in the very spirit of *naïveté* or picturesque naturalness, and wear the stamp of a primitive age—artless and inexperienced. One illustration. Every scholar is aware of the miserable effect produced where there is no *cæsura*, or the interlocking of the several feet into the several words. Now Homer has this fault, besides a worse—the coincidence of the *ictus* or emphasis with the first syllable of every foot. Thus to express the thundering pace with which a heavy stone comes trundling back from an eminence, he says—

"Autis epeita ped'onde kulindeto laäs anaides."

Here is the shocking fault to a metrical ear, of making the emphasis fall regularly on the first syllable, which in effect obliterates all the benefit of the cæsura. Virgil has not, and could not have endured such a line in all his works. In that verse expressing the gallop of a horse, he too has five dactyles—"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum"—but he takes care to distribute the accents properly: except in the two last feet, the emphasis never coincides with the first syllable of the foot. Each sought for a picturesque effect—each adopted a dactylic structure: but picturesqueness like any other effect must be subordinate to a higher law—to know what to imitate, and what not. Otherwise, metrical effects

become as silly as the musical effects in Kotzwarra's *Battle of Prague*, with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, &c., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music.

That such faults were left untouched in the ages of the great lyrical masters when metre was so scientifically understood, is a strong argument that Homer was sacred from all tampering.

The Homeric Formulæ—is another countersign for the validity of the present text. In our own metrical romances when meant for chanters these *formulæ*, to meet the same recurring case, exist by scores: thus every young woman is described as "so bright of blé" or complexion: always a man goes "the mountenance of a mile" before he overtakes or is overtaken. In the same spirit Homer has his eternal τον δ' αβ ὑποδρα ιδων, and others. Now these characteristics would, under any refining spirit of criticism free to act, have been washed away. Thus the diction, the metre, and the formulæ and recurring clauses separately attest the purity of the text from any considerable interference.

II. The Ideality of Achilles—is a second argument which we owe to Wordsworth, who said "the character of Achilles is imaginative, in the same sense as Ariosto's Angelica." *Character* is not properly the word, it is an idealized conception. The excessive beauty of Angelica robs the Paladins of their wits; draws anchorites into guilt: brings nations together from the ends of the earth. And so, with different but analogous effects, the very perfection of courage, beauty, strength, speed, skill of eye, of voice, and all personal accomplishments, are embodied in the son of Peleus. He has the same supremacy in modes of courtesy, and doubtless in virtue too according to the poet's conception. Horace's portraiture of this hero seems an astonishing blunder:

> "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
> Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis."

Was that man "iracundus" who makes his anger bend, under the most brutal insult, to the public welfare? or is he *inexorabilis* who yields to the tears and gray hairs of Priam his own meditated revenge, giving back the body of the enemy who had robbed him of his dearest friend? and as to the rest, is he not the most punctiliously courteous, most ceremonious in religious observances, and most cultivated in the arts of peace? submitting with so pathetic a resignation to the doom of early death?

> "Enough, I know my fate—to die; to see no more
> My much-loved parents, or my native shore."

His character indeed has an ideal finish and a divinity about it, which argue that it could not have been a fiction or a gradual accumulation from successive touches. It was raised by a single flash of creative imagination; *it was a reality seen through the harmonizing abstractions of two centuries;* and it is in itself a great *unity* which penetrates every section with an identification of these several parts as the work of one man.

III. The Ionic forms of Language and of Life—combined as these two are every where, as Plato remarks—is a powerful guarantee for the absolute integrity of the *Iliad*. Homer had seen the modes of Dorian life; but his heart turned habitually to the Ionian life of his infancy. This Ionic form must have been affected by any serious attempt at modernising it; not only in its language but also in its substance; and that purity

and *sincerity* of Ionic life which arrested the eye of Plato would have melted away.

IV. A Fact of History argues also against such possible recasts. The people of Athens were exceedingly discontented with the slight notice of themselves in the Iliad. Now this "slight notice" itself points to Homer's antiquity, for he knew Athens only as it *was* in his days. But the Athenians grumbled also at Homer's statement of Theseus's base desertion of Ariadne, bearing the double guilt of cruelty and of ingratitude, as in Jason's conduct to Medea. To hide this conduct in their national hero, an attempt was made to eject the line. And Pisistratus is charged in this one instance with having smuggled in a forged line. But even in his own life-time it was suspected; and the line is obelized to this day. Now when Athens failed, could any body else succeed?

V. The Circumstantiality of the Iliad should also be considered. The invention of little personal circumstances is *now* a well known artifice of novelists; even in our oldest metrical romances there are some signs of it. Yet, even with us, the art has never been successfully applied, but once, to regular history. De Foe is the only author known who has so plausibly circumstantiated his false historical records, as to make them pass for genuine even with literary men, and critics. In his character of an officer under Lord Peterborough in his Catalonian expedition, he imposed upon Dr. Johnson, and by men better read in history he has been quoted as a historical authority. How did he accomplish this? Simply by inventing such little circumstantiations of any character or incident as seem by their apparent inertness of effect to verify themselves. For, where the reader is told that such a person was the posthumous son of a tanner; that his mother married afterwards a Presbyterian schoolmaster who gave him a smattering of Latin; but the schoolmaster dying of the plague that he was compelled at 16 to enlist for bread—in all this as there is nothing at all amusing, we conclude the author could have no reason to detain us with such particulars but simply because they were true. To invent, when nothing is gained by inventing, seems not likely. It never occurs to us that this very inference of ours, was precisely the object which De Foe had in view and by which he meant to profit. He then impresses a double character upon his tales; so that girls read them for novels, and owing to their verisimilitude men read them for histories.

But in Grecian, and even Roman literature, they never dreamt of interweaving a fictitious interest with a true one. Nor was it thought there was any interest in fiction, even though kept apart from history. Look at Statius; Virgil; Valerius Flaccus; or at the entire Greek drama. All rested upon actual tradition—in the *Æneid* for instance upon ancient Italian tradition. Four centuries after the Christian era we first find (excepting the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter and a few sketches of Lucian) a feeble development of the romance interest.—But in the *Iliad* we meet with many of these individual circumstances, which can be explained upon no principle whatever except that of downright, notorious truth. Homer could not have wandered so far astray from the universal sympathies of his country and of the age, as ever to think of fictions so useless. Thus in speaking of Polydamus's friendliness with Homer—a peaceful man, and a regular fighter—he says partly by way of explaining this connection and because doubtless it was a fact, they were born in the same night; a circumstance having considerable weight upon early friendships in the houses of oriental princes.

Ἕκτορι δ' ἦεν ἑταῖρος, ἰὴ δ'ἐν νυκτι γενοντο.
"To Hector now he was a bosom friend,
For in one night they were born."

Now had Homer not lived within a reasonable time after Troy he never would have learnt a little fact of this kind. On the other hand, had the Iliad ever become so obsolete as that popular feeling called for a recast, in that case all such trivial circumstances (interesting only to those who knew them for facts) would have dropped out of the composition.

VI. The absence of all Anachronisms—is a negative argument. How inevitable amongst the uncritical Greeks would this have been, had a modern hand been allowed to tamper with the poem: as for instance has taken place in the Greek forgeries of Letters &c. in Alexandrian ages. Suppose a recast subsequent to the era of 700 B. C. how natural it would have been to introduce the trumpet! cavalry! &c.: whereas Homer introduces horses only as in chariots; and these used only by a few leading heroes, whose heavy mail made it impossible for *them* to go on foot as the mass of the army did. Homer might for variety have introduced cavalry—but he adhered to facts. In short all inventions, rites, usages, known to have been of later origin than the Homeric ages are absent from the *Iliad*.

VII. The nexus of the subordinate parts.—Every canto implies every other. The funeral of Hector implies the ransom of his body: that implies Priam's journey to the tents of Achilles: this, the last combat of Hector. But how should Hector and Achilles have met in battle after the vow of the latter? That argues the death of Patroclus: this argues the death of Sarpedon, the Trojan ally, which roused the vindictive fury of Hector. These events then point the previous success of the Trojans, which had moved Patroclus to interfere: and this success argues the absence of Achilles, which again argues the feud with Agamemnon. The whole unfolds like a process of vegetation. And the close intertexture of the several parts is as strong a proof of unity in the design and execution, as the intense life and consistency in the conception of Achilles.

VIII. Transmission through the Rhapsodoi.—Under this, our last head, we meet the objection as to the burden which so long a poem would impose on the memory. Bergmann, the German who resided for a long time amongst the Kalmuck Tartars, relates that it was an ordinary effort for a minstrel to recite from the *Dschangœriade* (the great Tartar epic, which extends to 360 cantos, each averaging the length of an Homeric book) a score of cantos, which amounts pretty nearly to the length of the whole *Iliad*. But better; Zenophon introduces a young man as boasting that he could repeat by heart the whole of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* (a feat more than once accomplished by English schoolboys) and the answer to the young man is, that there is nothing at all extraordinary in that, for that every common *Rhapsodos* could do that:—whereby too we learn not only the qualification looked for in a Rhapsodos, but that such people continued to practise in the generation subsequent to Pericles.

Here then we take our stand.—Homer is not a person known to us separately and previously, concerning whom we are enquiring whether he did not *also* write the Iliad. Homer means nothing else but the man who wrote the Iliad. Somebody must have written it; but if that somebody should be converted by any probable argument into a multitude, there goes to wreck the unity which is essential to the idea of a Homer. Now this unity is sufficiently secured if it appear that a considerable section,

and the chiefest, of the *Iliad* is the work of a single mind. Achilles revolves through that section in a series of phases, each of which looks forward and backward to all the rest.—We first see him rising as a princely counsellor for the welfare of the Grecian host; insulted, yet though a king and boiling with youthful blood, commanding his passion. Still living in the tented field he stays, unable to desert those who had so insultingly deserted him,—knowing too that an early death awaited him there, in dignified retirement he cultivates the arts of peace. Then we see him so far surrendering his wrath to the earnest persuasion of friendship, that he comes forth at a critical moment for the Greeks to save them from ruin. His friend perishes; the frenzy of his grief makes him for a time cruel and implacable, his revenge descends perfect, sudden, like a curse from heaven: now we recognize the goddess-born: this is his avatar. At length the work of destruction is finished; but if the poet left him at this point there would be a want of repose,—so we next see him relenting at the sight of Priam's grey hairs, touched with the sense of human calamity, and once again mastering his passions. He consents that his feud shall sleep; surrenders the corpse of his capital enemy—though he had declared that to Hector no honorable burial should ever be granted; and the last solemn chords of the poem rise with a solemn intonation from the grave of Hector.

With such a model of unity before him as this poem, Aristotle could not carry his notions of unity too high. And the unifying *mind* which could conceive and execute this Achilles, is what we mean by Homer. Whether the same mind conceived also the *Odyssey*, is a separate question. We are certainly inclined to believe that it belongs to a post-Homeric age—to the generation of the *Nostoi* or homeward voyages of the Grecian chiefs. As to the satiric poems ascribed to Homer, the *Batrachomyomachia*, the *Margites*, &c. the fiction arose from the uncritical blunder of taking "Homeric poems" to mean composed by, instead of relating to Homer. The former poem is clearly a parody on the Iliad. Now to suppose the language of the Iliad (for example the solemn *formulæ* in all the replies and rejoinders) open to the ludicrous, it must first have assumed the sombre hues of antiquity, so that when placed in juxtaposition with modern words and ideas a sense of ludicrous contrast might be produced. And further, that a man might count with certainty upon his own ludicrous travesties being appreciated by all, the Iliad must previously have been universally popular. As to the satiric poem of the *Margites*, it is contrary to all the tendencies of human nature, that a public sensibility to satire should exist, until the simple age of Homer had been supplanted by an age of large cities and a complex state of social refinement. —Thus we abjure, as monstrous moral anachronisms, the parodies and lampoons attributed to Homer. Secondly, upon the *Odyssey*, as liable to heavy suspicion, we suspend our judgment, with a weight of jealousy *against* it. But finally, as regards the *Iliad* we hold that its noblest section has a perfect and separate unity; therefore written by one man; also written 1000 years before our Christian era; and that it has not been essentially altered. Here we assert the *existence* of Homer. And for the affirmation of that question, we believe we have offered more and weightier arguments than all which the German army of infidels have been able to muster against it.

FRAGMENT OF A "POEM."

BY A LOCAL WRITER.

Who has not watched with rapt, and softened heart,
The summer's sun in loveliness depart;
The still repose of that angelic hour,
Too deeply felt for *words* to breathe its power;
The roseate skies whose farewell colours seem
To float and mingle with the ocean stream,
Bright blue, and deep, while mountain, coast, and hill,
Respire the richness which its hues instil.

These are life's moments, these, but oh! how few,
When the full soul is opened all anew—
And gathers from the past its raptures—dreams
Of happier days rush o'er it like soft streams
Down the deep mountain, to the dark abyss
Which foams beneath the wat'ry precipice.
Some former thoughts of spleen which we have nurst,
Turn to forgiveness—love—or are dispersed;
Some former wrongs which shut the heart by day
Are changed, or lightened into friendship's ray:
Ethereal hour—'tis well—thy hues have past,
But living memory points thee to the last.

The sun hath sunk—and light and darkness now
Contend around the distant mountain's brow:
One last faint ray shoots o'er yon classic height,
And pauses with a blessing on its site!—
Hark! to the golden columned waterfall
Which bears its flashing brightness over all,
To the brown rocks whose giant shadows sweep
The mirrored surface of the slumbering deep.
Towering their tuffed scalps, which, piercing through
The rolling clouds, obstruct the dizzy view,
Above, spreads glowingly a sapphire sky—
Around, the scene is bright as rapture's eye—
And far beneath is heard a thundering roar,
Of crisp waves breaking on the sounding shore;
That watery world by millions trod, whose depths
Leave not a token to retrace their steps,
But these the lone wreck tempest-tossed may tell
What baffled crew within its fathoms dwell.

STANZAS

ON PERUSING A LADY'S ALBUM.

I cannot turn these varied leaves
Without a tear, without a sigh,
Yet though my darkened spirit grieves,
Lady—I scarce could tell thee why.

"Fantastic fool!" the fair one says,
"Such cares as thine I'll ne'er take part in,
The grief your idiot Muse displays
Is all my eye and Betty Martin."

R.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

REFLECTIONS ON MUSIC,

SUGGESTED ON HEARING A FEMALE PLAY UPON HER SHATARA.

" ——————— But oh what are these
When music, poetry, and love combine
In woman's voice, and lineaments divine!"

D. L. R.

[BY A HINDU.]

Of all the fine arts, music is undoubtedly the most exhilarating and rapturous. In whatever state our mind is, buoyant with hope, or dejected with grief, the sweet voice of music makes a deep impression. The effect of a distant sound " falling at intervals upon our ears," at a time when the mind is disposed to contemplation, is beautifully described by Cowper.

" There is in souls, a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased,
With melting airs or martial, brisk, or grave ;
Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still :
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on,
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept."

Poetry and painting, like shy and prudent maids, lay open their charms by degrees, but music shows them at once ; like a generous hostess, she gives a ready welcome to any stranger, who wishes " to revel in her sweets." She seizes upon us instantly and by the magic of her voice, makes us beings of another world. There may be hearts so callous as not to perceive the beauties of poetry and painting, but nature has not made any of us so dormant as not to be affected and thrown into rapture by the Syren infatuation of music. A man who will stand unmoved at the concord of sweet sounds, and not feel his heart-strings vibrate, does not possess a human heart. Orpheus is represented in mythological history to have prevailed upon Pluto, by his wonderful talent of music, to return his wife Eurydice, and to have sat upon a lion's back while playing upon his harp. He who can read Shakespeare, and feel no

quick sensation in his mind, is one of that grovelling mass of people who stare at the heavens and walk upon the earth without taking the least moral interest in the splendour of the one, or admiring the various productions of the other. Poetry mollifies our feelings, humanizes the heart, and throws a veil of enchantment even upon our woes. But these mysterious charms, these heavenly beauties, make no impression upon a dull mind. To such the region of poetry is a dreary waste. Poetry has raised many a noble mind into regions in which it breathes a different mental atmosphere. But nature if she has denied a man the pleasure of poetry, has given him sufficient sensation to feel and recognize the divinity of music. It is a public banquet in which all can partake, from the highest in a palace to the lowest in a cot. All are affected by it. The degree of sensibility, however, generally determines the degree of pleasure which the fine arts communicate, and a musical genius implies the most exquisite sensibility. It is well known that we must possess sensibility before we can be affected by music ; and it is absurd to hope that art will create what nature has denied us.

It is not a little remarkable that an art which has been exclusively cultivated in refined society, and which has been carried to the highest degree of perfection, should fail to produce so powerful and irresistible an effect upon one who leads an artificial life, as it does upon him whose every step is directed by nature. Whether it is that the principles of music are in unison with those properties and laws of nature, which produce harmonising sounds, or that man in a savage state, by concentrating all his mental pleasures on that particular art, has discovered some latent charms which we, in civilised society, having many other arts to acquire, have not been able to find out, certain it is, that the wild inhabitants of America have been known to have spent days and nights with their flutes, without the least weariness or satiety. When the Spaniards first landed in America, the aborigines of the country stared at the " white monsters" with unmeaning countenances, but no sooner did the Spaniards commence their martial music, than the savages assumed a most animated expression of delight. Had Providence enabled man to produce these sounds instinctively, music would not have been called an art. It is our ignorance of certain properties and laws of nature, and which we are obliged to learn in order to produce music, that induces us to call it an art. It is no wonder then that music though termed an art, should exercise a more powerful influence upon a savage who is placed immediately under the dominion of nature, than upon a civilized being. A slight touch of the chords of a shatara, by a skilful hand, and the sweet voice of a flute in the mouth of an Orpheus, produce so wonderful an effect upon our minds that

" He best can paint them who can feel them most."

In the dead of night, when sleep's veil of enchantment is thrown upon the creation, when " no ripple stirs the bosom of the sea," when all is silent, " nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds," the sound of a flute, so bewitchingly catches our hearts, that the effect is almost indescribable, and the unhappy writer of this article, has often soothed his mind with this instrument and found delight in his otherwise embittered hours. When I hear the gentle fair one play upon a shatara, all my heart-strings vibrate, and I feel myself transported to a region of joy which in my colder and more solitary moments I seek for in vain. When a traveller, wearied with his journey or overpowered by the beams of the meridian sun retires to a solitude, where " heavenly contemplation dwells," and sits him down under a tree, with

what delight does he listen to the murmuring brook, the rustling of leaves and the distant water-falls? These are nature's instruments, and these therefore produce a sweeter music than man with all his ingenuity can imitate. Such were the reflections which arose in my mind, on hearing the lady play upon the wires. "The scene is closed and the curtain drops."

Calcutta, 4th August, 1842. B. B. D.

STANZAS

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF C. A. S.

I.

Dear friends, around this social board
Fill wine-cups to the brim,
Full as your hearts now richly stored
With golden hopes for *him*—
For *him* who this day seven years saw
For the first time the sun,
Unconscious of life's mystic law
As he whose race is run.

II.

And even yet, O! happy child!
Existence hath for thee
No dreary doubt, no vision wild,
No mournful mystery.
You dream no more of change or care
'Neath life's deceitful sky,
Than 'mid spring-flowers in sun-lit air
The radiant butterfly.

III.

Dear bud of being! May no blight
Or darkness fall on thee;—
Long may'st thou grace with filial light
The happy parent tree;—
And touched with rich juice of the vine
Our moistened lips shall pray,
That ne'er may less of bliss be thine
Than crowns this natal day!

Calcutta, August 5, 1842. R.

SONNET—CONTENT.

The brightly blushing morn—the waving grove—
The stars' faint glimmer, and the moon's pale light—
The fire-fly's gleam that cheers the winter night—
The sloping hill,—the wild romantic cove—
The tremulous wide sea upon whose breast
The ships in numbers float,—the lark's gay song,
Which bounding echo sweetly doth prolong—
The rural seat where villagers oft rest
At eve;—Oh! these are recollections fond
That cling to human hearts; each fair domain
And flower-bestudded vale, and dewy plain,
Can soothe with charms like these the inward wound.
If then such scenes with glad content we view,
E'en life itself shall take a brighter hue. G. C. D.

A VISION.

Was it a dream? perchance it was no more
Than the pale fleeting phantoms Fancy sees.
Alas! it was a dream that all should dream:
But wherefore? what are dreams but airy shapes
The echos of an echo; and the false
And feverish creations of the brain?
Are they not more? they are the mystic mirrors
Of the mind's eye—the dumb developers,
That lift the veil of the dread future up
And ope and shut, as the far lightnings do,
The dusk horizon of our distant hope.
They are the heralds of another world—
The solemn gliding ghosts of all the past,
And prophets of the future—they do speak,
And have a voice that reach into our souls—
They are the sable spectre barks that bear
Their visionary passengers away,
Through the unreal horrible abyss;
And land them on realities, upon
That continent, from this poor isle of time,
The trembling travellers of Eternity:
Not the mere mirror'd pictures Fancy sports,
When that she flings fantastic seemings forth,
But that which passeth seeming, and instamps,
Her substances not shadows on the mind;
In the abstractedness of soul from sense,
In which our spirits feel themselves, and find,
Not shadowy nothings, but are disembodied,
Unfetter'd, and unclogg'd from the gross chains
Of flesh, and blood, and blindness; and see far
In Time's dim vista, and the flitted past,
The passing present, and the coming future,
And deep into eternity's wide womb,
Heav'd as a circumfus'd and shoreless sea
Beats on our islet life, and washes it
Away to nothingness; until there's left
Not ev'n an unsubstantial vapour cloud
Of all its gilded vanities,—all's gone;
And gone as if there had been naught to go,
Save its results, the mem'ry and the worm—
That deadly aspic of undying death,
That kills, and kills, and kills,—yet still kills on.
Methought I stood upon a promontory,
Beside the Dead Sea's salt and desolate shore:
The wild hoarse waves were dashing their rude surge,
And to them sang in dirge-like cadences
The wilder winds from out their hollow shells,
Nature's Eolian lyres; and o'er my spirit
A soft, sad, solemn melancholy threw,
Like a prophetic mantle: to mine ear
Were voices brought from far, and to mine eye
Were pictured visions of the solemn past,
Link'd with th' eternal future yet unbirth'd;
Whose end shall on and on, but ended ne'er shall be!
Beside me stood a Spirit of bright hues
And most celestial aspect; on whose brow
Sin had no furrow writ; whose eye beam'd pity,
And whose look was love: from whose wings out-shed
A heavenly fragrance hallow'd all the air.
Gentle as peace he came, soft as the wafts,
That murm'ring music, glided o'er the streams,

The crystal fountains, and the damask banks,
Of Eve's delicious nuptial bowers in Eden;
When the rich perfum'd twilight evening sweet
Made sweetness sweeter, and brought softer heav'n
To that which was itself excess of bliss—
A constellation of selectest stars—
(And of a purity that far outshone
And out-elysium'd all that poets sing,
Or Delphic priestess in entrancement sees,
When that she dreams in Tempe's pictur'd vale
Of rich Hesperian bowers that float in bliss:)
Ere stole the slimy serpent over Eden,
Or the black breath of hell had blasted all,
And left but blight and desolation there.
I said, methought, a Spirit by me stood;
And a strange influence did bind me there.
Straight at his bidding, guided by a star,
(A flaming minister, at which the rest
As on a phœnix gaz'd,) led on, I came
Unto a bord'ring wilderness of shade,
Of caves, and rocks, and woods, and horrors dusk;
Haunts fittest and abodes of satyrs hairy,
And birds of darkness, and of desert beasts,
Of deadly serpents, and of airy spirits,
As those that vex'd the old demoniac,
And made the sepulchre their dwelling-place;
Whose beings are a desolation huge,
On which despair hath rear'd her lasting seat,
And blackest throne. And one was there, on whose
Unearthly visage, thunder scorch'd and scarr'd,
There yet remain'd some faded splendor pass'd,
A dread Promethean dignity,—as 'twere
A ruin gathering grandeur from decay,
A dark disastrous glory; with a calm
But fearful quiet, desperate yet still,
As an expir'd volcano's, beneath which
The Earthquake keeps his vigil, but not stirs,
And lays, as lays the huge coil'd silent boa,
With her voluminous folds and sleepless gaze,
Watching the opportunity to hurl
Herself in horrible destruction forth.
A mystery he seem'd infolded in himself,
As is the sheath'd up lightning of the cloud,
Till that it leapeth forth and blasteth all.
But now, despite that eye subdued of fire,
And brow so thunder-trench'd and plough'd, there was,
Deep feign'd or left a melancholy deep,
That ruminated upon poisons, on the past:—
Ev'n as the serpent gendereth her venom—
From out all which he drew a nourishment
Of deadliest nature, darkest thoughts, the gall,
The bitter wormwood that did feed his spirit,
And taught him still to link it to despair.
A fatal spell was on him as the bond
Th' eternal link—the dark Promethean chain,
That bound him to his vulture and his rock.
That bound him still, despite his pride, and pow'r,
And struggles, that shook deep both earth and hell—
The horrible convulsions of his spirit—
And dread luctations of the worm within—
And ever and anon flash'd o'er his brow
Wrought in wild characters, and lit his eye;
Until its marble coldness came again,
And left all still as death's composure there.

Yet a strange effluence from him came, as comes
The dark Simoom from out the viewless winds,
That scatt'reth desolation from her wings,
And blasteth all she breathes or looks upon.
He was a living Upas, whose deep stem
Took root below, and there was nourished:
Shrouded he was as in a night of thoughts,
Cloud within cloud, tempest on tempest roll'd,
Which shook their dwelling-place and made it hell.
And there shed darkness and not light, unless
It were the glare of some unearthly flame,
Or as the lightning of the tempest night,
Which leaveth all in deeper midnight there.
But who was he, that thus did walk the earth
As not of it, but as a mystery?—
As one once to be seen but not forgot,—
This apparition of tremendous note
Wrapt in concealment's murky mantle round.
And shrouded in a pall of darkest thoughts?—
Who was this being?—'twas utter'd to my soul
Eternity's imperial Rebel fall'n—
Th' apostate Angel flaming erst so bright—
The ruler of the air in human form—
In earth's habiliments the Lord of Hell—
And dread developement of evil prime—
Which, to accord itself unto its deed,
Took now the guise which yet it took in scorn.
He whose ambition shook the realms of heav'n,
And rock'd the pillars of Eternity,
Yet slunk him once into the serpent's slough;
And now in lineaments of flesh and blood
Disguis'd, he walk'd that wilderness alone.
And thus he spake (and truth might from him come
As comes the flash ev'n from his penal flames,)
When rose his pain-worn eye and front to heav'n:
A portrait of imperishable things,
A volume of unutterable woe
Pass'd o'er his visage—'twas the roll of fate
By destiny's unerriug finger writ,
And grav'd by conscience as a record dread
In characters that flar'd up into flame;
As glar'd the immortality of hate,
Of pride—and hell upon his burning brow:
And thus aloud his self communion broke.
'Comes now the struggle then so long foretold;
'The deadly grand encounter. He or I,
'Aye, I or He must fall the lightning's fall.
'I gain the universe—earth, heaven and all,
'Or to a direr, deeper hell be driven—
'Deeper immeasurably than despair!
'The dungeon of my dungeon twice secur'd—
'The very hell of hell seal'd up by Fate—
'Omnipotential vengeance in last burst—
'At which Despair herself back starts appal'd.
'Oh horror! horror! horror without hope,
'And without mitigation, without end!
'Said I, 'twas without hope?—yea hope without
'Hope's very grave and everlasting stop.
'Would I could pause—but pause I may not, cannot—
'But wherefore not?—oh what is it sets on
'My desp'rate sea-bark on this final rock,
'This boundless endless sea-mark of its course?
'Oh! is it I, or Fate, or both, or more?
'Not I, but Fate—and Fate so fatal made

'Who can undo?—not I, nor aught that is,
'Nor He, who rules in thunder there—if so,
'He may Himself be fated come one day,
'Oh that it came!—but mine, alas! still comes,
'Still comes the bitter mem'ry too,—the past!
'And with it still the ever urging future,
'Worse pour'd on worse, ev'n as a cataract,
'Destruction on destruction—hell on hell—
'Hell from heav'n pour'd in avalanche on hell!—
'Must it be so?—it must:—then let it come—
'Yea be it so,—come then, resistless Fate,
'Since come thou must—come, and I'll hug thee thus;
'For I must enter on the perilous list,
'Must hell's black resolution summon up,
'The deadly fatal disputation dare,
'And to the struggle bring despair for hope.
'For he who cannot lose, may win—he *may*,
'And why not I?'—He started—paus'd and shook.—
Was it an earthquake rumbled in that shock?—
Whence those convulsions o'er his marble frame
As o'er a darken'd sky the elements
Roll thunder and destruction upon high?
What shook him thus? Before him walk'd there One
In unapproachable eclipse of glory,
In innate, unbought, sinless majesty,
And self possess'd sublimity of soul—
If soul it merely were that look that lit,
Kindled as if from heaven, tho' human there;
Th' excess of glory shadow'd into shade,
By its surpassing splendor ev'n its own;
Till naught was seen, but that its human veil.
But unto what may be compar'd, what was
Unutterable, and to nothing like,
Tho' seen but in the dimness of a dream?
Methought I only was not at all entranc'd;
A power without a name was on me all
An undefinable absorption vast,
I could but gaze, and gaze, and still gaze on,
And all forget that wild and fearful being,
In that most blessed One, who there did stand
The visible Divinity!—the All
Transcendant Incarnation, God in man!
Why was it thus? it was as if to one,
Who hath ascended up the mountain top,
Yet heeds no longer the volcano, when
The universal glory of the heavens
Burst in their starry amplitude on him,
Absorb'd in the immense magnificence
That limit knows not, height, nor depth, nor breadth,
In the rich wondrous boundlessness out-spread;
And him transports without himself, and all
That sense and observation link him to.
So rose that glorious Vision on my dream,
A constellation of all rays in one,
One glorious, one particular Star of all!
So streaming flow'd the virtues from Him forth,
As from excess of splendour flows its stream—
As from the golden vase rich fragrance floats—
So hallow'd were all things, that Seraphs came
Absorb'd in deep and silent wonderment
In their invisible attendance there.
The beasts beheld Him, and in gazing awe
Crouch'd in the dust;—the serpent saw and fled;
And hov'ring doves did homage in the air:

The very air was paradis'd with bliss,
And ev'n the desert bloom'd into a smile,
Forgetting for awhile its hideousness
As love forth gleaming from a murderer's eye,
Or Seraphs sitting in a sepulchre ;
At that surpassing Shape of meekness such,
At radiant goodness thus personified !
Eternity—concentred into Time !
Infinity—contracted to a span !
Omnipotence—embodied in a worm !
But wherefore came He thus, and then, and there,
Foodless, and friendless, houseless and alone,
With head unsheltered to the desert blast,
His sole society the desert brute,
And in such desert wilderness of shade ?
Go, ask the brute that crouch'd His steps to lick,
And the dark tempest that stoop'd on his wing :
Go ask wild nature for she worshipp'd Him :
Aye, ask of him, that dread and evil one,
And for their answer read it on his brow
Writ as Belshazzar's wall :—but it is gone,
And in its room in characters of fire,
Branded as on infernal adamant,
As once that flaming writing on that wall,
Despair in dreadful attributes array'd
Glar'd horrible, as if all hell were there
In blackest insurrection conjur'd up,
For effort blackest fearfullest and last ;
The dye of fate—the fatal Rubicon—
Eternity's great cast were flung and past—
The interdicted tree yet once more pluck'd—
The more than primal fall repeated then—
It was—for there in that same human guise
Temptation on temptation quick he plied,
Which back on him recoil, as from a rock
Back shiver'd flies the showery spray to heaven ;
Till that a demon mood fled o'er his brow ;
And straight that Blessed One he snatched up,
(Such pow'r was him permitted) and thro' air
Flung'd him yet deeper in that wilderness,
Whilst night and double darkness wrapt all things ;
And forth let loose the chaos'd elements :
Tempests redoubled roll'd—confounded—worse,
Volleying their fierce and fiery lightnings forth ;
Heav'n, earth, and air, mov'd in commotion strange :
All Nature to her centre reeling shook :
The earthquake issued from his horrid den,
And yawning came in consternation huge
To learn what dismal hurly, burst above,
Or Nature terrified had torn her from
Her stedfast everlasting axle fix'd,
And thro' the horrid gulf of Chaos flung'd.
The earthquake saw his Lord, and trembling bow'd :
For there stood He resign'd, divine, alone
'Midst those rough elements so pour'd on Him ;
Amidst confusion's worst and rudest shock,
And uproar wild, with elemental din
Of night and tempest, such as earth ne'er saw,
Or Havoc and Destruction ne'er let slip :
Nor bade them cease, but let them roar and rage ;
So stood He, and so pass'd the livelong night,
Divinity in suffrance statue'd there ;
Calm, imperturb'd, unmov'd, unshook, alone,
In night so foul of hell and hellish things,

Tho' foulest fiends all mocking Him were there !
But lo a change—a sudden wond'rous change
Shook all the fabric of my vision then.
The thunder clouds were broken—morn, fair morn
Laugh'd the dark dismal frowns of night away.
The tempest like a baffled fiend fled off;
Light—light was come, her splendent mantle spread,
The emblem of the resurrection robe.
The Sun, that monarch of a thousand realms,
Look'd with his eagle eye o'er half the earth ;
And hasten'd with his broad refulgent lamp
To light his Sov'reign's darkling footsteps lost :
The peaks are lit, the vapours curl aloft,
The woods that clothe a thousand mountain-sides
Shook out the sparkling show'ry drops of night :
All Nature rose—sea, earth, and air, and sky
Burst into beauty, ev'n the wilderness
Catching the universal glow, like death
Lumin'd with hope, put forth her sympathies :
Like to decay in pallid hideousness,
Sprinkl'd with flowers, which deck, yet mock the while,
Corruption in her ghastliness :—
Yes, morn was come, the herald of the sky,
And harbinger of other heralds there ;
For straight upon that light rose other light ;—
Innumerable wings were seen in air ;—
The wilderness was peopled with quick shapes,
With dreadful visages, and glorious gleams,
The sceptred Lords of starry hierarchies,
Beings not of this world, but past the stars,
Come floating on my dream, and stood Him round
In palpable attendance. Straight methought
Celestial drapery was spread around,
Heav'n's cloth of gold ; and heavenly viands pure,
Celestial manna, water from the fount,
That ever flows ; and heavenly symphonies,
Unutterable sounds, that ravish'd air.
And as once to the prophet at the brook
Their freight the ravens brought, so here was brought,
Borne on angelic wings of plumag'd gold,
All that He needed : but the spell was brok'n,
My visions flitted by and faded off,
Ev'n as the viewless bow of heav'n doth melt,
And leave, like beauty lying in the tomb,
But rosy recollections—all was gone.
It fled—but it did come again that dream,
Like a perturbed spirit, that still haunts
Some well remembered spot ; and thus it came :
Methought I stood beside a cemetery,
Beneath a lonely mountain, by a lake ;
And distant was a city some far roods ;
The hour was eve's, and silent as that pool
O'er which it spread its still grey gloomy wings
Clad in the sober witchery of shade,
As if it were a mourner o'er those tombs.
'Twas Nature's homily of eloquence ;
But it was broken by a homily
That preacheth deeper far. A dirge arose
Of virgin voices sad :—the dead came by,—
And all forsaken save by one or two
Was borne a corpse of youth : but there was none
That shed the bitter recollection,—none
That felt the iron enter, save one, grey,
And wither'd mourner ;—she was Niobe :

For in that dead one was there all she had;
And he was not; and now had left her lone
To plod in worse than loneliness that path,
Which all must plod.—
Oh! that last look we bend upon the dead—
That agony which clings unto itself—
The boa round its victim; which yet breathes;
That presses life from out the living heart,
Yet will not wholly let it die, nor live.
Yes it was there—the soul from out the eye,
The lightning of the spirit leaving naught
But silent desolation, and its cloud.
And she who bent her was scarce less clay than
Him she bent o'er;—the dying o'er the dead.
What could the dreaded desolator more?—
To her the bitterness of death was past;
And could it come again? go, ask that one.
There came another mourner, who was he?
Ev'n He, whom in the wilderness my dream
Did gaze in wonder on; it was the same—
He stood, and look'd with that same quiet eye,
And aspect of Divinity in grief;—
Grief in that solemn sanctuary sat
As 'twere enshrin'd, and found a temple there
Holiest of Holies!—He did on them look,
And groan, and inly in His spirit weep
For her, who wept that clay; whose bier He touch'd—
The recall'd spirit back flash'd from the sky—
The lifeless clay of death leapt up in life
At touch of Him who was the Life of Life!—
The fireless lamp relum'd!—the dead arose!—
And eye to eye that son and mother met,
Look'd—shriek'd—and rush'd heart folded into heart,
Soul into soul immelted!—Where were they?
Oh human rapture! thou art yet a cherub,
An angel banish'd not accurs'd of heav'n.
Wand'ring this all un-Eden'd wilderness,
With yet her light reflected on thy wings.
And turn'd they not upon that One to gaze,
And bathe His feet with love?—no, He was gone.
He had but come when that He heard that groan,
And He was gone, when that deep groan was fled,
To seek some other misery out, and heal
Some other broken heart: yet men revil'd
Him as a gluttonous sinner and a cheat:
As other cheats have done with wisest sneers,
Without the wisdom to uncheat themselves,
Or learn what sages may—may learn too late
There's yet a folly doth out-fool the fool's!
Yea men did pour their hate not love on Him,
Their bitterness. He was a mark for all;
And they did borrow from the fiends to wreak
Their hate of hate on that Samaritan;
He was the solitary Ark of Peace,
Yet round Him roar'd contentious elements.
A deluge of deep wrath! Why was it thus?
Why was it thus!—dive deep into thy heart;
And thou shalt find the answer in that fount
Whose waters bubble up from Hell's deep lake.
I said the youth lay near his mother's heart,
And that that heart did for him gushing bleed
Itself away in grief. Few moons roll'd on
And she did see him die a bloodier death;
And joy'd to see his blood so redly shed;

More than the Spartan mother did of old,
In savage heathen heroism of soul.
But wherefore so, her's was no heathen heart?—
She saw that son so dear, go forth to death,
And dark and bloody men around him stand,
The martyr leader of those martyr hosts,
That died for love of Him of Calvary.
She saw him wear the crown of heav'n on earth;
She saw his spirit mount the car of flame,
The great Seraphic chariot of his Lord;
The midst ten thousand fiery shapes ascend
As heaven's selected Hero crown'd with light—
How could she grieve?—is it not writ?—read thou.
But to my dream. That Blessed One was gone,
And one by one that joyous company.
There was the lake, the mountain, and the tomb,
But it was tenantless; I stood alone;
And that still, silent, and most solemn eve
Did warn me as it were to leave her there.
I could not leave her: all was beautiful,
Tho' in the solemn drapery of shade;
Till it did gradually fade away,
As melts the viewless body of a sound
Into itself. It past. A city shone
With its gay pinnacles and gorgeous piles
Seated upon some hills: the hum of men,
And distant murmur of the multitude,
And sounds of revelry and mirth
Came ever and anon upon the gale,
As if it were a festive holiday.
The sun gaz'd hotly forth that Eastern sky
As 'twere in wonderment; and all seem'd joy:
A torrent rabble pour'd from out the gates;
The helmed soldier, and centurion,
The turban'd multitude, and mitred priest,
The smiling Sadducee, and Levite too!
Mothers and children, and the sick, the whole,
The paralytic, and the leper heal'd,
And that worst leper yet the Pharisee.
The universal hubbub of the whole
Rush'd forth as 'twere unto a festival,
And so it was; for 'twas the passover;
Yea, and its lamb was there. Two scowling shapes
Bound, and beneath their burthens groaning came,
Of fiendish aspects, murderers they were,
The horrid demon delegates of hell,
Or such they look'd; and curs'd as on they pass'd
Unto their execution: 'twas a hill
Of green and gentle verdure, on it stood,
Or rather hung faint, lacerated, pale,
'Twixt those detested malefactors fix'd,
One!—can it be He?—it is, it is—the same
That Blessed One, who in the desert stood
Amid the Seraphs as their homag'd Lord—
The Lord of Nature and the universe!
It was: and Nature through her elements
Did shake; the heavens were cloth'd in blackness dun,
The sun in horror hid his countenance,
And suffer'd huge and horrible eclipse:
Birds on mid wing sunk terrified in air;
The eagle o'er the guilty city scream'd,
And guiltless doves dropt flutt'ring on the ground.
The earth beneath did reel—the rocks were rent,—
The very dead with troubled air arose,

And wander'd wild, and shriek'd disconsolate
In dread development of woe most strange,
And outrage most unnatural of things:
Making all nature hideous with alarms,
And horrible with unaccustom'd fears.
And horrid sounds were in the troubled air;—
The elements did fear relapse or change;
And Nature hung in doubt of second curse
In consternation horrible: but they,
That multitude, did mock and curse aloud,
And gnash'd their fangs, and threw up dust in air;
In the excess of madness frenzied were,
As if they were intoxicate of hell;
Which did work off its horrid effervescence,
And vomit forth more than infernal crime.
It was the very midnight of all curse!—
Of evil in plenipotence of ill!—
The horrid hydrophobia of huge hell!—
The murky hour of darkness in its pow'r,
Hung as a pall o'er Nature, till she groan'd!
A crowd of horrors thicken'd on my thoughts,
Surge upon surge that came, or as the smoke
Of some abyss outbelch'd, cloud huge on cloud:
Each marvel by a greater follow'd, till
That one did far outmarvel all that came.
It was a Light!—that yet all light surpass'd,
It rose, and upward shot to the black heavens,
Ev'n from that central cross it rose as rose
The fiery desert pillar seen of old;
It flash'd, and fled to Heav'n! The lightnings wild,
That liberated forth were out on wrath
Whetting their fiery beaks, shrunk dazzled back—
They fell in blindness; and lay smitten down
As 'twere in dust. What was that wond'rous light?—
"Forgive them for they know not what they do."—
And then a groan, as if the Universe
Had in huge horrid expiration groan'd:
It was the giving of His spirit up,
The Light of Light departing from the world;—
And all was darkness!—darkness!—darkness all!!!
My dream partook of fearful instinct then:
Th' Apocalyptic portent of some woe—
A vial as it were to be pour'd forth—
A dark and horrible uncertainty—
A mystery to rise from the abyss,
That was to swallow all, all up in curse.
A thunder peal roll'd o'er the lurid heavens;
And guilty earth—the fabric of my dream
Was shook—with the tremendous shock on shock;
The spell of my protracted visions broke;—
I woke!—what could I less? yea I did wake
To wonder at my infidelity,
To more than wonder at myself, and weep
My being's full of self abhorrence forth,
Of gratitude, astonishment, and love!
That dream hath gone:—but it hath left a tone,
A voice from out th' abyss—an eloquence
(That hath on human tongues no dwelling place,)
Upon my spirit, which could never go;
And hath not gone, and ne'er may pass away.
Was it a dream?—it was; of truth reveal'd
Ineffable, but still reveal'd: it was
A mystery, but one most bless'd. So be it!

ODE.

1.

Yes, once thou cam'st unto this guilty world
Thou Holiest one! not in Seraphic blaze,
Not with tremendous judgment thunders hurl'd,
That guilty world to blast and to amaze
In pomp Angelical;
But all in mercy mild,
Ev'n as a human child,
Thine erring creatures back to thee to call;
And for them bleed and die, ev'n for Thy murderers all!

2.

Thy Father's bosom left,—Thy Throne forsook,
Heaven was a silent vast sepulchral hall;
Hell to her nethermost foundations shook,
The Universe did wonder; Earth was all
That all did gaze upon;
And Seraphs left their home
To see Thee hither come,
To see the Infinite th' Eternal ONE.
The dread DIVINITY become of man the Son!

3.

But what felt they when on that cross up hung
All Hell and Earth did join to mock thee there?—
Oh! had their wonder neither thought nor tongue?—
Took they then the universal sphere
All to annihilate
Th' unutterable wrong?—
To crush th' accursed throng!—
Turn'd not all Heav'n to all unbounded hate,
Roll'd—rush'd—burst—blaz'd as 'twere eternal fate?

4.

No:—there was sorrow such as ne'er was felt,
And there was horror such as ne'er was known,
But Thou it was on whom that blow was dealt—
Thou—thou th' Illustrious victim—Thou alone!
When rose that mighty pray'r, when burst that wond'rous groan
Oh more than miracle!
And wonder beyond thought,
And solely by Thee wrought!—
Rose, burst, all Heav'n's unbounded chorus swell,
Earth sprang regenerated, down—down fell,
Hell—ten-fold thunder-stricken down to deeper Hell!

5.

Oh! there are harps that hymn their holiest praise
And there are hands, that strike and strike them ever;
And boundless worlds of brightest beings raise
The sounding song, which ceaseth never—never!
Oh! for a Seraph's wing
To join that blazing throng,
The brightest still among,
And pour th' eternal song!
Oh! for a deathless hand that lyre to string,
And Thine unbounded praise unboundedly to sing!

†

NOTE.—We shall always be glad to hear from the author of this "Vision."—ED.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * Reader, do you believe in ghosts? I see the mild shake of the head, the indignant sneer, and hear the loud contemptuous laugh, which would answer my question, but I don't believe ye. As the young girl muses in her darkening chamber, ever and anon will the bright visions of love and happiness be crossed by an undefined feeling of fear, a half formed wish that some one were nigh. Behold the bold soldier travelling wearily along at dead of night, every now and then he casts a strange and hasty look around as his heart beats quicker, why or wherefore he scarcely knows and dares not acknowledge. See the lone widow, or bereaved mother, as at twilight she hastens to the grave of her earthly treasures, when the shades of evening deepen;—behold how tremblingly she turns from the loved spot, with dread, and yet with hope. Hark, how the young child implores that he may not be alone in the dim light of evening!

Yes, with one and all, there is, at particular times, an undefined feeling of dread, more unpleasant from its indistinctness, but nevertheless most sure. This dread of something uncertain, something spiritual, something above or beyond this earth, seems from its universality an instinct of our nature for which there must be some potent and existing cause; yet, it is of those things, the knowledge of which hath not been given unto us; and, though few will confess it, we have all at some time or other a consciousness of our weakness on this unknown point, a fearful gasping sort of dread that the spiritual essence may now and then be permitted to reappear fantastically embodied, or even as of old, and an awe overpowers us to think that we may perchance gaze, though even for a moment, on the shadowy spirits of an unknown world. Firmly do I believe in the occasional and visible return of the spiritual essence to this bright and beautiful world, for, who can wander o'er its loveliness even for a short space, and leave it without regret, or without a hope to return.

I was the humble tenant of a building at B————, more like a barn than a bungalow; outer doors it had none—how I contrived to shelter myself I know not. I was ever a sad untidy fellow; no one could have entered my room for an instant and entertained a doubt of the fact; just beyond the reach of the door stood a table strewed with half-finished drawings, caricatures and scraps of execrable poetry; a little to the right was the leaf of an old table, the relict of a deceased cousin, covered with books, flutes, &c; behind that, came a collection of newspapers, pamphlets, auction sale bills, &c; in a large high-backed chair lay my fine old favorite dog; and in a lonely corner stood my *chah-poy*, minus sheets, on which I sometimes threw myself without undressing, and sometimes never approached, unconsciously passing the night in drawing or reading something that had struck my fancy, or thinking on days of happiness I fondly but vainly hoped were but the foretaste of deeper joys. Poor fool! I have since learnt that my first draughts of pleasure were the brightest and the purest, for truly do the roses wither beneath our feet as we tread on in the paths of mortality.

On the particular night to which I allude, I had been to a subscription Fancy Dress Ball, and returned to my dark dull room earlier than was my wont, with my head throbbing painfully. The brilliant scene had recalled the last ball in M————; the last time I had seen the only being I fancied I could ever love; alas, poor me, I was madly, hopelessly, in love,

and " who may not guess or know that misery ?" As I flung off my beautiful Turkish dress, and threw myself on my wretched *chah-poy*, I strove to recal every fancied word of encouragement I had received from *her*, whose very name in the intensity of my boyish devotion I seldom permitted myself to breathe—then, by way of counterbalance, I recollected every thrust of cold irony, every *sardonic smile*, every uncertain look; I maddened o'er each bitter recollection, and the result of my retrospection was, the determination to put an end to myself.

" My poor mother, and my sisters—dear little Kate too," I murmured, " they will grieve sadly—but I cannot live, to see the contemptuous laugh, to hear the pitying accent as she talks of poor me. —— Confusion !" I added, turning crimson at the bare contemplation of her pity —" Confusion ! I will not, and cannot live to think of such degradation as *that !*" I paused to think on the easiest mode of self-destruction. I covered my face with my hands, and shuddered. At that moment how vividly every gay hour of my young life rushed on my memory; how the still world seemed to sparkle with gems from the diadem of pleasure; my mother too; how reproachfully her words struck on my heart as when parting we wept together, she bid me check my impetuous feelings. Fast, fast and plentifully did the tears rush forth as I thought of her in her wretchedness; " my poor, poor mother !" again burst from me, but the struggle was short, I sprang from my bed and seized the razor from my dressing table. A cold sweat bedewed my forehead, my clammy hand scarce supported me as I clutched the table, for a long, low and smothered moan proceeded from the adjoining room. That room was dark as Erebus, but ever and anon as the branch of a fine old mountain *neem* before my window moved gently in the breeze, a streak of pale moon-light shot quivering through, rendering perhaps the loneliness and wretchedness of my chamber more perceptible. Again, that horrible moan, and as the *neem* branch danced in the wind, I beheld a fearful and spectral-like shadow on the opposite wall.

" Almighty Father !" I said, as the ringing sensation in my head and rapid beating of my heart almost deprived me of the power of respiration. " Almighty Father ! I too like my ancestors am going mad, or is this more than fancy ? Pshaw ! it is but a coward creation of the heat-oppressed brain; to scare me from my purpose. Fool ! coward, that I am." Again I raised the razor to my throat, and this time more audibly than before, the strange stifled horrid groan struck on my ear, and as the moon beam darted through the window, I beheld, oh horror of horrors ! an undefined apparition on the wall, above which distinctly towered a fearful head crested with horns.

" Ah !" I rapidly thought, " I have scoffed at belief in the existence of the demoniac power, and lo, here he is in his most horrible embodying, horns and all, arrived to convince me of my error." Nature was worked up to its utmost; I felt I could not much longer bear the agony of suspense—with a loud yell I dashed up to the wall, but nothing obstructed me; my burning forehead struck with violence against the cold chunam, the smothered moan now undoubtedly issuing from the other room increased in loudness and length. Almost wild with excitement and dread I again turned, loudly and with a fearful imprecation defying the assembled powers of darkness. I heard a rush—merciful powers ! as I stood with eyes dilated, nostrils expanded and uplifted arms, the horrible demon dashed upon me, I madly sprung in the air and fell with my face

to the earth. There was a tremendous crash—my doors had given way before the infuriated spectre; a loud roar that seemed to shake my bungalow to its very foundation ensued, and then I heard the sharp excited cry of my noble dog at bay. A strange feeling of curiosity overcame me, and gave me new life; I sprang to my feet and darted out. "The midnight demon!" I shouted, as a stifled roar of agony fell on my ear. Beneath the full rays of the pale moon in the fangs of my Herod, I beheld what had saved me from suicide, but nearly caused my death from fright. Ay! as convulsed with laughter I fell back against the wall of my bungalow, I beheld——Reader, what think you?———*A large Brahminy Bull!*

J. H. Q.

INCIDENTS OF MILITARY LIFE IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

[FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER.]

In August 1804, war was declared and commenced against the king of Candia, for his barbarous cruelty to some of our free-traders and previous massacre of our troops under Major Davis, &c.

On the 8th of the following month I marched with a detachment under Major Honor, of H. M. 19th Regiment, consisting of one hundred Malays, one hundred sepoys, and one hundred Europeans, with two small cohorns, (a small mortar conveyed on men's shoulders and useful in mountainous warfare,) Lieutenant Bishop in command of the sepoys. Our route lay through thick jungles and narrow defiles. We passed on unmolested till our return to Trincomalee, when the enemy commenced their night attacks and bushfighting.

One evening as soon as it was dark, a party of the enemy had secretly posted themselves behind a thicket not far from the general mess-tent of the officers of the detachment. Shortly after we all assembled, and had scarcely seated ourselves round the table, when a volley was heard, and the shot flew directly through the walls of the tent, fortunately a few inches too high to have the desired effect. Had we been standing at that moment most of the officers must have been shot. We instantly sallied forth from the tent and poured in our fire upon the party—at least in that direction, for they had no doubt made their escape the instant after they had discharged their shots on us. Parties were sent into the thickets around to search for the assailants, but without success. We reseated ourselves round the table, and again made ourselves comfortable, thankful that our lives had been preserved, and making the occurrence one of conversation as the first of that kind of fighting which we had experienced, and as what we might expect now very frequently to witness. But soon, notwithstanding all our vigilance, we had a repetition of it. Early the next morning, while Lieut. B. and two officers with myself were asleep in the same tent, a ball from the enemy passed just over Lieut. B.'s head. The bushfighting of the enemy was not confined to this sort of sport; they adopted another method—that of felling trees and placing them across the path, besides raising other obstacles to our progress, in some of the most difficult parts of the defiles on our return to camp: while our men were engaged in removing the trees it was their custom to fire at them by parties in ambuscade. This obliged us to send out flanking parties for our protection. However with all their manœuvres they did not prove apt scholars in the science of marksmanship, and with the excep-

tion of a few of our men being slightly wounded, we got safely home in three weeks.

In our march into the interior of Ceylon we passed through most romantic and diversified scenery of hill and dale, and saw two large lakes abounding with fish. The villages through which we marched were neatly laid out and the houses well built, much superior to any in Hindustan.

General Wheyms, Commander-in-Chief of all the troops on the island, had ordered detachments from all the military posts on the coasts to move from their stations and march so that all might meet on the same day in Candia, the central part of the island and its chief town, (situated on the river Gunga,) and there it was intended the troops should have formed four large detachments, which on our return home in pursuit of the enemy should burn and destroy villages and whatever might come in their way. The former part of these orders was countermanded just as we commenced our movements, and it was determined that each detachment should proceed a certain distance and act separately. Captain Johnson, from Batticola, had moved on before the new order reached, and continued his route direct to the town of Candia; while there awaiting the arrival of the remainder of the troops, the heavy rains commenced and swelled the river so as to prevent his recrossing it. On the bank of this very river, and on the same ground, four hundred men of His Majesty's 19th Regiment of Foot under Major Davis, had surrendered and given up their arms, only the year before, on the stipulated agreement that the whole of his men were to be allowed to return in safety. They had no sooner, however, concluded the arrangements and given up their arms, than they were murdered (the men by long sickness and exhaustion through fatigue being quite incapable of making the least resistance.) And the very bones of these poor men were lying around in sight of Captain Johnson's detachment, a hundred of whom belonged to the same corps. Major Davis, it was reported, was still living shut up in a cage prison.

Such was Captain Johnson's perilous situation for two or three days, while waiting till the river was fordable. On the opposite side was the king of Candia with his army, it was said, of 40,000 men. Seeing a boat on the other side of the river, a brave soldier from Captain Johnson's band swam across and succeeded in getting hold of it, and bringing it to their side. By means of this frail vessel Captain Johnson and his men, after much labour and difficulty and in the face of the opposing enemy, made good their landing. Previously to this, however, having no alternative, they destroyed all their tents, baggage and provisions, excepting what little the men could carry with them in their knapsacks; the ammunition also, by some accident blew up and all that remained was what they had in their pouches. During the retreat the Europeans mutinied, and at the instigation of a serjeant left the detachment; and what was more disgraceful they left both their officers who were wounded to perish. These poor young men fearing to fall into the hands of their cruel enemy, put an end to their lives. It so happened that as they were approaching Trincomalee, both parties rejoined, having lost many of their men through exhaustion, and others having been killed by the enemy who continually harassed them in their retreat, beside frequently making attacks on their body, and cutting off all who were too weak to keep up with the detachment.

Captain Johnson was, on his arrival at Trincomalee, brought to a court-martial and honorably acquitted, but the sergeant was ordered to be shot for mutiny and leading his men away :—he was executed in front of the troops.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Soldier : a Poem in eight cantos. By a Private in the Service. Calcutta : Baptist Mission Press.

We believe Mr. Hobbes, a private soldier in the Service of the East India Company, is the author of this poem. Considering the circumstances under which it was composed it does him some credit. It requires no slight effort of mental abstraction to indulge in poetical visions and gentle sentiment amid the noise and bustle of a barrack-room. The work calls for no elaborate criticism. Its faults, which are pretty numerous, are of that description which it would give a critic no credit to discover. They are chiefly grammatical—sometimes metrical. There is nothing in the poem which implies the presence of genius, nor had we any right to expect it. Genius does not rise before us, every day, like the sun. We never look for it. It comes very rarely and always takes us by surprize. Nor is there much pure taste nor much power of mind of any sort in the work before us. And yet we congratulate the author on his performance, because though it affords no proof of great mental energy, it at least indicates that his heart is a good one, and the mere disposition to court the Muse is graceful and honorable in one who is placed by fortune in scenes so adverse to refined and gentle associations. And though the rare quality of genius is not developed in this work, it shews at all events a degree of literary skill and talent that is something more than we expect to find in a person in his situation in life. Indeed we know some hundreds of men and women who move in a higher sphere, and who have probably enjoyed far superior advantages of education, who would find it an impossible task to produce such a poem as *The Soldier*. The production of a book is a severe but fair test of a man's intellectual power. When he prints his thoughts we soon see what they are really worth. We are often beguiled into a false estimate of a man's powers in snatches of conversation. We are deceived by certain tones and looks that give an air of vivacity or depth to very common-place matter. But thought is laid bare on the printed page. How often have we seen men who had previously acquired in society a reputation for great cleverness and sagacity, sink down a thousand fathoms deep the moment they ventured upon the great ocean of literature ! Very stupid people often fancy themselves entitled to look with great contempt upon men infinitely their superiors, who have become unsuccessful authors. But a person may look small enough as an *author*, and yet deserve to hold no mean place as a *man* in ordinary society. "The middling sort of writers," says a French essayist, "are common enough in the world of authors ; but men capable of making middling authors are very scarce among men in general, even amongst those who think they have some pretensions to genius and learning." Looking at authorship in this point of view, we can speak in a somewhat complimentary tone of the author of the book before us, though its own intrinsic merits, if strictly weighed in the scales of criticism, would not present a very heavy amount. We think he has evinced something more than the average share of the talent which is met with in general society ; but we cannot advise him to let his courtship of the Muse withhold him from practical pursuits, for which though he might entertain less partiality he might display more suitable powers. The complete success which is possibly within his reach in other departments of art or science, is unquestionably beyond him in the fields of Parnassus. He has not proved himself to be a poet, but he has satisfied us that he has some talent ; let him turn it to a better account than the production of a mediocre poem.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1842.

THE VICTIM OF AN UNLAWFUL PASSION.

A FEW years ago, I was called by circumstances of a very peculiar nature to B*****y, and carried several letters of introduction to families of respectability at that city. Among the rest was one addressed to a young man of whom I had heard much; his name was Spiller. He was one of those creatures who contrive to please and be liked by every body. Every one spoke of him as possessing talents and virtues something out of the common way. His history indeed, made him rather an object of interest, even without this character. He was a man of ardent feelings and hasty impulse, and the very outset of his career had been blighted by an inconsiderate marriage. His wife had returned to her friends, and he was living in late repentance to stalk about as fine a mansion as a gentleman of 1000 a-year would be proud of, and sigh over his solitude. He had come by a small fortune by a series of untimely deaths, which rendered him independent of a situation. He had no relative to share it with him; and a very short trial had convinced him that his domestic affections had unfitted him for the heartless bustle of the world beyond him. This was a vague outline, but it excited my curiosity, and I took it into my head one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit.

After winding through crowded lanes and enquiring at several neat little houses, I discovered the walls of Spiller's abode. It was a beautiful Italian villa, with a neat garden of flowers attached to it. Not thinking it necessary to observe town etiquette, I entered the long walk through the garden, and announced my arrival.

Spiller was a tall handsome young man, though slender, and pale even to sickliness. His features, too, were marked with premature lines of reflection, which bespoke a troubled heart. I was introduced to him in his study, the open window of which admitted the soft breath of the cooling zephyrs, the blithesome carol of the lark, and a whole host of the feathered tribe of song, who poured forth their little throats in one continuous flood of melody "from morn to dewy eve," as they sported in a wilderness of fruit trees, and a countless variety of wild flowers, all in full bloom; among which the iris, the cowslip, tulip and marigold were most conspicuous. The freshness and gaiety without, I thought, contrasted painfully with what I observed within. There was a look of restlessness and care both in the room and its tenant; a pair of candles, burned to the sockets, hinted that he had been up all night, and the dis-

ordered state of his dress, his neck-cloth cast off, and his shoes doubled down into slippers, seemed to bear them out in this intimation. He came forward to meet me with a smile of welcome, which, though I did not doubt its genuineness, I thought an effort of fatigue. His first care was to make some rational exeuse for his strange appearance, lest, as he said, I should be alarmed with the idea that I was to sojourn with a poet and a philosopher. He had been doing, he seareely knew what; abusing a vile novel, and whistling the "Rogues' mareh," and forgetting to go to bed. The truth was, that his solitary life made day and night so like each other, that he was sometimes in the habit of confounding them; a lack of perception whieh my eompany would happily rectify. His conversation continued in the same vein, alike the property of mirth and melancholy; and this I afterwards found, had become natural to him. It was the constant struggle of a joyous disposition against the influence of untoward eircumstances.

While he sat at breakfast, I had leisure to look round upon his usual occupations. His room was an absolute chaos. Musieal instruments were scattered in every direction, some unstrung and some broken, as if taken up from eaprice, and thrown away in disgust. Materials for painting were equally numerous; canvasses of all sorts and sizes lay beneath my feet; some with heads, some with landscapes—all touehed in a bold, off-hand, impatient manner, but none finished. Myriads of books, in all the languages of Babel, were strewed amongst them; and a host of Joe Mantons, and brushes eompleted the universality of the proprietor's genius. Alas! how happy had any one of these resourees made many a man, under double the grievanees whieh Spiller could have numbered! In him they indieated nothing but a mind toiling ineessantly to eseape from itself, but too restless to be relieved by any thing. He seemed aware of my thoughts, and asked me with a constrained laugh, if I did not think him a mateh for the admirable Crieliton; "I must give you to understand," said he, "that I had the misfortune to be born one of those little-witted men, who, unable to obtain proficieney in any one aecomplishment, are determined to immortalise themselves by a smattering of many, and truth to say, I am not sure but this patchwork of the mind is, after all, the best wear; for those pipes, painting-brushes, and fiddlestieks have made more friends in this miserable working-day world, than I eould have won by a wit like the shoulders of Hereules, with all the cardinal virtues to boot. Every new whim I strike out is a hot-bed to hatch new friends; and if my invention keeps pace with the diligence of my study, I shall have a decent crop by the time I die. For instanee, my friends in town like me because I sport with them; the ladies praise me because I paint for them, and the daughters smile upon me because I fiddle to them; and when I am an astrologer and a conjuror (whieh I mean to be) I shall be equally delightful for casting nativities and raising devils!" This was an ingenious excuse for the multiplicity of his pursuits; but it was made in a smile of melancholy which gave the lie to every word of it.

In the course of the morning, I found that the popularity of whieh he had boasted was not over-rated; for in our visits through the town, to which he was in haste to introduce me, no one could have been more welcome. He was at home every where:—the girls, in particular, brightened up when we entered, and all of them had some grand seeret, or some unfinished drawing, or new piece of music, to draw him into a little gossip in the eorner. This was generally the diseussion of some playful

feud, arising out of broken engagements to ride, or take sketches, and so forth; and indeed if all the charges were true, he had been much more forgetful than most men would have been under such temptations. "Pray what is the reason," said a gay little beauty, who was among the dissatisfied, "that you have ceased to be my *cavaliere servente?*—You were once as regular as a clock." "I was afraid to trust myself in such dangerous company." "And therefore you devoted yourself to the wonders of your beautiful cottage?" The young lady turned to me with an affectation of pique, and talked about the attraction of the place, which, she politely hoped, would have power to detain me some time in the neighbourhood. Among others, there was one to which Mr. Spiller would not fail to introduce me;—she meant a particular friend of his, who, unhappily for society, had contrived to estrange him from all the rest. She was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and was at present, making one of a series of periodical attacks upon the town. At such times, Mr. Spiller was apt to be a little forgetful. This infirmity, indeed, was growing upon him daily, to the great distress of some dozen young persons, herself included. I thought this side-wind put Spiller a little off his balance; certainly he did not stand his ground so dexterously as he might have done, had his fair assailant followed up the attack till he was quite defenceless. She appeared to have touched upon a tender point; his countenance had assumed by degrees an air of silent pensiveness, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off. He seemed sensible that interpretations would be put upon it, and excused it as well as he could, upon the plea of too prodigal expenditure of spirits: "an excess," he said, "into which those villanous black eyes were always leading him."

The young lady who thus excited the jealous imaginations of her town rivals, was about twenty-four years of age. Her face was strikingly handsome, and of a mild and melancholy character, as if, like Spiller, she had already had her taste of the world, and found it bitter. Her voice was low and sepulchral; and her dancing, though graceful, seemed rather the effect of force than choice. She regarded him with a kindness, and spoke to him with a confidence, which I could not help envying him, and I soon perceived that he estimated her very differently from the rest of his pretty friends. He could not trifle with her, apply pet names, or commit any of those gay offences, which used to supply him with little laughing quarrels and subjects of amusement. In short, he looked, as if, considering his circumstances, he had suffered his heart to go too far.

All Spiller's pursuits had given place to the paramount one of attending upon his pretty monitor. He rode with her, walked with her, sat with her, as if there had been no other being on earth who had a prior claim to such attentions; and I could not help feeling that such an intimacy was likely to be productive of evil consequences. He was however blind to them, and, free and ingenuous as his character was, I was yet too much a stranger to touch upon so delicate a subject. His spirits, instead of improving in her society, gradually grew worse and worse; he always returned from his daily visit much dejected, and sometimes so agitated, that I have seen him drink glass after glass of pure brandy to recover his self-possession.

A short time elapsed, and the reserve he had maintained on the subject of Mary (for that was the lady's name) began to wear off, and he gradually developed to me his plans of happiness with her. In fact, he thought of nothing else, and had nothing else to talk about. He would run throughout

all the hues of her character with an eloquence that knew no bounds. Every word was poetry, and every feeling enthusiasm. Sometimes, when he had thus wrought himself up, he would abruptly and impetuously break off, to the history of his luckless marriage.—" I was young," he would say, " I was a boy, and my friends threw me in the way of individuals, who make pennyless daughters pamper proud sons. Jane was older than myself; but my small fortune with my future expectations was quite sufficient to make me a man in the eyes of her parents; I was coaxed, tempted, and finally cajoled.—My wife had received her full share of the family blood. The honeymoon was scarcely over, when she began to talk of the honor she had done me, and exact the humility due to her birth. Discord was the consequence, her family interposed, her brothers threatened; I kicked a troop of them out of the house, and sent her home to mend their establishment with half of my worth." He would then inveigh bitterly against the folly of premature marriages, curse his evil stars, curse himself, and turn again to his brandy; till his cheek was scorched with fever; but he always concluded with a melancholy and touching allusion to his Mary. The thought of her, if it was the hurricane that stirred up the turbulence of his bosom, was also the oil that hushed it to rest and mournfulness.—" She is an angel," he said; " her soul is made with more than woman's gentleness, and more than woman's dignity; yet has her life been ruled by low minds, and devoted to sorrow. Her story is a common one; she was the child of rich parents, and brought up with high ideas, which were doomed to undergo the shock of unexpected misfortune. Her parents died when she was about eighteen, and she became, with two sisters, the dependent of a female relative, a woman whose head was filled with all such fanciful ideas as become the ruin of many of her sex, and she had not the wit to discover that it was possible for hearts to be more sensitive than her own. About the time of her parents' death, Mary was addressed by a man of good connections and a small fortune, sufficient to render her above covetousness, when the appalling disparity of their years (he being 25 years her senior) made her young heart shrink from the connection, but more so from the uncongeniality of sentiment; for he was a stock-jobbing, money-making genius, whose mind was of a texture which suffered all the refinement of life to pass through, and retained nothing but the rubbish. But this was not a thing to be discovered by Mary's friend, and she still encouraged him with hopes. The reports in circulation as to her intended marriage and her changed residence prevented the addresses of more worthy suitors; and the thought that her sisters, unless she could find them a home of her own, would be subjected to the same cruelty, almost tempted her to the sacrifice. Being, however, younger than herself, they were not in immediate danger, and she was resolved to drive off the evil as long as she could. Year after year passed away. Her protectress became, at first, dissatisfied, then distant, and eventually so oppressive, as to have resolved her to a momentary escape from it to the house of a friend here, in a visit to whom, immediately after my separation from my wife, I first met with her. You have seen the exquisite assortment of our fashionable blades. It is no wonder, if, with very moderate pretensions, my conversation was preferred to them. We became intimate friends. She stayed six weeks; went away, and returned shortly again, and so on, for two years. By degrees, she confided her history to me. I ventured to give her advice, and in return, she gave me the affection of a sister. She likewise advised me in my trouble, and I loved her madly.

Sweet, gentle, unsuspicious Mary! how little does she think that the misery she pities is chiefly derived from her; how little does she think that I have found, too late, the being whom nature had intended for me, and am writhing in the shackles which hold me from her!"

Mary, in the sequel, was constrained by the force of circumstances to give her hand to her ill-assorted admirer, and dreadful were the consequences to Spiller. When I saw him some time afterwards, his senses seemed to be chilled and torpid, and the few desperate attempts which he made to speak, were composed of words without meaning or related to a chaos of subjects which jostled each other like the cross-readings of a newspaper. Yet, amidst all, I observed a manly endeavour to overcome the impropriety and the inutility of his feelings. He had, evidently, some vague plan of amendment, and as he sat shuddering, with his elbows on his knees, and his knuckles pressed into his temples, he muttered about change of air and of scene, and asked me where he should go. Before I could answer, his lips were quivering with——Mary—husband——marriage; and again he would fly off to his affairs, remember that he had strangely neglected them since Mary went, ring the bell for his servant, write a draught on the Bank, date it wrong, write another, and sign the name of Mary. He persevered till the task was accomplished; then begged me to go round the town, and take leave for him, and began to write a letter to Mary. He knew not what he was about, for, when he had finished the first lines, I left his pen wandering unconsciously over the table. I complied with his request; and returning with many kind messages for him, I was informed he had gone out for a little air, with his dog and gun. I thought it likely that he was gone on a shooting excursion to the island of E******a, his usual field of sport, though there is no game to be found there, except a stray paddy-bird or a few snipes on the edge of the river, and felt some uneasiness as the servants told me he was left to his own guidance. The sun had just found its way through the mist, and it was a beautiful afternoon. The little feathery clouds looked like strips from the rainbow, and the red light that streamed down the long vistas of the wood, catching renewed brilliancy from the grey barks of the tall cocoa trees, showed me far down Spiller's favorite haunts; but I could see neither dog nor man. I penetrated further, and called, and afterwards fired my gun, that he might (as often had been the case when we lost each other,)—return the signal; but I heard nothing, only the heavy flight of the raven, and the clamour of the honey-sucker as they perched from bough to bough. He must surely, I thought, be gone home, and yet a presentiment held me fixed to the spot. The night came on, with the howling of wind, and every thing appeared dismal and death-like. The servants mustered all the lanterns they could find, while the villagers aided us in our search with large torches, and distributed themselves in various parts of the place. We nearly went the round of the island, and enquired of the inhabitants, who gave us unsatisfactory replies, when we heard something like the howling of a dog. We toiled after it, pursuing our search with unabating vigor, when once more we heard the wild wailing of a dog, and close by us. My heart beat with a sensation of real bodily anguish; while my followers were terrified to a most indescribable degree, when at last one of them cried out, "There is his gun!" It was leaning against the stem of a tree. I snatched it up, and discovered that it had not been loaded—an appalling proof of the state of his mind when he left home. In a moment a faint whimpering directed my eyes a few steps further, and there lay his favorite animal. At my ap-

proach it rose, and ran down the descent of the hill on the north side, suddenly stopped, looked up in my face with a piteous howl, and laid itself down on what I thought to be the stump of a tree. I looked upon it with a pale lantern which I carried, and cried aloud with horror. It was Spiller himself. He slept upon the green grass which grew so luxuriantly on that side of the hill, his arms stretched to their full length, and his head resting upon his beaver for support. My first impulse was to seize his arm; but his frame was rigid as iron. His eyes were open, his brow knitted, his teeth clenched, and his whole countenance exhibited an expression of sullen despair; but the feeling of it was gone; death had already borne him away to his rest, with his faithful dog!

J. H. Q.

LINES

Written extemporaneously in an Album under the Portraits of Byron, Mrs. Hemans and Wordsworth.

BYRON.

Byron—that fine patrician head of thine
Shows thee of Nature's own nobility.—
Not only on the senatorial bench
A seat is thine, but in Apollo's hall
A radiant throne, and in thine hand is held
The symbols of a matchless power divine.

MRS. HEMANS.

A classic cast of head—fair dome of thought!
The soft precision and the feminine grace
Of her sweet verse are in those lineaments.
Oh, gifted being! born to prove how well
Beauty and moral worth and genius high
Associate in the lovely form and mind
Of woman—fairest of the works of God!

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth—thy name is precious to mine ear
As sound of murmuring waters heard at eve,
Or hum of distant voices. Solitude,
With all its sweetest images and dreams,
Is present at that name—Oh, Pastoral Bard!
Pious and philosophic! thy calm verse
Mirrors the face of Nature and the heart
Of troubled Passion stills, as holy oil
Smooths the rough bosom of the tossing wave.
That towering forehead teems with silent thought—
Thought tranquil as profound; unlike the dreams,
Turbid and wild, of spirits less inspired
That fascinate the throng, but charming never
The finer souls of sages and of bards.

R.

Calcutta, August 21st, 1842.

THE LATE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE QUEEN.

Scion of a time-honor'd kingly line !
Thou young and fair-hair'd Empress of our isles,
Ah ! can it be that scarce thy light to shine
Rose o'er our empire, 'ere dark treason's wiles
Rais'd 'gainst thy bosom murder's sanguine knife,
And dar'd to strike at Heaven's Anointed's life.

II.

Daughter and Queen of Albion, ev'n of her
The Ocean-queen, fair was thine early rise,
Which in an empire's joy evok'd a stir,
An earthquake of the heart—and shout and voice
Of loyal millions, which in thunder sounds
Roll'd ev'n here to Ind and Earth's far bounds.

III.

Thou, who didst rise upon us as a star
In Virgin loveliness ; a people's pride ;
Whose name wav'd as a banner to our war,
And yet with peace was gloriously allied—
What hast thou done, that thus the bloody blow
Should be thrice levell'd 'gainst thee as a foe ?

IV.

In blessed sooth a dread Divinity
Doth hedge the mortal temples of a king,*
Or we had rais'd a nation's wail o'er thee,
And thou to us had been a bygone thing,
A royal spectre rising out the dead
To shake at us a gliding gory head.

V.

But thou art spar'd ; and blessed ever be
The High and Holy One, the King of kings !
Who sent His Seraph forth and shelter'd thee,
Spreading above thy head his viewless wings ;
And bade the shafts of hate and hostile strife
Glance idly by, and leave unharm'd thy life.

VI.

Hope of our future days, our children's hope,
That yet thy child should o'er their children rule ;
And like thee blest, with peril more than cope,
And hand the sceptre down with glory full :
How had a moment blackly blasted all,
And left us but an empire's funeral pall ?

VII.

And thou too, sceptred and consorted lord,
Hast shar'd her peril, as thou'st shar'd her throne :
How had that moment's deed, so all abhorr'd,
Blended thy death with her's as in life one,—
Yea o'er ye twain too darkly deeply blent
Union of mourning as of monument !

VIII.

Your subjects live in safety ; may not ye
So Heav'n o'ershielded ? then look up whence giv'n
And let your service and your homage be
Return'd in grateful incense up to Heav'n.
Nor let that kingly vice, ingratitude,
Bring yet the curse on ye and us of blood !

IX.

Look on a suff'ring land—a famish'd poor—
The papist-pamper'd—folly's lavish waste
And courtly revel—treason at the door
In silent watch, the match lit for the blast—

* " There's such divinity doth hedge a king."—*Hamlet.*

Commerce in death—Heaven frowning—and yet ye
Launch'd on that full-moon tide, frivolity !

X.

See India groaning under countless ills,
Cathay well drugg'd with opium and with blood,
The heathen martyr'd, while the Christian kills
With war and havoc roaring in a flood :
Oh ! sin outsinning persecution's sin !
The brand of double infamy burnt in !

XI.

Look on Cabool !—and in Victoria's reign
Shall this be told posterity, ev'n this ?
Oh sacred Sov'reign ! lov'd and honor'd Queen !
Be not thy name a mark for history's hiss !—
Think too, what HE might think—thy Maker !—King !
Before whom summon'd, what art thou ?—a thing

XII.

Of dust,—a worm,—a something, nothing now,
Then, less than nothingness—a shadow flown—
A phantom pale with her undiadem'd brow
Thy breath a bubble ; and thy glory gone—
Thy sceptre broken—shook to dust thy throne—
Thy stewardship demanded now and done !

XIII.

" I set thy throne above the thrones of earth—
" I plac'd thee 'mong the stars the morning star—
" My highest Angels watch'd thee from thy birth,
" And bade black treason rage elsewhere afar,
" But hurt not mine Anointed !—how hast thou
" Requited ME, thy SAVIOUR ?—answer now.

XIV.

" My Seraphs spread my shield above thy head,
" And turn'd the bolts of vengeance from thy throne
" I flung around thee a wide glory dread,
" And of my Earth made thee the highest one ;
" Bid hate aloof, and faction far to roar,
" And treason's waves roll thus far, but—no more.

XV.

" Did'st thou not know that 'tis by ME kings rule ?
" Without me that the senator tho' sage,
" Profound as wisdom, is but folly's fool—
" The proud but dust—the conq'ror's roar and rage
" As sparkles quench'd, and vanity are all :
" That by ME thrones arise, or empires fall ?

XVI.

" Did'st thou not know that ' I AM THAT I AM !'
" The Everlasting and the HOLY ONE !
" That she,* (whom once I call'd ev'n by my name,
" And fix'd in her my PRESENCE and my THRONE !
" Nay, whom to visit ev'n as man I came !)
" Became pollution,—and a curse, and fell,
" The hiss of Earth ! the mockery of Hell !

XVII.

" Hast thou my honor sought ?—did'st thou lay down
" As my high Delegate thine influence high,
" Example, power, pomp, sceptre, kingdom, crown,
" Thy soul, and thy soul's powers, thy dignity,
" At my dread glory's feet ? didst thou not know
" My shadow's shade was glory on thy brow ?—

XVIII.

" That thou and thine were mine—a moment lent,
" And as a talent put into thine hand ?

* Judah.

" Hast thou not made the coronet I sent
" A bauble plaything? hath thy far command,
" Which should have been a small omnipotence
" For good, left thee in sinless innocence?"
* * * *

XIX.

What would'st thou say, if such were said to thee
When summon'd to the great assize of kings,
By HIM, the Ruler of Eternity!
Where Kings are but as other clay-made things—
Look then, dread Sov'reign, to thy charge and sphere,
And quit thyself as Heaven's Vicegerent here,

XX.

And seek HIS glory—that unsetting star!
Nor time can quench, nor death eclipse in night,
Hate blight, floods drown, nor ev'n history mar,
Ev'n as thy glory's glory, streaming far
With an immortal and etherial light;
To which all earthly grandeur were a spark,
And ev'n a Seraph's diadem but dark.

XXI.

Imperial Lady! Queen of half our Earth,
The living Majesty of England thou!
Woe to the wretch, whose leprous hand stretcht forth
Should dare pluck down the glory from thy brow!
With all thy faults, our Queen, we love thee still;
Woe to th'unhallow'd hand thy blood would spill!

XXII.

Millions of beating bosoms should bound forth—
Millions of spears blaze round thine England's throne—
If 'gainst it leagued were all the hate of Earth—
Earth should not—could not harm thee—HE's our own.
Our GOD!—Be THOU to us, what Thou hast ever been,
Her and our dread DEFENCE!—GOD save our Queen!

†

THE RULING NUMBER IN THE FATE OF NAPOLEON (18.)

[We insert the following at the request of a subscriber, though we do not anticipate our readers will find any novelty in it, as we think it has appeared before but in a different dress in several publications.—ED.]

THE circumstance of the Frigate " Belle Poule" having left St. Helena, with the remains of Napoleon, on the 15th October has led to the following observations of the Cologne Gazette, concerning the recurrence of the said number in several important dates in the history of Napoleon:

June 18th, 1799; he accomplished the revolution which secured him a consulate.
May 18th, 1804; by a Senatus Consult he was declared emperor of the French.
March 18th. 1805; he was declared king of Italy.
Oct. 18th, do.; he conquered the Austrian army by the capitulation of Ulms.
May 18th, 1809; he incorporated the states of the Pope with the empire of France.
Oct. 18th, 1811; by an imperial order Holland was incorporated with France.
Oct. 18th, 1812; he fought the battle of Torutina on the Beresina.
Oct. 18th, 1813; he fought the battle of Leipsic.
June 18th, 1815; he lost the battle of Waterloo.
Oct. 18th, do.; the Northumberland which transported him to St. Helena came to an anchor at that island.
The depth of his grave was 18 feet; and finally, on
Oct. 18th, 1840; the Belle Poule sailed from that island with his remains.

REVEREND J. MACDONALD, A. M.

The life of a Missionary, in a majority of cases, like the life of a scholar, to use the language of Imlac in Rasselas, "passes silently away, and is very little diversified by events." The great work in which he is engaged, progresses slowly and silently. Beyond the sphere of his operations, it may be said, he is seldom known or valued but by men of the same stamp and character with himself. The public generally are so much engrossed in their secular concerns that they have little time to bestow in marking the advancement that conversion is making, and there are but few indeed, out of the mass, who from the perusal of reports and other sources can give any information as to the precise degree of benefit which the heralds of religion effect. Had the subject of our sketch, like most of his brethren, confined himself to his immediate functions, the education of the native mind, little perhaps would have been known of him; but his zeal and disposition to benefit his fellows is of so universal a character that, it would be impossible for him to confine himself within so narrow a bound. A field of usefulness lay temptingly before him, and he had the hardihood to enter it. Since his attack on the Oratorio some years ago, and his more recent one on dramatic representations, his name has become familiar. His strictures on the latter have, we believe, been widely disseminated; among the few, it is to be hoped for the accomplishment of some good; among the many, it is to be feared for the object of ridicule. The leaders of public opinion have, with few exceptions, been his bitter opponents, and the ribaldry with which they have assailed him is, in our opinion, exceedingly unmerited, considering the talents and sacred profession of the writer. This latter circumstance ought to have commanded respect, if not attention. But it has been otherwise. Mr. Macdonald's merits have not been fairly acknowledged; his motives have not been generously weighed; and his arguments, as far as we have read, have not been overturned by logical confutation. Satire and gasconading have done the work that controversy, and the collision of intellect, ought to have achieved. With weapons so irreconcilable, truth, the legitimate object of inquiry, has been lost sight of and obscured. To have looked for it would have been a fruitless undertaking, for as soon might we expect a faithful delineation in a tawdry caricature, or critical honesty in a malevolent pasquinade.

We have no intention, in the observations we are now about to offer, to uphold the specific articles of impeachment which Mr. Macdonald has been so indefatigable in circulating through the pages of the Christian Observer against the drama; nor to exhibit how far his statements are irreconcilable with religious propriety, or to what extent the stage is an amusement subservient to evil. We have hazarded the opinion that, as an opponent, Mr. Macdonald has not been fairly dealt with by the press, and we venture to premise that the candid portion of our readers will so far go along with us. Our main object at this juncture is to delineate the qualifications that distinguish him as a preacher of the gospel, and to trace out, if possible, the causes which have perhaps conduced to his writings, especially against the drama, not receiving that attention to which they were unquestionably entitled. To be free from the taint of partiality, we may as well state, before we proceed further, that, we know nothing of Mr. Macdonald personally; that we view him altogether as a public man, who, from his hostility to a popular amusement, has recently occupied a distinguished position in the eyes of society; and that we cannot arrogate to ourselves the claim of belonging to that class which, in the recent discussion, have been styled "over-righteous."

Mr. Macdonald has boldly assailed a popular institution, and, by implication, a very large portion of British literature. His condemnation includes names revered in the annals of English song—men who have ranged through the entire field of beauty and sublimity, whose magnificent creations and conceptions vividly pourtray the fertility of their imaginations and their correct estimate of human character, and whose popularity it is not too much to affirm will exist as long as literature has a "habitation and a name," for "Shylock

and the Moor," in the language of Byron, "cannot be swept away." On the abstract utility of this species of composition, and whether its delivery on the stage contributes to the improvement of the national character, we offer no opinion. Much diversity of opinion prevails on the subject. Men of great moral worth have condemned the drama. Men of great talents and integrity, and whose acquirements have shed a lustre on the literature of their country, have on the other hand eulogized it as the beacon of civilization. To write therefore on so debateable a question required no ordinary powers of mind; to ensure conviction required no ordinary powers of judgment. In the former case, Mr. Macdonald has displayed great ingenuity, and no small share of originality. He has examined his subject minutely. He has tested it by the standard of Scripture, and found it wanting; but whilst he has done all this, he has failed signally, we believe, in gaining one proselyte among those for whom his writings were chiefly intended.

It is difficult, we should say almost impossible, to enumerate the different shades of religious feeling of which the human mind is susceptible. For the sake of generalization, we may lay it down as a postulate, that mankind is divided into two great classes, the converted and the unconverted, or perhaps, to speak more definitively, those "not of the world," and those who are considered "of the world." It may further be presumed that, for the former class Mr. Macdonald's articles were not intended. It may be affirmed that, for the latter class they were solely composed. And what is the reception they have met with from this class. With few exceptions, derision and raillery in all its ramifications. Results so very different from what was anticipated, are much to be deplored. It is fruitless to assert that all this was expected. Such an avowal goes to indicate the completion of an act of supererogation. No man writes with the intention of being censured; but every man that does write, has an object in view, an end to accomplish. He sits down either to instruct, persuade, or amuse, and the accomplishment of one, or all of these ends depends in a great measure on himself. A favorite doctrine is assailed—a favorite amusement is reprobated, but in either case the manner in which this must be effected ought to be such that whilst it attracts attention, it does not awaken animosity. A moralist, or any public writer, who disregards this rule, spends his exertion in a fruitless cause. Whilst food is given to the understanding, the feelings must not be overlooked but must be respected. This precaution, so very essential towards procuring a right appreciation, has, we think, entirely been lost sight of by Mr. Macdonald. His arguments are unquestionably strong, but his *manner* of putting them is not felicitous. One man may say a good thing, and yet, owing to some peculiarity in his mode of delivery, his observation may pass by like the idle wind. Another man may say the same thing, but owing to his having a knowledge of the *suaviter in modo*, or it may be a respect for his hearers, may leave an indelible impression on the mind. So much for the necessity of studying *manner* and consulting public tastes and feeling. Now in addressing a promiscuous public on a question which they respect, or against an institution, the tendency of which is supposed to be obnoxious to right principle, the most popular mode of address ought to have been adopted. But in lieu of this, Mr. Macdonald has, in some measure, selected the antiquated phraseology of the sixteenth century. Nor is this all. The defects that characterized John Knox's style might with some modification and exception, be said to taint Mr. Macdonald's style. It is true that, it does not possess the exact amount of energy and acrimony of the great reformer, but still there is just enough of it to irritate rather than reclaim. It cuts silently, but it cuts deeply. Moreover, it has too much of the theological sermonizing air about it or, in other words, it has too much of what is vulgarly called "cant." The objection to this latter style is notorious. It is repudiated in politics, in science, in every thing. We do not maintain that the dislike is justifiable, we merely mention its existence. These peculiarities taken together have, in our opinion, aided in neutralizing the impression Mr. Macdonald intended to produce. The reaction has consequently been prejudicial to his name, though we fully believe he has forbearance and fortitude enough to endure it. To such an extent however, is the strain of ridicule carried, that

his well known initials are coupled with every jest, connected with the drama, and a critic of well known reputation went so far, the other day, as jocosely to insinuate that his critique, which happened to be lost, was filched from his peon and burked by J. M. D.

As a preacher, Mr. Macdonald is eminently practical. He does not possess the glowing language, the warmth, the pathos, the action, the Athenian classicality of Dr. Charles;—nor the exuberant richness of expression, the soaring, wild, and magnificent imagination, the argumentative and metaphysical turn of Dr. Duff:—nor has he the sparkling illustrative fancy of Mr. Mieklejohn, but he possesses a simplicity of manner, and a soundness as well as amenity of judgment, well calculated to arrest the attention, and exemplify the principles that regulate what is termed natural eloquence. Those who have not heard him (for he preaches but seldom at the Kirk, his ministrations being chiefly confined to the floating Chapel for Seamen) but who are familiar with his evangelical articles in the Christian Observer, will no doubt understand us when we assert that his pulpit exhortations differ very little from his written dissertations, and that these dissertations, in point of style, are his sermons pruned of their diffuseness. Now the charge of diffuseness, or of dwelling too much on a particular topic, has been brought against a celebrated living divine of the Kirk of Scotland. In justification, we are well aware that he has urged some powerful reasoning, but without considering the conclusiveness of his arguments, we may allege that the charge of saying too much on a topic might be urged against almost every speaker who trusts altogether to his extemporaneous powers. This power Mr. Macdonald possesses in an eminent degree, and this power he invariably exercises. All his pulpit addresses are extemporaneous, yet the classification of his subject is so very complete, the arrangement of his arguments so luminous, that a hearer might almost be tempted to affirm that the speaker had written out his discourse, and committed it to memory. We have good reason however to believe that this is not the case. His style is simple and flowing, with little or no latinity about it. It is just that natural language in which a sound, sensible man would clothe his ideas were he conversing with his equal,—the language in which he would carry on the ordinary transactions of life. For the efficient ends of public exhortation, perhaps it may be pronounced too equable, and his delivery of it is in exact keeping, with the slightest taint perhaps of provincialism. The flow of diction is so well sustained, that it is seldom indeed that it rises or falls with his subject. We can therefore compare his language and delivery to nothing better than a gentle transparent stream whose waters glide smoothly and placidly along, and whose murmurs have a beautiful effect on the ear, without producing that mental inactivity which a monotonous sound is calculated to create.

Though Mr. Macdonald has acquired few of the graces of oratory, though he does not possess that magic charm of voice, which however excellent in itself is too liable, by superficial persons, to be considered the all in all, his discourses invariably breathe the essence of sound divinity, and the mild glow of religious feeling and apostolical faithfulness. Rigid and uncompromising himself, he carries the principle along with him, so that in his exposition of the oracles of divine truth, in all its systematic relations and affinities, he is faithful and severe. His intimate acquaintance with scripture, points out how earnestly and deeply he must have dived into its mysteries. Things new and old appear to be well arranged in the tabernacles of his thought, and all his applications are instructive rather than brilliant or fanciful. He never for a moment appears to labor, never seems for a moment to be at a loss. It is true that at times he may be said to be more felicitous in discourse than at other times, that is to say, his language may correspond with greater harmony with his matter and thought; but take him at any moment, however unpropitious, and you behold before you the man full of his subject. No showy and elaborate theories, no startling paradoxes find a place in his exhortations, but the most obvious and natural explanations are afforded When he delivers himself of a striking idea, and he often does so, no person can think less of it; and when a general principle is to evolve a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, it is never heralded forth with a learned

demonstration. All the arguments brought to bear upon it succeed each other as it were by intuition, rather than by the labored and dialectical process of the schoolmen. The simplicity with which the hearer is carried from one stage of the inquiry to another is so natural, that when a conclusion is arrived at he is astonished that such a train of thought should never have struck him before.

To one so thoroughly convinced of the truth and importance of the doctrines he inculcates, and who evidently possesses taste and refinement to appreciate the etherial and exalted strain of poetry that irradiates the pages of the inspired record, it has often struck us as a matter of surprize that Mr. Macdonald should never embellish his discourse with the many-tinted hues of fancy, or the sublime soarings of imagination. Instruction, it is true, of a most improving kind you have from him, but the want of all forcible appeals to the heart, would almost lead one to conclude that Mr. Macdonald considered his hearers to be beings endowed only with the power of intellect. To such an extent does he carry his disregard for the other properties that pertain to lively and animated eloquence, that we cannot call to our recollection a single instance where he has brought to his aid the powers of imagination, or even departed, however intense the nature of his subject, from that uniform placidity of manner of which we have made mention. Now as regards this latter point, every one is aware of the close connexion that subsists between the mind and the body, and how if the former be affected, some corresponding manifestation must be apparent in the latter. In the case of Mr. Macdonald, much of this doctrine appears to be falsified. The intensity of his sincerity, and his desire to elevate the religious tone of his fellow men, no one can question, who knows any thing of the devotedness of the man; and yet, strange to say, whether he exhort, entreat, or reprobate, the equanimity of his manner remains almost the same. His countenance, calm as it appears, undergoes little or no change, the intonations of his voice preserve their tuneful but gentle uniformity: his body remains in a state verging on inertness, and all that remains for admiration is the stream of sound language, the fluency of which is almost preternatural, that flows along, to the subdued musical tone of his utterance.

This total want therefore of energy,—this keeping under subordination the imaginative power—this want of action which, when appropriate, gives grace and imparts vitality as it were to the sentiment delivered, in short the combination of all these qualities so very essential in giving sublimity to that resistless torrent of eloquence which makes the speaker forgotten in his subject, and carries the hearer rapidly along with him;—we say in the absence of all these requisites, we are disposed to conclude that Mr. Macdonald's calm, persuasive, and fluent manner is better adapted for a body of well disciplined Christians, than the way-farer, or the man who skims on the surface of Christianity, and who requires to be roused and reclaimed by powerful appeals delivered with force and energy. In a word, he possesses those qualifications that would fix religious impression when once it is received, but his want of what we would term absolute impressiveness, would not vivify the slumbering conscience, or reclaim the wanderer from the path of rectitude. True it is, the bow is drawn "at a venture," and who can tell where the arrow of conviction may fall; but the power of speech is so powerful a means for furthering the work of the ministry, that every auxiliary perfection that would contribute towards subduing the heart ought to be carefully studied, and ought, when occasion serves, to be brought into practice. Dr. Blair, no mean authority, affirms, that "in order to preach in an interesting manner much will depend upon the delivery of a discourse; for the manner in which a man speaks is of the utmost consequence for affecting his audience." The subjects that occupy a preacher's thoughts are of so sublime and exalted a character that they admit of all the embellishments that the imagination can bestow in their description and all the energy and warmth that can be produced in their enforcement.

Such is the estimate we have formed of the qualifications that distinguish Mr. Macdonald as a preacher of the gospel. If our delineation be imperfect, and little or no resemblance can be discovered, we can only urge in extenuation that, our cunning in the craft is not so great as to enable us to dash off a

striking likeness after a few sittings, for we have heard him discourse but seldom and that at intervals. Our intention was to do him justice, and if our capability has not been quadrate with our intention, we are left to deplore over what we cannot remedy.

To make our sketch, however, more complete, it was our intention to have dwelt at some length on Mr. Macdonald's devotedness and disinterestedness of character; but on reflection, we find that, the statement he put forth for accepting the call of the General Assembly to go as a Missionary to India, when he had a prospect of great usefulness before him as a minister of the Scotch Church, River Terrace, Islington, shadows forth these features with greater effect and impressiveness, than any colouring we can give. To those who would wish to peruse the struggles he then underwent, and how, after patient investigation, the Evangelistic or Missionary call ultimately prevailed, will do well to consult the pages of the Christian Observer for September 1837. A more interesting narrative we have seldom perused. It was brought to our notice, when we had nearly completed our task; but, independently of the reason we have already urged, we were prevented from noticing it more prominently because there was a probability of its occupying more space than we can afford to give. We nevertheless consider it our duty to state, that the motives of the man are there displayed in their genuine character, and however much he may have been treated with ridicule, as a controversialist, by those who ought to have made use of a more formidable weapon, we venture to premise that every dispassionate mind who peruses that "statement" will own that few men deserve to be more respected than the Rev. Mr. Macdonald.

Calcutta, 23rd September, 1842. R. C. T.

SONG.

I LOVE thee, fair maiden! my passion how true
Be my witness the sword which to win thee I drew;
Thy name in the battle invoked as a charm,
Has nerved with the might of a thousand mine arm!
In the conquest thy smile alone was my prize,
And the rapturous glance of those fate-beaming eyes,—
O turn not away then, but bid me rejoice,
In the magical tones of thy soul-thrilling voice!

I breathe a new air since thy form I beheld,
The world has no charms if thy love be withheld;
'Tis the light of that love must its beauties display,
And o'er my soul shining turn night into day!
I freeze for the vital and ice-thawing beam,
I pant for the limpid and life-giving stream,
And the pitiless wolf the dread fangs of despair
In my bosom will bury if roused from his lair!

O veil not thy rays then behind the dim cloud,
Nor thy glory 'neath mists of indifference shroud;
Those fountains unseal which alone to my heart,
Exhausted and drooping, can vigour impart;
I fain in the mansion of passion would rest,
And find an eternal abode in thy breast—
O turn not away then, but bid me rejoice,
In the magical tones of that soul-thrilling voice!

R. G. H.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

THE LOST LOVER—A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-four, there lived in the town of V——m, a youth named Edwards, the son of a wealthy merchant of that town. On completing his education, which was the best a private school then afforded, young Edwards was admitted on the establishment of his father in the capacity of a clerk, and at the end of two or three years he was formally admitted to a partnership in the concern. At this period young Edwards' affections were engaged to a young lady of singular beauty and accomplishments, the daughter of an intimate friend of his father, at whose house he was, and had indeed been from his boyhood, a constant and welcome visitor. The attachment between the young couple, for it was mutual, was of the most sincere and ardent kind, and they only waited for the prospect of something like an independency to unite their destinies. Such a prospect as this seemed to present itself in the circumstance of young Edwards' admission to a co-partnership in his father's very thriving and extensive business; and acting on this presumption, he thought himself warranted in seeking from her father the hand of the object of his affections. The proposals of young Edwards were readily accepted, for the connection was thought an extremely eligible one by both of the young lady's parents, and it was not disapproved of by his own.

Thus far all went well for the happiness of the intended bridegroom. An early day was fixed for the marriage, and perhaps the greatest amount of felicity of which human nature is susceptible at this moment belonged to Edwards; and so secure did he feel in its enjoyment, that he deemed nothing but some of the more severe decrees of fate could snatch from him the happiness which appeared so obviously within his reach. But disappointment came, and came by humbler means than these, but with not less desolating effects. A forgery, perpetrated on the house of his father, to the amount of some thousands of rupees, obliged him to close his business, and finally seek a compromise with his creditors; while the father of his betrothed, who lived in a style of princely magnificence from a large fortune which a few months before came into his possession, escaped not the fury of the fates, who the very night the marriage settlement was drawn up, destined him to be a beggar. It was in the unsettled time of the Districts about V——m, when fire and pillage was an every day occurrence and no man's

life or property safe, that in the ordinary predatory excursions of the robbers, a house situated about half a mile from the young lady's residence, was set on fire, and before any assistance could be rendered it had extended to nearly the whole town and threw the inhabitants into the greatest distress. The magnificent dwelling-house of the young lady's father suffered very extensively from the flames, leaving, fortunately for both, an iron chest in which he treasured a part of his money and notes. It was just this calamity that shewed the defalcation or cheat practised upon Edwards' father, for, to extend assistance to the suffering inhabitants, a gentleman, a client of his, gave an order to a large amount on his house, which he dishonored, and the explanations that followed discovered the forgery of same knave, whom it was impossible at such a time to apprehend or trace out. The circumstances that followed this robbery of his house, rendered it expedient for him to enter into arrangements with the gentleman, and the report having been bruited abroad assembled his creditors at his door, whom he found it impossible to reason into any fair and liberal terms, and this destroyed the last remaining hopes of both the unhappy father and the no less unhappy son. Their office and its contents were sold, his stately house and his best furniture brought to the hammer, and they were left without the smallest remnant of their capital wherewith once more to commence the world.

These unfortunate and most unexpected occurrences, as a matter of course, put a stop to the intended marriage. On being assured of the utterly desperate state of their prospects, and of the full extent of the misfortune which overwhelmed them, they each determined, with as much resolution of spirit and calmness of manner as they could command, to inform each other of the dire calamity which had interposed between them and that happiness which they both deemed so secure. Young Edwards was already aware of the misfortune of his intended father-in-law; while his betrothed was made acquainted by her father, of the misfortune of her lover's; but the information conveyed to the latter had not been able to dispel a fond but vain hope that matters might not be so desperate as they had been represented. In the warmth of her affection, the fond girl still clung to the belief that some means or other would be found of remedying the evil, and that she would yet be, and that on no distant day, the happy wife of her beloved Edwards. The arrival of Edwards and the candid and explicit statements he made, crushed all her hopes—and threw her into the deepest distress. She made no reply, however, to the melancholy communications which were now made to her, but with deep feeling flung herself on her lover's neck, and burst into tears.

"Mary," said Edwards, at this moment not less affected than the amiable girl who now clung to him in an agony of grief and disappointment; "Mary," he said, "I trust after all, that our separation is but for a time. Better fortune may, and I trust will soon smile upon us. But," he added after a short pause, during which he was evidently struggling violently with his feelings, "I should not think myself worthy of your affections, were I not ready to resign them, when your interest, and perhaps your happiness, demanded the sacrifice."

"I do not understand you," sobbed out the still weeping girl, but without raising her head from its resting-place on the shoulder of her lover. "I do not understand you, Edwards," she repeated, but now in a tone of alarm, as if some fearful meaning had suddenly presented itself to her mind.

"Then, Mary," said Edwards, in a solemn tone, and his face grew deadly pale, and his lips quivered as he spoke, "I do not think I should act an honorable part towards you, or have that regard for your interests and welfare which I ought to have, if I did not instantly relieve you from your engagements to me, seeing that I am no longer in a condition to make you mine; I do now therefore, Mary, fully and freely discharge you of all these engagements, and restore you to all the liberty you enjoyed before they were entered into. It is all that I can now do to prove to you the sincerity of my wishes for your welfare."

"Edwards," replied the affectionate girl, whom this language had restored to full self-possession; "Edwards," she said in a tone scarcely less solemn than his own, and now looking him full in the face, "I did think you had a better opinion of the sincerity of my attachment than to imagine that it could be affected by any change of worldly circumstances, whatever these might be; and as to the liberty you offer me," she added, "I appreciate the honorable feeling which induced you to make it; but—but," she continued, and here her emotion again overcame her, and she flung herself once more on the neck of her lover, and hid her face on his shoulder, unable to finish the sentence she had began. In a few moments, however, she added, in a broken and scarcely audible voice, "I never, never can accept it, unless—unless, Edwards, you yourself desire to be relieved of your engagements to me."

"Desire to be relieved of my engagements to you, Mary!" repeated her lover—"desire to be rid of existence! desire to lose all that I hold dearest in this life! You do me injustice, Mary, when you name the vile thought." After a moment's pause, he added, "You do not then accept the liberty I offer you, Mary? Be it so, my beloved. Then I will still retain the treasure you have deposited with me, and we shall patiently wait for better times. Here again, then, Mary," he went on, "let us once more, and for the hundredth time, swear eternal fidelity to each other;" and the sacred though unwitnessed ceremony was again, and for the hundreth time, as Edwards had said, performed by the two lovers Both having now somewhat recovered from the agitation into which the topics they had been discussing had naturally thrown them, they began to speak more calmly and rationally of their present circumstances and future hopes.—Edwards now told Miss Blades that it was his father's intention to send him to an uncle who was in affluent circumstances at Madras, and who, he said, he had no doubt, as he had always been on excellent terms with his father, would soon put him in a way of mending his fortunes. "And in the course of a few years, Mary," he added, "I hope to return in such circumstances as will enable me to claim that happiness which I must now forego;" and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it affectionately.

In less than two weeks after this, Edwards embarked for Madras, but not, it may be believed, without arranging with his beloved Mary that a constant and regular correspondence should relieve the tedium of absence, and should compensate, as far as such a means can, for that personal intercourse which his distance from her was about to interrupt. In about a week more, Edwards arrived safely at the place of his destination, and was received by his uncle with open arms, and was not disappointed in the expectations he had formed from his friendship. The old gentleman insisted upon his living with him in his own house, and immediately invested him with the charge of an important department of his business. The

steadiness, activity and earnestness with which Edwards applied himself to the promotion of his uncle's interests, soon gained him the entire confidence of the old gentleman, who was so well pleased with his whole conduct, that in less than a twelve-month after his arrival at that Presidency, he admitted him to a partnership in his business. Edwards was then once more placed on the high road to independence, and with every prospect of being soon enabled to realize the pleasing anticipations which he had expressed, in a half playful mood, to the object of his affections before leaving the land of his misfortunes.

Leaving Edwards thus prosperously situated, we return to Miss Blades. Soon after the departure of her lover to Madras, her father removed to a small village called W——r, which is the head quarter station of a division of the Madras Army, with the view of living economically on the little residue of means which misfortune had left him.—Here the father, soon after their removal, became acquainted with a young man named Crowther, who held the situation of manager of the Post Office of the station. As his route to his office lay in the direction of Mr. Blades's residence, he never failed morning and evening, after he had become intimate with Miss Blades, to call in as he passed, to see if any little business could be transacted for them by him. Of these obliging offers the family availed themselves so far as to propose that all letters should be addressed to his care at the Post Office, when he would bring them on his return in the evening, and they would thus be put in possession of them more regularly than by the negligent servants of his office.

The true motives for these obliging attentions on the part of Mr. Crowther, were not at all suspected by any member of the family, nor the real inducement which so frequently brought him to the house. They knew not that it was a growing attachment to Miss Blades, whose beauty and accomplishments had made a deep impression on his heart. The wily youth had early learnt the connection which subsisted between his fair enslaver and Edwards ; for he had indeed already been the bearer of several letters to and from the Post Office between the lovers, and the knowledge of this circumstance deterred him from making any avowal of his sentiments, or of betraying it by his conduct and carriage, as he knew that his suit would be unsuccessful and his conduct at some future time afford a clue to the detection of the plans he contemplated. He had determined she should be his, at whatever expence of principle ; and he was not the man who would be niggardly in this respect, when he had a private end to serve. He in short resolved to avail himself of the peculiarly favorable opportunity he enjoyed at the Post Office of interrupting the correspondence of the lovers by withholding their letters, and leaving it to time, and the effects of this treachery, to work a change in his favor. Edwards's father soon after went the way of all flesh, and from that moment—and the reader will be at no loss to divine the reason, after what has just been said—all correspondence between the lovers ceased, and ceased so suddenly, too, on the part of the former, that the latter could attribute it to nothing but the occurrence of his death. Sometimes, indeed, a suspicion would cross her mind that he was faithless, and had sought for and found another to supply her place ; but she entertained these thoughts with reluctance, and could not reconcile them with the strain of warm and ardent attachment which breathed throughout the very last letter she had received from him. Edwards on his part, again, entertained exactly similar opinions regarding the sudden and mysterious silence of his fair corres-

pondent. She also attributed it at one time to death, and at another to change of sentiment. Of the first fears, however, both were relieved in the course of time, by hearing indirectly of each other's existence; but this only served to confirm the belief of each, that the other had proved faithless; and from that moment all attempts even at renewing the correspondence were on both sides abandoned. A circumstance at this time happened which served to confirm without doubt the supposed faithlessness of Edwards, and which fell like a thunderclap on her ears. Mr. Crowther, one evening, had forgotten a newspaper which he had laid on the table in the hall and retired home without giving it a thought. The maiden had come in too late to remind him of his forgetfulness, and she therefore thought it no harm for once to look into its pages, she having like her father imbibed a prejudice against the reading of one, and to gather from it such intelligence as would be useful to her.—She glanced over the advertising columns and there she found that her lover still existed; but, a moment after, she had swooned! under the head of Domestic Occurrences were blazoned forth to the world the following marriage:

"At St. Mary's Church, by the Revd. Ardn. V——n, Edward Edwards, Esq. of the firm of Edwards and Co. to Letitia Caroline, eldest daughter of W. B——l, Esq. merchant."

Her father, who had ran to her assistance as soon as he was aware of her situation took up the newspaper, after he had becalmed her to a gentle slumber, during which the violence done to her feelings showed itself and no sooner had he taken it up than his eyes, as if instinctively alighted on the very column which distressed his daughter. He strove to master his feelings as he read it, for he loved the youth to distraction, and had fondly looked for the day when he would behold him again, and as a son.—'Twas done—the deed was irrevocable, and his dear Mary must bear up as she best can.

In the meanwhile time passed on, and a year after the *supposed* (as we shall shew hereafter) marriage of Edwards, and three from the date of his departure for Madras, Mary Blades had become the wife of Crowther at the earnest solicitations of both her parents, who saw in him a most eligible match in point of circumstances for their daughter. She accordingly gave her hand, but, as she herself apprised her husband, not her heart, for that she said, she had not to bestow, About two years after her marriage, which, as might be anticipated from the circumstance which led to it, was by no means a happy one, Mr. Crowther's parents both died and in consequence he removed to the town of V——m, where he entered into partnership with a merchant, who had just established himself in business. Here Crowther soon after died, leaving his still young and beautiful widow very indifferently provided for. This was however very soon remedied by her accepting proposals of marriage from a young man, who had once been among the number of her wooers, and accordingly once more changed her name and condition, and now became Mrs. Smith.

Neither these changes, however—the results more of necessity than choice,—nor the lapse of time, could wean her affections from the object of her first love. To him in her secret moments her thoughts would still revert in spite of all her endeavours to turn them into a new channel, and often would the tear start into her saddened eye, as she reflected on the days of her youth and the happiness she had lost. These were feelings she could neither suppress nor control, but she took care to confine them to a proper place and never to allow them to interfere with the faithful dis-

charge of her duties as the wife of another, nor to impair that feeling of respect and esteem for her husband to which his worth and affection entitled him.—Edwards in the meantime had not been married as would lead any one to suppose from the notice above mentioned, for he resolved never to sue for another woman's hand, since he had lost the only one on the possession of which his happiness had been placed. But to the satisfaction of our readers we must state that at the same time as himself, a son of his uncle's was admitted to a partnership in his concern, whom his father thought proper to entangle in the chains of Hymen in order to wean him from societies which had well nigh ruined him and his fortune, notwithstanding all the admonitions tendered to him by his parents.—This was the marriage which deceived the faithful and affectionate Mary, and this had been the means of distressing her mind from the day she saw it announced to the world. Nor were Edwards' feelings dissimilar to Mary's. He accused her in his own mind of fickleness, and of being the ruin of his peace, but he still thought of her with the fervor and enthusiasm of a first love. These feelings so frequently and suddenly revived, with increased energy, that he directed some inquiries to be made regarding the fate of the object of his early affections; but the persons he whom had employed for that purpose could only inform him that she had married, and had left W——r. Time, and the changes it had brought, together with the circumstance of her removal, and second marriage, and the assumption of a new name had baffled all enquiries, and left no trace, at least none that the person employed by Edwards could discover, of her latter proceedings and ultimate destiny. On learning this, Edwards had determined to rid himself at once and for ever of all thoughts on the subject of his unfortunate attachment or its object, and to treat as a dream or a vagary of the imagination, the feelings it had once inspired; and in this mood time rolled on, till, if it had not entirely effaced, it had at least rounded and blunted, as it were, the sharp-edges and angles of his early impressions, leaving nothing but a heap of indistinct and undefined images; and in much the same way and with very similar effects it had passed over the innocent and unconscious cause of his misery. Edwards' wealth was in the meantime increasing apace; indeed he was already a rich man; for his uncle who had died a year before had left the whole business to him and his son, together with a portion of his possessions. But wealth was now to him of secondary importance: it had lost its chief object, if not its only value in his eyes, the power of procuring happiness.

Destiny is a strange wayward creature:—it oftentimes brings about some surprising coincidences, and what may be called parallelisms, in the events of our lives that we can hardly believe our existence. It was on a fine sun-shiny day in the month of April 183—, that a handsome carriage drove up to the house of a merchant on the Mount Road, and deposited an elderly gentleman and a lady on the stairs. The latter was in deep mourning, which added rather than diminished the beauty of a face which Lavater would have etched for the outline express of dignity, intellectuality, and delicacy. Her graceful and stately figure corresponded with her exquisitely feminine countenance. She was remarked upon by all whom she passed in her passage to the rooms where articles of British manufacture were spread out for the inspection of all whom it pleased, and her eyes now and again were seen to rise and fall while a faint blush rose upon her pallid cheeks. At last she hit upon an article which seemed to be indispensable to her, and immediately demanded its price, which she paid down and was on the

point of retiring when an exquisitely fine shawl attracted her attention at the other end of the room. It was purposely held out to view in order to attract her, if possible, to the spot which, by the accounts of the underwriters, their employer wished her to honor, and accordingly she walked up leaning on the arm of her male companion. All the partners were congregated at this particular spot, while the inferiors of the office were as equally anxious to view so beautiful a figure once more. As soon as she reached the spot, the notice she attracted deprived her of articulation, and hiding her blushing countenance within the folds of her handkerchief, bade her companion ask its price, and pay for it from a purse which she put into his hands. They were retiring from the shop when a young man crossed them in the passage, and they no sooner looked at each other than they were encircled in one another's arms! These were the fond and faithful lovers, Mary and Edwards.

The sequel of the story will be best told briefly. On the lady recovering, which she shortly did, from the temporary exstacy into which the appearance of her long lost lover had thrown her, mutual explanations, satisfactory to both parties, took place in a room adjoining the shop which was Edwards' and which he had attended so late. The treachery and baseness of Crowther, which his widow had lately suspected, was made evident, and the affection of the fond pair for each other which had only been smothered, not extinguished, again burst forth with no inconsiderable portion of its original force and fervour.

In three weeks after their meeting in the singular manner described, they were married, and are now enjoying all the happiness which they had anticipated from their union in the most sanguine days of their youth.

Edwards has retired from business, and his time is devoted to the cares of his household which has increased by the addition of a chubby-faced boy and two rosy cheeked girls, who are now playfully interrupting the author whilst conning over this imperfectly written tale of their parents' loves.

J. H. Q.

SONNET.

BY AN AMATEUR.

"Man's heart may change,—but Nature's glory never*,"
Too true, dear bard!—the moral of thy lay:
Yes, though life's *fancy colours* fade away,
And man's camelion-fate is varying ever,
Her lonely self doth "change" not—o'er this earth,
The self-same heaven doth spread its canopy
Whose thousand eyes, beamed brightly on its birth:—
The sun, the moon,—mere glories of the sky—
The sounding main,—the gentler streams that flow
Warbling in liquid accents,—mountains high
With tall pines crowned,—do never feel,—nor know
Such dark vicissitudes,—as oft below
Embitter man's existence,—misery
Is his sad dower,—and he,—blind Fortune's puppet-show!

August 16, 1842.

* D. L. R.

ON LIBERTY.

Spirit of Freedom ! on thine hallow'd brow
There sits a Seraph's glory ; and thine eye
Beams with immortal lightning ;—yes, for thou
Art a bright unpolluted flash of Heav'n,
The true Promethean spark to mortals giv'n :—
Thron'd in the soul with sceptred dignity
Like thine etherial lightnings unconfin'd
Thine empire is the boundless realm of mind ;
Heav'n thy bright birthplace,—being Eternity,
Bolts cannot hold thee, no,—nor dungeons bind
Thou spring'st upon the wings of Glory's wind !
Immortal Liberty ! and strik'st the Tyrant blind !

Brightest of spirits of celestial wing !
Thy Phœnix flam'd in Greece—in Rome arose
As the Olympic Pallas fulmining,
Till lost her Ægis :—in the desolate woes
Of Gothic night thine eye was slumbering,
Whilst Hell out-pour'd her densest cloud on cloud,—
Earth was a sepulchre, and man entomb'd ;
Then as Religion's Seraph dids't thou rise
Array'd in light and beauty ; and the shroud
That ages threw around thee, dids't despise ;
Life in thy gift, and glory in thine eyes,
Thy martyr brow with amaranth endow'd,
Thou cam'st no crownless Vision out the skies ;
Heav'n smil'd that hour, and Earth in beauty bloom'd !
Bolts cannot bind thee, no—nor flame nor flood,
Time, nor Time's tyrants, dungeons, chains nor blood ;
For Liberty ! thou art not of this sod,
Thy being, and thy being's beauty are from God !

†

SONNET TO FUTURITY.

Oh ! how my heart doth shrink,—while on thy sky,
Futurity !—I mark the gathering gloom,
Nursing the dreadful tempest in its womb,—
The tempest rude of woe and misery !
Though Fancy, with her ever-pleasing hue,
Lends a sweet charm to thy dim, distant scene ;—
Yet oh !—when the dark mists, that lie between
Thee and the present,—vanish from the view,
And sober reason,—like the vivid light,
That bursting from the storm-fiend's angry eye,
Points to the mariner's affrighted sight,
The yawning waves,—their dreadful revelry,—
Divests thee of thy fairy colours bright,—
What scenes appalling in thee I descry !

19*th August*, 1842. D——t.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF DEATH.

Seated on an ancient tombstone in a retired and unfrequented churchyard, I fell asleep and thus dreamed. Methought I was wandering in solitude among the graves, now deciphering with difficulty the time-worn monuments of men long dead, and now allowing my fancy to guess for me who were the occupants of the many green hillocks, where the simple initials rudely graven on coarse stone alone told of the occupant. My attention was especially arrested by a half-worn sculpture on a stone which bore the marks of great age. It was intended to be a representation of Death. There he stood a frightful, misshapen skeleton,—in one hand grasping a scythe, and holding an hour-glass in the other. "Fit representation (thought I) of that remorseless power, the enemy of man, which heedless of the best feelings of our nature sweeps away all that we hold dear, the young, the lovely, the useful, infancy and age—youth and manhood." I stood a considerable time gazing on that curious figure, and when I raised my head was astonished to see standing before me, a female clothed in the purest white. She bore in her hand a roll of many leaves, on the outside of which I could see written in legible characters the word "Death." Can it be (thought I) that this is Death? and I gazed in wonder on the stranger. Her face was cast in the most perfect mould of Grecian beauty. Her lofty forehead was of transparent whiteness. Her eyes were dark and clear, and the air of melancholy which her countenance bore, threw a charm of extreme beauty on her whole appearance. As I stood fixed to the spot by mingled feelings of wonder and admiration, she thus sang in a voice of exquisite sweetness, and in tones of the richest melody—

Why clothe ye me in a hideous form,
And with a ghastly mien?
Why think of me as a fearful storm
Best never to be seen?
And chase away the thoughts which rest,
Of me, within thy quiet breast?

Say, is there aught in my look or garb
To scare the soul of man?
Or, is there aught in my face or gait
The weakest may not scan?
Then why, oh why, my presence shun,
And from my footsteps quickly run?

Why call ye me the messenger dread
Of frightful ill and woe?
Who am the lover of man instead
And never was his foe
I seek his good from pole to pole,
And fill with joy his weary soul.

'Tis true that I far away remove,
From this world so sweet and fair,
The beautiful forms which mortals love
And lay them silent there—
But surely, surely it is best
To lead the lovely soon to rest.

I seek the couch of the mourning soul
Who weeps for loved one gone—
When I gently wave my leafy roll
That moment they are one.

I guide the spirit's upward flight
Then speed away beyond its sight.

I seek the cot of the feverish babe,
Rocked by its mother's arm,
My heart is pained when I hear its cry
And think of after-harm,
So gently I let the spirit fly
And pass to joy and bliss on high.

I seek the side of the aged man
And listen to his tales
Of his pleasures fled, and joys outran,
And many coming ails—
Softly I take him by the hand
And lead him to a better land.

I seek the door of the poor man's home,
And listen to the cry
Of little ones famishing in want
When nought of good is nigh—
I gently touch the heaving breast
And soon their longings are at rest.

I seek the bed of afflicted youth,
'Mid pain and anguish keen,
Where the years of gay and jocund mirth
Have but the chamber seen—
I raise him to the land above
Where early he had fixed his love.

Then, Oh mortal, say not Death is fierce,
Unfeeling or unkind;
But oh! rather say she blesses man
And soothes his troubled mind,
By leading him from Earth's rough strand
Home to a brighter, better land.

While she was singing the latter part I had stood listening with my eyes fixed on the ground. She stopped, I raised my head, but she was gone. While I was sorrowfully gazing around to trace her footsteps I awoke.

SONNET.

BY A YOUNG HINDU.

Oft, like a sad imprisoned bird, I sigh
To leave this land,—though mine own land it be:—
Its green-robed meads,—gay flow'rs,—and cloudless sky,
Though passing fair, have but few charms for me;
For I have dreamed of climes more bright and free,
Where virtue dwells,—and heaven-born liberty
Makes ev'n the lowliest happy;—where the eye
Doth sicken not to see man bend the knee
To sordid interest:—climes, where science thrives,
And genius doth receive her guerdon meet;
Where man in all his truest glory lives,
And nature's face is exquisitely sweet:—
For those fair climes I heave the impatient sigh;
There let me live, and there oh! let me die!

Kidderpore, 1842.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1842.

THE COPYRIGHT ACT.*

The new Copyright Act having passed into law, the inquiry has been frequently put to us—Will its provisions not reach us, and injure if not entirely put a stop to our publication? In answer to such inquiry let us first consider the provisions of the act as they refer to this country :—

By the second clause the meaning of the word "book" in the Act is defined to be "every volume, part or division of a volume, pamphlet, sheet of letter press, sheet of music, map, chart, or plan."

By the third clause it is enacted "that the copyright in every book which shall after the passing of this Act be published in the life-time of its author shall endure for the natural life of such author, and for the further term of seven years commencing at the time of his death, and shall be the property of such author and his assigns: Provided always, that if, the said term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of such book, the copyright shall in that case endure for such period of forty-two years; and that the copyright in every book which shall be published after the death of its author shall endure for the term of forty-two years from the first publication thereof, and shall be the property of the proprietor of the author's manuscript from which such book shall be first published, and his assigns."

The fourth clause extends the benefits of the Act to authors of books published before the passing thereof, and in which copyrights still subsist.

The fifth clause provides against the suppression of books of importance to the public.

From the sixth to the fourteenth refer to the registering of copies of every work published.

The fifteenth clause enacts "that if any person shall, in any part of the *British* dominions, after the passing of this Act print or cause to be printed, either for sale or exportation, any book in which there shall be subsisting copyright, without the consent in writing of the proprietor thereof, or shall import for sale or hire any such book so having been unlawfully printed from parts beyond the sea, or, knowing such book to have been so unlawfully printed or imported, shall sell, publish, or expose to sale or hire, or cause to be sold, published, or exposed to sale or hire, or shall have in his possession, for sale or hire, any such book so unlawfully printed or imported, without such consent as aforesaid, such offender shall be liable to a special action on the case at the suit of the proprietor of such copyright, to be brought in any court of record in that part of the *British* dominions in which the offence shall be committed: provided always, that in *Scotland* such offender shall be liable to an action in the court of session in *Scotland*, which shall and may be brought and prosecuted in the same manner in which any other action of damages to the like amount may he brought and prosecuted there."

* 5 and 6 Victoria I.

The sixteenth clause enacts that the defendant, on pleading to an action, shall give to the plaintiff a notice in writing of any objections on which he means to rely.

The seventeenth clause enacts " that after the passing of this Act it shall not be lawful for any person, not being the proprietor of the copyright, or some person authorized by him, to import into any part of the United Kingdom, or into any other part of the *British* dominions, for sale or hire, any printed book first composed or written or printed and published in any part of the said United Kingdom, wherein there shall be copyright, and re-printed in any country or place whatsoever out of the *British* dominions; and if any person, not being such proprietor or Person authorized as aforesaid, shall import or bring, or cause to be imported or brought, for sale or hire, any such printed book, into any part of the *British* dominions, contrary to the true intent and meaning of this Act, or shall knowingly sell, publish, or expose to sale or let to hire, or have in his possession for sale or hire, any such book, then every such book shall be forfeited, and shall be seized by any officer of customs or excise, and the same shall be destroyed by such officer: and every person so offending, being duly convicted thereof before two justices of the peace for the county or place in which such book shall be found, shall also for every such offence forfeit the sum of ten pounds, and double the value of every copy of such book."

The eighteenth and nineteenth extend the benefits of the Act to proprietors of any " encyclopædia, review, magazine, periodical work, or work published in a series of books or parts, or any book whatsoever"—possessing the copyright therein.

From the twentieth to the twenty-third reference is made to dramatic literary property, and musical composition.

The twenty-fourth refers to the method of maintaining an action laid against any breach of copyright laws.

The twenty-fifth makes all copyright " personal property, transmissible by bequest or in case of intestacy subject to the same law of distribution as other personal property."

The remaining clauses refer to the provisions of the new law not altering or affecting certain rights enjoyed by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, &c. &c. which as they have no reference to India we will not further notice.

From the above it is evident that if the provisions of every clause were strictly enforced, neither this nor any other journal in India or elsewhere in the British dominions, not wholly devoted to original communications, could continue in existence, unless the sanction of the proprietors of the copyright publications was obtained. Now in our opinion such was never intended by the framers and movers of the act to be the effect it should have upon periodical literature. It is true the provisions are very stringent, but it cannot be supposed that they will ever be carried to their furthest extent by authors or publishers. Newspapers and periodicals in all countries have their own sources of information, but these are in nine cases out of ten insufficient, and a system of extracting from their contemporaries or published works is the consequence, with due acknowledgment. Were the purpose of the act to stop this system, all such publications would be considerably diminished in size, and the public would be put to great inconvenience in being obliged to obtain not one source of *general* information, but several sources, each containing its particular item. Reviews of new works too would be out of the pale, and literary talent would have to struggle under very disadvantageous circumstances.

But one other remark remains—Are not works of every description benefited, and that greatly, by extracts therefrom appearing in contemporary publications? Undoubtedly—for their source is always given, and thus in fact the extracts serve as advertisements to the publications. Were authors and publishers to put a restriction on this good old system, they would bring down a tenfold injury upon themselves; for, except through the medium of newspaper advertisements, in what manner could the merits of works be made known to the public? To us the new act seems to have

been framed solely to destroy, and very properly, that nefarious practice, which has been carried to such an extent both in this land and in other parts of the British dominions, of republishing works in parts ere the volumes themselves can be imported;—and the terms of the act have been thus minutely specified that they may reach those who have hitherto been in the habit of leaving out a portion (sometimes a page) of a work in its republication, thereby escaping with impunity under the provisions of the old law. Here the new law will be a most admirable safeguard to literary talent.

Under all these considerations we give it as our firm conviction that the interests of our *maga* will in no wise be affected by the new act.

THE POET—A FRAGMENT.

Reclined upon a gorgeous bed of weeping flowers;
His manly brow with graceful wreaths entwined
Supported by his hand; his dark blue eyes
With their long lashes fringed, upturned to heaven,
Where still the radiant star of morn lingers
Reluctant, and with lessening ray showers
Sweetest influence, while the rosy hours
Knit with Aurora in the mazy dance,
Forget to ope the crystal gates of light;
His murmurs blending with the fragrant air
That swells with holiest music.
Or retired
Far in some shady bower, the muses'
Favourite haunt, where sparkling streamlets wind
Their noiseless course beneath o'er-arching trees
Loaded with crimson berries,—that tempting
Hang, to stockdoves wild, whose plaintive coo,
Mixed with the thrush's gayer note disturbs
The solemn silence. And when dewy eve
Enshrouds the earth, and all her gathering stars
Start up like spirits of the sainted dead,
Listening he sits, to Philomela's lay
That trembling floats upon the mournful wind—
Or on the towering top of some high cliff
He takes his dauntless stand when sable night
Her raven pinions spreads, and storm-clouds
Lour in fierce array.—The howling madness
Of the midnight blast: the lurid lightning's
Vivid flash, that casts o'er all the landscape
Dark a horrid hue; discovering wide
The distant trees, their leaves with rain-drops gemmed,
Waving like giants, and the glad stream
A swollen vein of silver, shouting down
From hill to hill; and the deep sound prolonged
Of thunders rattling among the mountain tops,
Or booming o'er the vales, are things of joy
To him, not fear, for he is nature's child.

7th October, 1842. ⊙

A SUNDERBUND SKETCH.

The winter sun had set, and the gorgeous west had closed upon him like a gate of gold. Night was thickening on apace, and the heavy dew fell chill and damp upon our little party, as we proceeded along a narrow path, cut through one of the most wild and romantic parts of the Sunderbunds. The raven ominously flapped its wings, and the owl shrieked as it sat retired among the thick and interlaced branches of the huge trees under which we passed. But the universal face of nature wore a bliss-inspiring smile, and the plaintive notes of Philomel, blended with the jackal's far-heard cry. Now and then we made a turn upon our track, and in doing so usually caught a glimpse of the broad river, tinged with the colours of the variegated and fantastic clouds that floated above, flowing between ranks of banians and wild figs that grew on both sides down to the water's edge; at other times the monotony of our journey was dispelled by the rich fragrance of the wild geranium or the broad and silvery *dhatura* that bloomed in wild luxuriance on either hand. Anon the myriads of fireflies, glancing like gems among the emerald branches of the tall and graceful bamboo, or resting in glittering crowds on the broad leaf of the wild plantain, or concealing their lustre amid the matted and waving grass, would divert from other objects, and attract, our attention. Thus we proceeded, halting at intervals, to pluck a curious flower or a wild pomegranate, until we arrived at an elevated plat of ground cleared in a great measure of trees and underwood. As night began to spread her ebon wings with little ceremony or warning, and as her attendant pages, the stars, began to start up one after another bespangling the glorious blue sky, we thought it most advisable to spread our tents in the dreary and desolate place at which we had arrived; and accordingly we were soon seated by a brisk warm fire, while a savoury dinner smoked upon the table.

Our situation however was rendered deplorably uncomfortable by the absence of Hunter, a recent exportation from "good ould Ireland," who, impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, had, with six sepoys, notwithstanding our entreaties and expostulations, taken a different route, intending to join us at the close of day.

Hunter was a tall slip of a lad, with a fine, open, and intelligent countenance, an elegant though slight form, a high massive intellectual forehead, and a pair of dark swimming full eyes which breathed in an eloquent though mute language the nobleness of his soul. Add to these the suavity and kindness of his manners, and the ardent, warm and affectionate temper of his mind, and the picture is complete.

To return to my story. Hunter, as I afterwards learned, travelled for some time after our separation, whistling and singing to himself, in a happier mood than that of the blithest lark when heralding the sun on a fresh spring morning. But as the orb of day sunk in glory behind the horizon, and darkness overspread the earth and enveloped his path, the tall trees with their deep grim shadows, assumed to his imaginative eye the appearance of beckoning spectres, and the wild and wailing cry of the *fahoo*, that resounded fitfully among the woods, reminded him of the lordly beasts of prey that infect these forests. He was not the man however to

start at his own thoughts, or be frightened by his own monologues ;—so raising his rifle he strode along, followed by the half dozen natives that accompanied him.

The moon had scarcely journeyed half her destined course in the heavens, when he found himself on the borders of a marsh, interspersed with clumps of thick and rank grass, whose wet blades glistened in the soft and gentle light of night's radiant queen.

He was losing himself in recollections of the past, and feasting his eyes with the glorious scene around him,—the tranquil marsh and the gloomy ridges of dark green grass on one hand, and on the other the thick impenetrable forest,—when he was startled by a long low growl, and immediately after the thicket to his right seemed to bend beneath some powerful resistance; the dried branches fell crashing to the ground, and a fierce tiger bounded with a roar upon the bewildered travellers. Terrified and astounded by the suddenness of the event, Hunter for a moment lost his wonted fortitude and let fall his loaded rifle to the ground; but with him thinking and acting were the same, and the next moment restoring him his self-possession, found him grappling hand to hand with the strong and fiery animal that lashed its tail and gnashed its teeth in fury and disappointment. He had naturally expected to receive some assistance from the armed natives, but picture his horror and astonishment when on looking round, he found he was alone! The sepoys had fled far away, without even stopping to learn the fate of their luckless and ill-starred master. But even in this extremity his presence of mind did not forsake him. For some time he actually battled with the maddened beast, aiming his blows at its eyes and nostrils, until by a desperate evolution and effort, he raised his rifle from the ground. To aim and fire at his adversary was the work of an instant, and the next moment found him coolly reloading his piece, his garments clotted with blood and dust! The lord of the forest had fallen never to rise again!

By this time, the aspect of the heavens had changed. Huge black clouds rolled in congregated masses screening the lovely blue firmament and the myriad eyes of night; the red lightning flashed along the murky heavens—the spirit of the storm rode on the midnight blast, howling fearfully among the falling trees—the angry thunder pealed loud and terrible, and the recesses of the forest prolonged the awful sound until it subsided into a faint and feeble echo. Now and then the splash of trees falling into the lake, mingled with the chattering of frightened birds and monkies and the roar of the distant river, that flowed with the fury of a torrent. The rain descended fast, and the big drops which monotonously pattered on the leaves,—when exposed for a moment by the lightning-flash, might have seemed to the eye of a poet emeralds studded with brilliant diamonds.

To this night of gloom and horror succeeded a comparatively fair morning. The sun rose bright and beautiful. The jungle resounded with the songs of birds, and the trees empearled with rain drops rejoiced in the morning beam. We were all conversing about poor Hunter, and his unusual disappearance when he entered. But what a sad change had the occurrences of one night wrought; his garments and his dark hair were dripping with rain, his voice had become hollow, his eyes red, fiery and swollen, his face had lost its usual intelligent air, and his noble form was defaced and mangled by many a gory wound. A virulent and fatal jungle fever was the consequence.

About five days after the occurrence narrated above, on a cold gusty evening, I sat beside poor Hunter's bedside. He was now the wreck of his former self. The rose had fled from his cheeks and given place to a sallow and sickly colour, his frame had lost its elasticity, and his eyes their wonted lustre; occasionally they were closed in convulsions, while short incoherent, and impatient speeches burst from his burnt and parched lips. Blood was gushing profusely from his gums, and his breathings were sonorous and thick. As I placed my hand on his clay-cold brow and smoothed down his dishevelled raven locks, he began to speak volubly—"There was poison in the cursed cup—Hush, Hinny, don't speak; don't you see your dear mother's ill and dying—come here and I shall deck your bonny hat with the loveliest flowers that I ever plucked—Here's wild chamomile, blue harebells, violets filled with dew and breathing richest fragrance—Hush! Heard ye not a groan!—Horror of horrors!—Haste thee, boy! haste thee—don't ye see the dark clouds gathering like demons overhead—nay 'tis but a clap of thunder reverberated and echoed among the mountain cliffs—Don't cling to me, child—Pray to him for protection—God bless thee, my lad! And that dark shadow looming across the impenetrable darkness, who may he be!—I must away e'er the morrow,—Good-bye, mother—Hinny, Jewel, farewell—Far o'er the broad blue waves to Ind's romantic shores—Don't weep, boy—tears are unmanly—I'll send thee pearls and gold which they say may be had there for the gathering." On a sudden he stopped for want of breath, his thoughts were evidently wandering to his once happy home; he then calmly resumed—"The birds are singing now—the storm is o'er—and ——" His gaspings choked his utterance, his voice became feebler and feebler, until it died away like the faint and distant whisperings of the midnight breeze. His eyes closed with a shudder, his hand clutched convulsively, his teeth firmly set against each other, a hectic flush passed across his countenance, and as the last rays of the setting sun streamed gloriously into the apartment, his spirit was freed from the clog of mortality. Hasty but solemn were our preparations for his funeral; aided by the light of the silvery moon that rose in cloudless and serene majesty with her attendant radiant train, we lowered his body to his new made and final place of rest. The service was read with solemn and unaffected earnestness; and as the earth closed upon the beautiful and kind-hearted youth, there was not one among our mournful groupe whose heart throbbed not with pious sorrow, and whose eye was not bedewed with the tear of compassion.

After the lapse of some months we returned by the same route; but there was little new to enliven it. The wooded dales and the waste glens were all the same. Here the majestic *seemul* or cotton tree stood erect crowned with its crimson blossoms; and there the hoary *burr* rooted in barrenness on the craggy side of the ravine, threw abroad its gigantic and leafless arms in naked deformity; the ringdove cooed in plaintive accents among the trees, and the startled stag rushed past us with the swiftness of the wind. As we reached the spot where our unhappy companion had been deposited, we found a tall and slender clump of bamboos sighing over his tomb: at some distance sat a *sunyassee*, his hair matted and braided into a natural turban, his body smeared with ashes and protected from the cold by a tiger's skin; he glared at us with the eye of madness as we passed him, muttering to himself in his own wild and discordant notes, but we heeded him not, for our thoughts were entirely engrossed by the premature, unexpected, and lamentable end of Harry Hunter. G. C. D.

LINES,

TAKEN FROM "RECORD OF THE FEAST OF ST. BARTHELMY"—AN UNPUBLISHED POEM. BY A LOCAL WRITER.

The spot where Virgil found a grave
Is watered by the southern wave,
Which dashing round the promontory
Of Cape Minerva high and hoary,
Rolls gently heaving to where throng
The Sirenusæ isles of song.—
—There throned on Ocean Ischia's isle,
And Capri's heights are seen the while,
Where Rome's self-hated tyrant bore
The raspings of remorse of yore,
High seated on that rocky shore
Beyond the blue Sorrentine bay,
Whose peaceful waters softly flowed
Beneath his fairy-like abode
—Why felt the tyrant less than they ?

On that blest shore* where once I dwelt,
Where first I lived—and loved—and felt—
Fair Naples lies, her white walls shining,
Their shadows o'er the wave reclining,
Reflect on Ocean's changeless blue
The cadence of a mellower hue ;
Oft from Œnaria's sandy steep
Mine eye hath hailed thee o'er the deep :
Land of the loved old Homer's, Tasso's theme,
Hath hallowed thee with Glory's deathless dream.

The golden shores of Baiæ's bay
No longer to the gaze display
Her softer beauties which of old
The eye had kindled to behold.
Those gardens of Hesperides,
(Which overlooked the azure seas)
The incense of whose heavenly breath
Stole o'er the wave that slept beneath,
So rising high—so wildly driven
O'er earth and sea, and thence to heaven,
Are now no more—the scene is changed—
All save the magic spot estranged—
The lizard nestles in the grass,
Or crawls the marble's broken mass ;

* No country that I have ever seen is, in my opinion, equal to Naples and its environs. Let the man who has any love for sublime poetry read John Edmund Reade's "Italy." I think it is one of the noblest works that have ever been written in our language, and it cannot but delight the true lover of genius ; his vivid and impressive style will place him amongst the grenadiers of British poets.

So sadly sounds the screech-owl's song,
Where flowers are few, and weeds are strong ;
And grey and ghastly stands by night
The wreck on Cape Misemme's height
Where Marius reared a soft retreat,
And cooled awhile Ambition's heat—
——There is a charm which none can tell,
That moves the feeling soul to dwell
On every spot of this famed shore,
As though she still were something more
Than a fallen land to suckle slaves,
Who creep to their inglorious graves.
There's music felt in every sound,
Which breaks upon the air around—
There's fragrance in the meanest flower
That's born to die within the hour—
There's beauty in her heavenliest form arrayed—
But what are these when Freedom is decayed ?

Sons of Rome ! do ye inherit
No portion of your fathers' spirit ?
The haughty brow—the ardent eye,
That valour which would dare the die !
To free itself from slavery ?
The athletic form—the impassioned air
Which burned in them I trace e'en there,
Or partly trace in ye—the same.
Arise ! Unite ! Ah why so tame ?
Souls of your sires ! degenerate men
Why may ye not be hard as then ?
And *do* I hear ye answer thus—
" The electric spark is not in us ! !
" Our sons are soft—our skies are clear.
" But Freedom lives not—breathes not here."

Ye who have watched the lava streaming
When bursting from its sulphurous goal,
In gathering columns redly gleaming
Its snake-folds down the mountain roll,
Annihilating realms which stood
Time and the foe—all save *its* flood.
Ye who have chanced to see expire
That cataract of coming fire,
And stagnate to a deadening mass
O'er which ye trample as ye pass,
May think on Rome of what she *was*,
And what she *is* :—that such should be,
Oh ! servile sons of Italy !
The Cæsar's crown—Etruria's name—
Defiled in bondsmen dead to fame—
Alive in all that treats of *shame*.

TO AN INMATE.

Poor little fluttering heart! be still,
Nor think that every mortal ill,
Which doth the world with misery fill,
Attends thy lot;
O'erflowing with malignant rage
Against thy peace, if foes engage,
And fierce, unequal combat wage,
It matters not.

Perchance thou hast been basely used,
Betrayed, deep-wounded, and abused,
Who never yet a pang refused
For human grief;
Yet, let the fools of fortune boast,
By sensual, low pursuits engrost,
A few more annual suns, at most,
Will bring relief.

Soon will thy pained vibrations cease,
Soon death may sign the hoped release,
Safe passport to the realms of peace,
And endless joy;
There with some pure seraphic choir,
Thou'lt tune the sweetly sounding lyre,
And love divine the theme inspire
Free from annoy.

4th June, 1842. J. H. Q.

LIFE—ITS JOY AND HOPE.

I.

What is life, it's pride and glory!
Worldly joys, how short their story!
Fading hopes, and passions vain,
Pleasures, soon exchanged for pain,
Invite us onwards, o'er a sea,
Where all is hidden treachery.

II.

Its joy is like a meteor's blaze,
That sinks unheeded, while we gaze,
Fair, as the rose's virgin bloom,
Transient as its sweet perfume;
A morning star, a moment bright,
Then melting from the gazer's sight.

III.

And hope is but a single ray,
That glitters only to betray,
That cheers our wretched captive gloom,
To gild the horrors of our tomb,
And while we clasp its visions fair,
They melt—we wake—and all is *air*.

THE MORNING HOUR.

I.

Night shades, farewell! the morning air,
Sports in fresh gladness o'er the lea,
The ruddy orient, smiling fair,
Thrills the heart with extasy.

II.

The grass-green lawn, the dew-drop's gem,
The fairy rose-buds blooming there,
The *bel* from on its fragile stem,
Spreads its fragrance, far and near.

III.

The golden chumpa's opening cup,
Diffuses sweets, by th' light gale borne,
And the fair lotus sprouting up,
Smileth with th' smiling morn.

IV.

The cooing cushat leaves its nest,
And wild birds sing to greet the day,
And yonder streamlet's billowy breast,
Glistens in the morning ray.

V.

The sky, the wide, the azure sky,
Is fresh and fair, as aught can be;
No speck or cloud is there on high,
To blight the morning scenery.

VI.

Firm on the mountain's sunlit brow,
Our roof the bright, and deep blue sky—
This is the time, and this the hour,
To lift our hearts on high.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

Grant's Oriental Heads. No. XII.—Thacker and Co.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the twelfth number of the Oriental Heads. The present issue contains Sketches of a Rohilla Warrior—a Saruswat Brahmin—a Sunyasee—and a Battiya Mahajun, all of which fully sustain the high reputation of the artist. The object of the publication, as our readers are probably aware, is the completion of a series of Sketches representing the various Oriental tribes and classes. The scarcity of fitting subjects to be found in the city of Calcutta, and the ignorance and superstitious scruples of uneducated Musalmans have, however, impeded the progress of the work, and the artist very modestly appeals to such of his subscribers as may possess a more extensive acquaintance and sufficient influence with the natives, to introduce to his notice representatives of the classes or denominations yet wanting to complete the series. We trust he will not appeal in vain. It would be a work of supererogation to recommend the *Sketches* to our readers, for they are already (or ought to be) on every drawing-room table in India.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1843.

OUR WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! the old church clock with its bell and its chime,
Loves to mark how swift travel the feet of time!
It has counted the minutes, and told the hours,
As spring marks its season by blossoms and flowers.

By that old clock we've counted how years passed on,
How youth lost its brightness, how friendships have gone;
By its chimes we have measured how life's joys flew,
That Time brush'd away as the sun sips dew.

But—the bell strikes twelve, and the tide of Time,
Is mark'd by the merriest peal of the chime!
It is sweet in this moment of joy to hear,
That peal as it welcomes the New-born Year.*

A love of literature, like virtue, is its own reward, and the enthusiasm, which some experience in the permanent enjoyment of a well selected and extensive library, has far outweighed the neglect or calumny of the world, to which some of its votaries have been subjected.

Reviews and Literary Journals excite a perpetual interest amongst lovers of literature. They are (or should be) the chronicles of taste and science, and present the existing state of the public mind; while they form a ready resource for those leisure hours, which men of letters are unwilling to pass idly. A literary journal should be the work of many different tempers, and talents. An individual, however versatile and extensive his genius, would soon be exhausted. A prospect, always extending as we proceed, of considering one's self as the arbiter of literature—to fling around the present the solemn hues of memory or the spiritual light of hope, animate a journalist at the commencement of his career: but the mind of the literary labourer becomes fatigued and overstrained, and to supply his craving pages, he gives copious extracts till the journal becomes tedious or fails in variety. With what gratitude and truly epicurean pleasure he receives the valuable assistance of congenial spirits, thus aiding him to keep his literary bark well before the wind of public opinion. How often he reverts with pride, to his pages having been the medium of drawing forth the dormant stores of a talented mind, diffi-

* Altered and adapted to our purpose from an English contemporary of October.—Ed.

dent of its own powers. No person, however far he may be from equalling those great men whose names will be known and honoured in all ages, need despair of being able to add something to the amount of human knowledge—to the instruction or amusement of society. No situation in life, however unfavorable or however little likely to afford opportunities for scientific inquiry, is such, as utterly to shut out the individual from the possibility of knowing and appreciating the natural wonders and beauties which surround him—few but either have innate abilities given them, of describing these, or have by education, acquired them. In many instances, men, with much leisure time, have done nothing to extend the boundaries of knowledge—whilst others, in the midst of almost incessant toil and application, have yet found time to discover truths before unknown, and to extend the utility of those which were known, by imparting to the reading world the results of their pleasing labor—to such men reading and study must be also a grateful resource and relaxation, thus improving their hours of leisure, to the advantage of themselves and the public.

From a parliamentary return just received, it is stated, that so great has been the increase of reading amongst the people of England and Wales that the circulation of newspapers alone, exclusive of periodicals and other publications constantly issuing from the press, has nearly doubled in the last fourteen years, whilst in Scotland it has more than trebled. What shall be said for this part of the world ? It is a pleasing satisfaction to us, not only in our character of journalists, but as ardent lovers of literature, to observe, and be able to point out the self-evident fact, that the Indian community has thrown off its torpid character as a non-reading one. We think it can be safely asserted that amongst the European community a considerably greater desire after literature has been excited, as evinced by the increased number of publications, daily, weekly and monthly issuing from the press, and we flatter ourselves the appearance during the past twelve months of our own little "maga," and the support it and several others of a similar class have received from the public, is a convincing proof that such is the case ; whilst amongst the native community the proportion of the reading public at the present period is as three to one of 1838.

In closing our brief remarks we with pleasure state that the steadily increasing support both of subscribers and contributors to our periodical encourages us to look forward with as much confidence to the result of the present year's labors, as we have experienced pride and satisfaction in reverting to those of the past. During the ten months of our existence we have kept steadily before our eyes, the object with which we started, "to provide reading for all classes of society—to establish a journal, the perusal of which shall prove a seasonable relaxation to the mind when oppressed and wearied with the stern realities of life ; and which shall at the same time, as a record of facts, literary, scientific, political and historical,—furnish useful information in a brief and interesting form."—We trust we have fulfilled our pledge, and have endeavored to meet all objections against the arrangement or style of our selections. And now with our best bow to the year that is gone, we leave our readers, returning them our thanks for favors already received, and wishing them one and all a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW—A TALE.

Who has not watched with rapt and softened heart,
The summer's sun in loveliness depart;
The still repose of that angelic hour
Too deeply felt for words to breathe its power;
The roseate skies, whose farewell colours seem
To float and mingle with the ocean stream;
Bright, blue—and vast, while mountain, coast and hill
Respire the richness which its hues instil—
—These are life's moments, these—but oh how few!
When the full soul is opened all anew,
And conjures into being the long past
And buried dreams of youth, which ne'er may last.
As melts the iced wave 'neath the solar beam
And gradually widening to a stream
Rolls down the mountain, to the dark abyss
Which foams beneath the watery precipice—
Some former thoughts of hate which we have nurst,
Turn to forgiveness—love—or are dispersed—
Some former wrongs which shut the heart by day
Are changed—or lightened into friendship's ray.
Ethereal hour!—'tis well thy hues have past,
But living memory paints thee to the last!

The sun hath sunk, and light and darkness now
Contend around the distant mountain's brow—
His last faint ray shoots o'er yon columned height,
And pauses with a blessing on its site!
Hark! to the golden-columned waterfall,
That bears its flashing brightness over all,
To the brown rocks, whose giant shadows sweep
The mirrored surface of the slumbering deep—
Towering their tufted scalps which piercing through
The rolling clouds, obstruct the dizzy view.
Above, spreads glowingly a sapphire sky;
Around, the scene is bright as rapture's eye—
And far beneath is heard the hollow roar
Of crisp waves breaking on the pebbled shore—
That watery world by millions trod, whose depths
Leave not a token to retrace their steps:—
But these the lone wreck tempest-tossed may tell
What baffled crew within its fathoms dwell.
Duskier, and darker yet—now steals along
O'er the hushed wave the Lazaroni's song—
And falls in airy echoes on the ear
So softly sweet, so musically clear—
—Drowned by the sudden dash of oars which fall
In the deep wave, that skirts the moss-grown wall—
And now emerging from the darkened moat,
Fast flies the spray before the fisher's boat!

In the sweet south—'tis summer's endless reign;
Her roseate footsteps lighten each domain:—
Where heaven, and earth, and sea their charms divest
To make man happy, and his spirit blest;
Where every bud that blows, and flower which blooms,
Fills the live air with gentlest perfumes;
Where every breeze comes wafted from above,
Pure as the spirit-breath of earliest love;
There every wave that rolls, in clearness, dye,
And depth with the o'er-arching heavens may vie.
—And such thou art, Italia!—far removed:

First seen—and last beheld—and best beloved!
Italia! though thou art no more for me
Than are the dead; the music of that sea,
The softness of those skies are not effaced;
Though exiled on this barren beaten waste,
Where nature, blasted by her sunbeam, lies
Parched to the core, and all too early dies!
In the sweet south—where mellows into night
The shady evening's intermediate light,
As one by one the peopled stars on high
Leap into light, and live along the sky;
As rising full in glory—at night's noon,
Crowned by her circling iris, mounts the moon—
'Tis there and then that Love uplifts the veil,
And breathes in Beauty's ear, her passionate tale;
That stoops to listen to those strains, which are
Love's best interpreter—the gay guitar.
Oft at that hour receding from the shore,
The barge is seen—and heard the dripping oar;
Oft at that hour, my soul dids't thou appeal—
Away!—it was a feeling all must feel—
What need of words to tell *why* throbs the heart?
Does not the sense its own desire impart?
Go! ask of woman, whose whole soul is given
To love—the copious draught imbibed from heaven.

But Ciril must not dwell upon
Such thoughts, as others might have done—
The passionate vow of former years,
Yet wrung its requiem in his ears—
When all his soul was given to strife,
And desperation clasped her knife;
Where thoughts of vengeance dark, and deep,
First waked the serpent from its sleep,
Which long had lulled its coiling heap;
Came back upon him, and imbued
His breast with strange disquietude!
These—ay, and more than these, had left
His brow in furrows—and bereft
That heart which once, but now no more,
Could see in every leaf, and flower,
A genial warmth which seemed to pour
A charm o'er every flying hour;
Now, wretched wanderer, where be those
Who smiled for thee, and thou for them?—
Dear women and the radiant rose,
Despoiled alike of every gem;
Yes, things thy heart did most approve,
No longer have the power to move!
Fountains whose natural music seemed to fall,
More sweet than the electric sounds, that sailed
Through the illumined, and high festive hall,
Where the gay banquet, and the dance prevailed:
Gardens with bright flowers tissued o'er, which bent
Their bowering leaves bedashed with morning dew,
Or garlanded together, while they lent
Their sweets unto the freshening breeze that blew—
These—all have vanished or have left behind
No trace save that of sadness to thy mind!

To feel thus lonely and to know
That heaven above, and earth below
Are happy, or at least seem so—
To look upon the summer's sea,

And on the sun that gives relief
To loneliness, the child of grief,—
And flowers, which open to the breeze
Their delicate leaves bedashed with rain,
As Beauty's lips when parted, drain
The essence of the soul which lies
In burning kisses—broken sighs—
So fond, so passionately moist,
The ravished soul is o'er-rejoiced.
To hear the young birds song at even,
Or watch it wing its flight to heaven,
To know that *these*, and all are glad,
Yet feel that *we* alone are sad,
Is hateful :—'tis not kind to smile,
In them, when we must weep the while.

But his cheek is blanched, and his lips are white,
And his strained eyes flash an unnatural light—
What is his gaze so fixed upon ?
Lo ! a step invites, and a hand beckons on.
He heard a voice—but whither gone ?
Was it the night winds as they crept
Softly through the boughs that slept ?—
As beauty's fingers sound the lyre
And wake to harmony each wire.
Was it the echo of the wave,
Recoiling from the wraiked cave ?
It comes again—is't from the grave ?—

The moon and all her train are shining
Along the sea, and shore, and sky,—
But the clouds which move
In their spheres above
Like the shroud o'er the face of the corse reclining,
Shall veil the glory from thine eye ;—
The calm wave tops, and waters near
In soft and mellowed whispers, some
At distance strike upon the ear,
Like echoes of a muffled drum ;—
The low breeze, as it stirs the billow,
Seems to slumber on its pillow ;
The light winged bark is wafting o'er
The deep blue waters from the shore,—
And thou dost idly sit alone
And muse on yon gray granite stone.
Arise ! thy sister's shade is by thee,
A spirit's footsteps hover nigh thee,
A spirit's inspiration thralls thee,
Listen to the voice that calls thee :
Seek thy foe, and I will charm him,
With a spell that shall disarm him.
Hence—to-night he shall discover
How he slew the luckless lover ;
Thy sister's wrong he shall impart
And his hell shall be his heart.

—A slow mist rolled along the earth,
And rose dissolving into air.
Nor sight, nor other sound stole forth,
Save the sea music, and the low
Hushed wind that wavered to and fro !—
—Not a shadow remained of what had been there !

Sudden he starts,—and forward darts—
With a mixed emotion of rage and fear,

As though each word—which he had heard—
Were a thunder's knell upon his ear.
Where was he? by the ocean strand—
That form—that voice—that beckoning hand—
Was it a wild and boding dream,
That flashed upon him like a gleam
Of light descending from above?—
A thought of dread—a thing of love!—
He stands like a statue devoid of life,
But the changed lip, and distorted gaze,
Impart the anguish of mental strife,
Better than what the clenched hand displays.
Without the power to move, or speak,
He passed his hand o'er his brow, and cheek:
Were they changed, and chilled by the damp night air?
No; the sweat of agony was there!
How long I know not—he might still
Have stood upon that haunted hill,
But that the influx of the tide,
Which foamed, and flowed on either side,
Breasting the rocks with its salt rain,
Dashed o'er his burning brow, and brought
The darkened sense of withering thought
Back upon his aching brain.

Hark, how sweetly steals along
The chorus of the maiden's song!—
And lights upon the listening ear,
In mellowed accents soft and clear.
Now dies,—as die the liveliest shakes
Of music, when the lutes-tring breaks
Suddenly, and we regret
The sounds we cannot all forget!—
It is the vesper hour, when all
Is hushed beneath heaven's milky way,
That hour when men, and children fall
Upon their bended knees to pray,
As the last gleam of daylight fades
Along the earth, in deeper shades!
When the bright stars softly quiver
Their radiance o'er the rushing river—
When cradled Innocence doth rest
Pillowed on its mother's breast,
Conveying to the mind a thought
Of heaven, in earthly likeness wrought—
With blooming cheek, and bright blue eyes
A being from *that* Paradise
We dream of—hope for—breathe of—rave—
Elysian lands beyond the grave—
Ay soothe! but is there no discerning,
Those joys for which the soul is yearning?
And must we plod through weary years
Of penury—and toil—and tears—
And with a bleeding heart behold
The pulse of love reserved, and cold—
And sympathy deny her ray—
And friendship at the root decay—
And cheer us with the doubtful hope
Of that for which we have no scope?

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But oh, to watch the closing strife
As fade the lineaments of life!

The passionless look—those hues that streak
The softened form of Beauty's cheek ;—
Until at last, they fade away,
And all is o'er—the loved—the lost—
All—save the worm, the heart's decay,
Of those we cherished most————
Yet ;—if to be with those o'er whom
Are reared the ponderous marble tomb ;
To lightly tread the realms of bliss
With those whom death's bereaving kiss
Hath darkened o'er—and palely printed
The lips with former roses tinted :—
Our heart's blood-drops may yet flow on—
The bright reward is cheaply won !

'Tis midnight !—the blue mountains pier
At varied distance, tier on tier—
Their granite scalps, gigantic pile,
Distinctly seen, from many a mile—
As wandering 'neath their sheltered base,
On high their summits seem to grow,
In one vast chain of crowded space
And spread, and lengthen as ye go.
The rounded moon reflects her shape
Upon the wave that skirts the cape ;
Which foams, and sparkles to its bank,
Whose hazy dews rise thick and dank—
Save the shrill cricket in the grass,
And the low murmur of the rill,
Nor sound nor step is heard to pass—
The leaves just rustle :—all is still !
From earth, to heaven, around, above,
The very atmosphere breathes love !
That thought might rove, and fancy range,
And deeper grow with every change.
Fair Nature ! thou art beautiful,
If man would not thy charms annul.
His sickly restlessness of soul
Inflicts—subdues—usurps the whole.
Ye who have communed with the stars,
And cast to earth the claudent bars
That bind the aspiring thought, which fain
Would soar from earth without its chain,
And mingle with the beams of heaven,
As when the captive's bonds are riven
He leaps to light—exalted, reeling,
Drunk with the weight of freedom's feeling,
Must feel the loathing of excess,
For the world's utter worthlessness—
Its idols—and idolators—
Who kneel, and worship in their turn—
Smile on—smile on ! let others mourn
Their blasted hopes, and hearts forlorn,
To-morrow's sun shall rise as fair
And point *your* loadstar of despair !—
Blest orbs of far intensity,
We turn our eyes from earth, to ye—
Which *might* have been or yet *may* be
Our heritage, * * *
* * * * * *

Deluding dreams—the captive quits
His dungeon, where the spirit sits,
Brooding o'er the blessed thought
Of freedom, never *wholly* bought

Yet he too, he may breathe at length
From fetters which debar his strength,
And look on Nature, with an eye
Of love, and mute idolatry—
And every field, and every flower,
That hails him in his respite hour,
Shall help to blot away, or hide
Those troubled truths which else might chide—
And every bird upon the wing
Shall seem to him a fairy thing.
And every breeze that stirs athwart
The leaves, shall whisper to his heart—
Till all that *was*, however dark
Seems anchored by Oblivion's bark,
For he is free !—he breathes—he lives
Material boon which Nature gives
Alike to all—he shares in part.
—But darkness shrouds ! what sudden change ?
The prison walls around him range,
And he is left to his despair
Beyond the sense of light, and air—
To mope—and moan his wrecked estate,
Or madden o'er his matchless fate !—
'Tis *thus* from yonder circling lights,
The marvel of our souls, and sights,
We turn to grope in darkness here,
And reckless of our safety, steer
Towards the eddying gulph of sin,
And plunge the shattered bark therein.
In giddy circles wildly moving
We heed not wisdom's vain reproving,
But only labour to disperse
The breathings of the serpent's curse !

PART II.

There stands a tower with its tall grey spire,
And granite column,
Whose battlements to heaven aspire
Ancient—and solemn !—
Such as in days of yore
If legends tell us true,
The baffled foe retreated from before
The desperate few ;—
As o'er its lordly tower
The feudal banner flew !—
In token of the baron's power
To guard his own in war's assailing hour.
The drawbridge and the pillared roof,
Which echoed to the courser's hoof,
As he crossed the grated floor,
Are mantled with the ivy o'er—
Upon the greensward spread around,
Lie coffined in the vaults beneath,
Whose solitudes are those of—Death !

Battle hath such fearful charms,
When mutual wrongs inflame to arms—
When mutual tyrants entertain
The savage thirst of blood, or gain !
But *we*—the hirelings of an hour,
To support a worthless power,
Bare our bleeding bosoms, for
To receive the shock of war.

—Was it so ordained by heaven ?
Dare such horrors be forgiven ?
By yon heaven which seems to tremble,
When the clashing hosts assemble !
For the fate of millions, now
Pressing wildly—onwards how
They fall in masses underneath
The sweeping scythe of Death !
Ready down and charge ! no quarter—
'Tis sprung ! behold the mine of slaughter !
What shattered files of columns call
Aloud for vengeance as they fall !
A grave uncoffined, and unknelled—
The foe repelling or repelled—
Awaits the soldier ; and though torn,
The banners which his arm hath borne,
His shroud, what nobler might be seen
Than those loved idols which have been
His god—his saviour from his birth—
A deity adored on earth
In wild enthusiasm ?—that brow,
That veteran brow, which smiled away
The dangers of the bloody fray,
Before those treasured toys will bow ;
Ay—tears, warm, young, and fresh, will streak
For them the soldier's war-worn cheek !
Such were the scenes—how altered since that hour
When stormy battle issued from her halls !—
And armies hostile to her pride and power
Shook like an earthquake round her biased walls ;—
Within its arch, and round its stony base,
The dark-green ivies thickly interlace,
As downwards glimmering from the turrets steep
The lengthening shadows of the twilight sweep !

At the west angle of the building,
The moon's broad beam its surface gilding,
A temple stands—an olden one,
Where cloudy Time's disclaiming fingers
Have scarce their mournful duty done—
The Aves of the vesper choir,
Reverberate through its aisles no more—
The wreathing incense, and the flowers
Which graced its shrine in happier hours,
Where are they ?—gone, for ever gone !
But yet how tranquilly thereon
The twilight of Religion lingers !
We enter straightway, and the mind arrested,
Pauses upon the naked majesty
Of hallowed things, which Time hath warped or wrested,
Relics which with eternity may vie.
Around, are mailed knights in marble fraught,
Severe in aspect, but no less sublime ;
O'er which the brunt of centuries hath wrought
No further change than that confirmed by Time—
The spectral hues of greyness :—turn and see
In rough Baronial boldness, hewn of stone
The ponderous ensigns of past chivalry—
O'er the triumphant arch, subverted Glory's throne !

There is a tomb of modern date,
Backed by pillars of ancient cast,
Whereon are two statues of Love, and Hate—
A graven record of the past,

A tale of passion—deeply felt,
And darkly told by him who dealt
That blow; yet—yet to be charged
To love, and not to be beloved—
To smile, when others are estranged—
To weep when every other eye
Seems charmed against despondency,
Hath maddened many a noble breast,
To deeds which Time leaves unconfessed.
Many others might be found
Whose lowly tenents known to Fame,
Are blazoned forth in Glory's name,
Immortal themes, from age to age,
The young, the great, the proud, the sage,
Whom genius kindled—but yon mound
Is sacred from the rest around—
It lies apart, it lies alone,
Of white, and polished marble stone—
Half hidden by the wall's recess
The apter for its loneliness.

Hark! there be footsteps on the floor!—
Who crosses yonder corridor?—
Ho! there Milcar, the outer grate—
De Besme is at the chapel gate!—
Wrapped in garb of foreign kind
Whose borders swept the ground behind—
His sinewy arms, and bosom bare,
The lord of the domain advanced—
Then sudden from the passage glanced
The flames of an hundred torches' glare;
And many a footstep's hurried tread
Awake an echo o'er the dead;—
Oh, strange mysterious dreamer, what,
To foul so sanctified a spot,
Can bring thee here at such an hour?
Why that dark look's distrustful lower?—
Did ever good thy steps attend,
Whose very slaves before thee bend
In dread subjection of thy power?
—I fear me evil doth portend;—
Nor poet's pen, nor painter's brush
Could phrase or cast in colours dye
The expressive form of voiceless thought
Which his disquiet features wrought!—
Like changes in a stormy sky,
Though their soul's eloquence might gush
Forth in the flow of passion's energy!—

There was a wildness in his look,
A restless eye that may not brook
The fixed, and scrutinizing gaze
Which close enquiry often pays.
His haggard features, sharp and worn,
Indicate distrust and scorn;
His tongue's strange accents thrill the ear
And startle those who stand to hear.
Dru', what's the hour?—'tis nigh the break of day,
And yet he comes not—wherefore this delay?
The distant planets pale the watchful fires
And when their vigil ends, my watch expires.
Is all prepared? the vassal bowed assent,
Nor further dared to question what he meant.

Begone! bid none approach! thou know'st the rest!
—He starts!—why fires his eye—and heaves his breast?
'Tis strange—till now he ne'er betokened one
Compunction for the deeds which he had done.
Himself till now—had hearkened to, unbowed,
The low by-whispers of the jeering crowd.
In him the Demon had itself belied,
And conscience her own vital sting defied.
Weak spirit, wherefore thus? as thou wert wrong'd—
Revenge to thee—and thee alone belonged!—
This morn,—prophetic hour, despite of all
Remorse o'ershadowed with its gloomy fall!—
Despite his will, till then so firmly bent,
That human writ, no human argument,
Could shake a feather from its base; but now
His soul hath changed, he scarce knew why or how—
—Cursed be that fated soul-enslaving hour,
When sin first gained ascendancy of power.
Cursed be that vital thrall which leads the mind
Astray, and towers it against its kind.
Perchance of early growth, inclined to wrong,
Beset by passion, and restrained too long,
It breaks the chain, and flutters from its cage
With a bold flight, beyond its tender age—
And sinks, or soars—while others only crawl,
Like the gross worm within the dungeon wall.
Lo! the long train of evils—Envy—Hate—
And all that Calumny can well create
To mar the eaglet's progress to the cloud,
Or blast it with their thunders, vainly loud—
Blood-hounds of human ingenuity,
Forbear; the bravest fall despite of ye.
—Go to—the galled, but noble spirit flings
Its dreaded venom at those reptile things,
Who crawl the world no better than the slug—
Dare they despise with that decrepit shrug?

No—yes! it never was, and ne'er will be,
The world springs from too sensual a tree—
Their souls are all together of their clay,
As lights in vaults emit no outward ray—
And scarce can lighten up the darkened urn,
Still less shine through, or honor those that burn!
There are some few—alas! how few they are,—
Who emanated from a loftier star,
Burst through the gloom, and lighten over all
In mercy of man's ignorance—and fall!
They teach us to be free!—and not to sink
Our strong intelligences—but to *think*,
Despite the thundering edict of each blind,
And bigot creed—whose codes debase the mind!
O'er them and theirs glows that etherial ray
Which Death can never darken—Time allay!
They shine, as shine the larger stars by night,
When clouds, or distance veil the rest from sight.
They shine—they blaze—they dazzle like the sun
And set in glory when their course is run.
Yea, leave behind, like him, a saddening shade,
A dear remembrance which may never fade!—

But men were not his bitterest enemies—
One dark rebellious foe was known to rise
Within himself—Oh! had he but restrained
Those passions which within his bosom reigned,

Had he but learned to battle with his woes
He had subdued the worst of earthly foes!—
Pause! and look back—on what? his heart's distress,
Which vice had blasted to a wilderness!—
Behold his youth, hopes lopped and withered store
Of leaves which casual suns but scorch the more;
At school some charges of strange guilt were framed,
Exploding calumny the *lie* proclaimed,
What is the crime which they so much abhor?—
They say—but hush!—you heard it named before!
'Tis said suspicion lights on him alone,
Retire, avoid him he is too well known—
These and like whispers were conveyed abroad,
The strong were silenced—and the weak o'er-awed!—
His playmates would his presence coldly shun—
He felt his name was damned—himself undone:
Disclaimed by those whose friendship he had prized,
A thing avoided—hated—half despised!—

Thus feelings, good and bad—love, passion, pride—
Were all obscured in one collapsing tide,
Whose waters beat the desolate shore where lay
A mouldering wreck, his shattered heart's decay—
Yet blame him not—Oh ye, who know the spite
Of human tongues, or be we wrong or right!—
Of the world's false opinioned voice, full well,
May sympathize for him in what befel!—
If the quarled oak bides not the crashing storm
The plant must perish—from its sleeker form!—
If guilty manhood shrinks before the crowd,
What marvel if the young in guilt are bowed!
Not that with him such feelings mostly swayed,
His spirit scorned the reptiles who inveighed.
In guilt—or griefs extreme we do not weep,
The bosom smells with thoughts too dusk, and deep;
His mind when past the pangs of its despair
Had almost doubted of the things which were:
But—the worm wakens, tightning every fold,
The memory of a deed—as yet untold!—
However deep, however darkly pledged
Might be that bowl of guilt to him alleged,
One half was calumny, and for the rest
Oblivion rise and with thy waters vest!—

Short—and broad, and muscular,
He wrenched away the massy bar,
The ponderous gate swung back—behold!
In sheets of lead, and marble rolled,
The ashes of thine ancestry—
—He stood within the pillared aisle,
Wrapped, and thoughtfully awhile,
Then raised his eye—what doth he see?
The prophet doubly blest in death:
King—Saviour—father all wert thou
Of an enlightened and free faith—
Author and arbiter as now!—
As quickening into life is shewn,
Thine agonies portrayed in stone,
The blood-wrung brow, the attitude,
The lip suppressed—the look subdued—
The pulse that seems to quiver yet,
The evil of agony!—the sweat
Which trickled down that fainting form,
And the last gush of life blood, warm—

The pang, the effort of despair,
The tortured limb, the voiceless prayer,
The sponge, the cross, the crowning thorn,
On that red brow so fiercely torn
There—and but thought of one of them
Should teach us more than to contemn
Our griefs!—Oh, what were they to thine!
Shall I be moved to think on mine?

A sound—a step—a voice—a torch—
Glares beneath the spacious porch.
'Tis he! yet e'er he dropped his cowl
He shot methought a darker scowl,
A something betwixt hate and dread
Along his settled features spread.
Strangely gleamed his eye, as though
He motioned at a mortal foe!—
What doth that dagger in his breast
Half hidden by his sackloth vest?—
Stranger—whate'er thou dost appear,
Thine is no sacred mission here!
—Ah! charmed deceiver is it so?
That form, that look, that hand I know,
Too well to be so soon forgot—
But thou art safe, Besme heeds thee not.
In every lineament ye trace
Absorbing thought upon his face!—

Approach my son! what deadly crime
Can change thy soul at such a time?
Confess thyself—so God may hearken
And smile away the clouds that darken,
Besme started! but a moment more
His look was gloomy as before.
The flush had faded from his cheek,
And vainly he essayed to speak
To the calm old man who stood
Beside him in his sable hood.—
His grey beard o'er his breast descending,
Like the snows of the North with the still ocean blending.

Friar! listen if thou wilt,
To deeds of unrecorded guilt,
My crime, dids't say? I tell thee, monk,
My spirit is so deeply sunk
In crime from which I never shrunk
Till this accursed hour, that fain
I would be mad and wear the chain
The heaviest chain, that madmen wear,
If that would rid me of despair—
And silence in my brain o'er-wrought
The harrowing sense of guilty thought—
Away with words, in vain, in vain,
Nor heaven above nor earth below
Can win me from the actual pain
Of black remorse! that hell of woe
You have not known, and ne'er may know—
Though guilt may be awhile forgot,
Though Time may lighten of its load,
The heart where crime hath made abode,
Remembrance *ne'er* fails to wake
The heart which Time *hath* failed to break.
Oh! be that day remembered still,
The eve of Saint Bartholomew!—

When brethren did their hands imbrue,
In their sires' blood, and children's too—
When Medicis, the gory queen,
And Charles, beheld the blushing scene,
Inciting them to "Kill!—kill!—kill* !"—
Till even the altars where they knelt
Steamed with the blood of recent slaughter,
Which flooding o'er, its hues did melt
And mingle with the holy water—
As the dread signal harshly swept
On high, my only brother slept—
No stars—no moon—the darkest night
I e'er remember to have kept
In vigil for the morning light!—
'Tis strange my fancy was disturbed;
Grey shadows seemed to skim the wall,
And sights and sounds would rise, and fall,
And feelings I had lately curbed crept over me again!—
I knew my brother slept, I knew
His hours of earthly rest were few—
Unutterable vengeance lay
To crush him e'er the dawn of day.
He was my younger by some years,
My gentler too for he had tears
To give to those who needed them,
But I had none—and oft would stem
His yielding nature with my sneers.
I ne'er forgave a mighty wrong,
My spirit had a serpent's tongue;
Once roused it flagged not in its hate;
He knew me stern and obdurate—
My nature, yet despite of all,
Raised an insuperable wall
Between my lofty hopes and me!—
I never dreamed that such could be,
But so it was, I loved in vain!—

My mother!—Heaven rest her soul!
'Tis passed from this its earthly goal,
But ne'er shall I forget the day
As motionless, and mute she lay,
The strange, still, cold, unchanging air
On that calm brow so deadly fair;
The utter blank which settled there—
The coming of that swift decay
When love with all his bright array
Is followed by a loathsome dread!—
She died. Oh would that I were dead,
If death be sleep as hath been said!—
My brother and myself stood by,
We were the only mourners nigh
To watch a parent's parting sigh!
She feebly pressed his hand, and bade
Him make the sign *we* both had made.†
Oh, but to see that loving eye
Raised up to his imploringly,
The love it looked, the tenderness,
Betwixt endearment and distress,
Thou know'st not of and cannot guess,
He said, and well I may impart
The words which smote her dying heart,

* The words which Charles IX. made use of. See Russel's Modern Europe.
† The sign of the cross; it is to be supposed that the young brother was a Hugonot.

No mother—no ! I never could ;
Revile me not, I never *would !*—
But spare thine anger, intermit,
In this dark hour it were not fit !—
God is our judge, and he would bare
My heart, despite false word of prayer !—
He knelt to take his last adieu,
And kiss the hand, which she withdrew,
Whilst something of a wilder tone
Fell from her lips, nor that alone—
She raised her eye and on him fixed
A look of grief, with horror mixed ;
A moment—and the blood rushed o'er
Her cheek—but it returned no more,—
As backward with a staggering stare
She fell, and all was darkness there,
Whose clouds shall never more disperse.
—Could she have meant a parent's curse ?—

But I am cold, and changed in all—
Religion soothes not, charms not me
As then it did—my brain is riven,
My soul's enwrapped within the pall
Of doubts' distraction—I can see
No love on earth, no hope in heaven !—
From that dark hour of death I felt
What in me grew, and with me dwelt,
Fraternal hatred, whose deep shoot
Within my heart had taken root—
But think not his belief alone
Caused the deed—however prone,
My spirit might have been to wrath,
I tell thee I had rather died
Than prove myself a fratricide
Till when he crossed my path ?—

Hast thou e'er loved ? Oh tell me true
Friar, hast thou e'er loved and felt
That burning sense thrill through, and through
The soul-deep channel's pulse—and pore—
Yea with thine innate being melt—
Until thy too full heart gushed o'er
With passion's essence—like the fire
Which climbs and circles round the spire ?
Who ever yet beheld the rose,
The iris queen of sunniest hours—
With feelings he could all compose ?—
Oh no, a sense which overpowers
The feverish spirit there, is ours.—
We raise the hand, to pluck and part
That sweet conception of the heart—
And long to wear it for our own,
So it survives for us *alone !*—
Who ever yet beheld the blush
Of virgin beauty rise, and flush
The softened cheek of loveliness,
Whose glow of purity we bless ?—
Nor felt a stirring impulse fire,
Young passion's breast with wild desire ?
I loved ! and deemed myself beloved—
Too credulous and easy fool,
The secrets of a woman's soul—
Are far too studiously immured :
Her heart, her thoughts were far removed

From mine, where other lights allured.
—— From *him* was this to be endured?
My idol snatched away and lost
For one I scorned of men the most—
My spirit's best ambition broken,
Nought left me but the bitter token—
What marvel if the fiercest throes
Of passion and vowed vengeance rose:
Gods, crush me in an evil hour!—
I saw her in my brother's power.
That night—it was the last for him—
I traced them through the twilight dim
To where a grove of cedars stood
To wreak my vengeance in his blood—
—Twilight with her garb of grey
Had closed the gates of western day,
The voices of the choral throng
Were heard no more the boughs among—
What did they there and was it meet
To view them in that lone retreat
Together, and at such a time?
Their presence wore the face of crime!—
They sat them down where the grass was green
Beside the flowers of fairest sheen—
And at their feet a fountain strayed
Whose waters like a spirit played,—
Dashing its dew drops o'er the trees
Which answered to the nightly breeze.
Woman! what did'st thou there? I guessed—
Imagination paint the rest!—
I saw him kiss her blooming cheek
And felt what words could never speak!—
She smiled into his eyes, and yet
It seemed that look betrayed regret,
I think they had not met before
In twilight's secrecy, to pour
Their souls into each other here—
—They deemed not the avenger near—
Methought I heard him speak of me
In taunting accents gibingly,
And then he rose and motioned to
A cliff-hewn rock and both withdrew—
I followed their steps to the cypress shade,
Where the foliage was darkest and thickest of shade,
Where the rays of the sun, and the beams of the night
Scarce enliven the place of its dreary light—
And there he clasped her to his heart
And seemed to say we will not part;
Within his breast there gleamed that fire
Which burns the fiercer from desire—
He loosed the tangles of her hair
Which shadowed o'er that face so fair,
And seemed to read upon that brow
And in those eyes and o'er that cheek
Her wild desires; and must I speak,
The passion *she* could best avow?
I thought to spring upon them both
But somehow my dark soul was loath:
I knew her faithless, and I knew
The hour was nigh when I could do
A deed which should avenge me well,
Where none might question *how* he fell!
They reached the broken spot—I followed
To where the delve was deeply hollowed,

Backed by a time-worn fortress near,
Whose bastion towers rose dark and drear;
They entered—and I bounding by
Clomb up the steep declivity,
Where hidden from their view,
I could discern their looks below—
And what I feared yet longed to know—
A moment—I can scarce even now
Recall the feeling—thrice I strained
Mine eyes to look on what pertained,
And thrice my sense of sight was pained;
But naught as yet I knew!—
The skies above—the earth below—
Fields, flowers, the grotto where they knelt
Whirled with such rapidness—or—no—
Perchance it was *my* brain that felt!
For soothe my heart was sick, and sore;
I closed mine eyes—a moment more—
One glance—'twas all my heart could bear:
Guilt, deep and damning guilt, was there.
Up and away—for Faction's field
Where thy accursed blood shall yield.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A CRITICISM ON COLLIN'S ODES.

The comparison of Dr. Langhorne's criticism on Collin's Odes, with that of Johnson's, having excited in me a train of reflections on the mutability of public opinion, I took up the odes, and began to read them in order to see how far the opinions of those two writers, supported by such cogent arguments, and a seeming critical acumen, are consistent with justice. It may seem presumptuous in me to take liberty with the writings of such writers as Drs. Langhorne and Johnson, but every individual has a right to speak for himself, let his judgement be what it will. I shall, therefore, examine Collin's odes in the light in which they appear to me, but in doing so, it has occurred to me, that a few remarks upon some of the metaphysical and artificial poets, will not appear uninteresting to my readers.

Such is the restless condition of human nature, and particularly, so capricious, inconstant, and uncertain, are the energies of the human mind, that every century produces a new school of poetry, painting, music, criticism, and of every other art that equally appeals to our reason, and to our feeling. In the rigid sciences there can be no school, because, here feeling with all its intrusive suggestions, is not permitted to enter into counsel, or disturb the decisions of reason, and experience. Hence the esteem entertained for Euclid, Archimedes, and Newton, was neither more nor less than the esteem which is entertained for them at present, and in all the intermediate ages from their days down to ours, because we know exactly the standard of their merits: we know the exact limits to which they reached, and beyond which they could not travel, and so did every age from their time to ours. Hence with rigid sciences, there is only one school in all ages and in all countries; but it is different in the arts, as they appeal to our taste, and taste is that fastidious, sensitive, and delicate faculty, which is eternally changing—which is always in good humour or bad—which rejects to-day, because the weather happens to be dull, what it admired yesterday, because the sun, not only clothed it in all its celestial radiance, but expelled by its enlivening and exhilarating influence that morbid sensibility which cannot be pleased, which discovers faults in perfection itself, and which flies that approach of pleasure, as the dark clouds of night recede from the presence of the rising sun. But if taste possesses such a Proteus and inconstant nature, it will be replied, that I deny the existence of any standard of taste. Had I even done so, I would only have coincided in opinion with Payne,

Knight, and some of the ablest writers on the subject; but, in my opinion, there is a fixed standard of taste in the common and unsophisticated feeling of mankind, and it is only those over-refined, over-fastidious, over-delicate, over-dainty, squeamish, and weak-stomached folks, that make it a point to be pleased with nothing that pleases the vulgar, and who always go wrong, when the multitude go right:—in a word, it is only those folks that will have a fashion in every thing lest they should be confounded with the throng, that prevents us from being acquainted with the common feeling of mankind. By engrossing the whole of public attention to themselves, they conceal from us the true standard of taste. But if the common feeling of mankind could be consulted on any question of taste, if every individual could throw his opinion into a box without knowing, or being influenced by the opinion of any other, we should then find what mere fashion had brought into vogue, rejected by an alarming majority, and we should again be brought back to that true standard from which we departed. If it be asked, why we go with the few rather than with the many? I reply, because the many are silent on these subjects, until new fashions are carried to such ridiculous extremes, that common sense and common feeling are awakened from their trance, turn from them with indignation, and wonder how they had suffered such a perversion of taste ever to have taken place. If it be again demanded why the many are silent until things are brought to an extreme? my answer is, because they are not fond of distinguishing themselves in these matters. Their unperverted feeling makes them relish all the simple beauties of nature, "they know not why and care not wherefore." This enjoyment of, and relish for the simple beauties, is not the result of any exercise of judgment. They do not, like our exquisites, examine the shape, colour, motion, and attitude of any object. And then determine whether they ought to be pleased with it or not, for the pleasure or displeasure which they derive from the contemplation of any object is instantaneous, and precedes any enquiry into its cause. Hence the object that pleases them, would continue to please, let it deviate ever so far from the standard of fashion, unless they were made to believe that what gave them this pleasure was out of fashion, and that it was a proof of bad taste and vulgarity to be pleased with it. If they were weak enough or vain enough to yield to this imputation on their taste, and, through a fear of being deemed vulgar, choose to sacrifice the pure taste of their own feelings, to the supercritical taste of a fop, all the pleasure they could afterwards feel would be of a negative character; for when fashion deviates from nature, it can yield no positive pleasure; that is, it yields no pleasure but what is yielded by all ugly and deformed objects in the first instance, though custom and habit reconcile us to them afterwards by degrees. Indeed the only pleasure we aim at, in affecting to admire what is fashionable, is simply the ambition of being thought connoisseurs, or mere observers of what is graceful, and elegant, not any pleasure, which the object itself, abstracted from this ambition, is fitted to impart by its own actual grace, and beauty. Let it not be supposed that I consider every thing fashionable a deviation from natural beauty, for at particular eras, nothing is admired, particularly in writing, (and unhappily there is at present a fashion in writing, as well as in dress) but what has the grace and beauty of nature. There are particular eras, when no other fashion prevails but that of discovering what is in harmony with nature, and what is opposed to it. This was the age of Pope, of Addison, Thomson, Hutcheson, and Mead; of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet; of Sterne, Akenside, Gray, Goldsmith, and to close the list with the British Hercules, Johnson. But this fashion of exploring and adhering to real nature, which prevailed during the era of our classic writers, was not the result of chance, nor had chance any influence whatever in inducing the romantic, and indefinable taste of the present. Both were the action and re-action of the human mind, which, like the ocean that acts and re-acts in eternal succession, never can travel beyond a certain boundary, until it retraces its course. The taste for pure nature that prevailed during the era of our classic writers, was solely the result of the disgusting pedantry, quackery, affectation, and eternal violation of nature, that strongly characterised the writers of the preceding century. Cow-

ley, and his contemporaries, were versifiers, but they certainly were not poets, if poetry be the language of feeling, and passion,—if it appeal to the heart, not the head,—to the powers of imagination, not those of abstraction. They never, like our immortal Dramatist, copied from nature, but wrote to surprise us by their wit, and forced association of ideas, not by their discription of external nature, or their delineation and development of the heart, and its affections, emotions, and passions. Dr. Johnson properly calls them "metaphysical poets," for their sole ambition was to show the extent of their learning and acquired knowledge. Hence this tribe of poets hardly ever produced an original idea, but exercised all their industry in clothing old ideas in a new dress. They wrote, not to add to the stock of ancient literature, but to show their acquaintance with it. Hence they addressed not the public at large, but the learned few, who knew classics, and metaphysics, as well as themselves. It was unfortunate that the vanity which led them to this display of their knowledge, led them also to display it in verse, for even had the knowledge which they laboured to impart contributed to enlighten the age, still poetry, the smiling daughter of pleasure and imagination, should never be made the vehicle of knowledge and science. Poetry is the language of pleasure; prose of instruction. Poetry is to prose, what man is to woman. Life, without the soft converse of woman, would be irksome, tedious, and perhaps insupportable; and prose, with all its dry precepts of science, would be equally so, if the gladdening trumpet of the bright-eyed muse, did not occasionally rouse us from our reverie, awaken us into life and existence, bedew our minds with all the freshness of youth, and transport us once more to those happier and fonder recollections which preceded our entrance into the fields of science, experience, and abstract literature. Metaphysical poets then are equally a stain to our poetry and literature. To our poetry, because it is not the language in which they should express themselves, who seek only to display their knowledge;—to our literature, because they added nothing to the literature of the age, and left the sixteenth century with which they commenced their career as ignorant as they found it;—or in other words they left it to feed on that stock of native and foreign literature, which preceded them and on which they fed themselves. All that they added to it was pedantry, bad taste, false wit, false imagery, and an eternal abandonment of nature. They were deeply read in classic literature; but they neither imitated the great masters to whom they owed their knowledge, nor did they strike out a new path for themselves, and imitate nature. They seized on the thoughts and sentiments of their predecessors, and twisted them into a thousand different shapes; so that without adding any thing to the literature of their own age, they only laboured to disfigure, and caricature the literature of the ancients. They never dived for the pearls that can only be found at the bottom, but chose rather to pluck up the straws which flow on the surface.

> "Errors like straws, upon the surface flow,
> He who would seek for pearls, must dive below."

As to their wit, Dr. Johnson very aptly describes it when he says, "their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; and they are obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader far from wondering how he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found." Of this perverseness of industry, Dr. Johnson has given several examples, from which I shall select a few. How sweetly does a lover describe his affections in the following lines:

> "By every wind that comes this way,
> Send me at least a sigh or two,
> Such and so many I'll repay,
> As shall themselves make winds to get to you."—*Cowley.*

How closely does Cowley approach to nature, and how tenderly does he describe his love-sick pain in the following stanza:

> "Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
> Into the self same room,

'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a granado shot in the magazine;
Then shall the love keep the ashes and torn parts,
Of both our broken hearts:
Shall not of both one new one make,
From her's the alloy, from mine the metal take."

That such trumpery, such cold-blooded metaphysical poetry, should, in the course of time, produce nausea and disgust, and consequently a reaction from art to nature, (by art I mean that art which imitates,) was natural and indeed inevitable. We may sit a few hours and enjoy the pranks of a monkey, or the waggeries of a clown, but common sense has its reign as well as folly, and always succeeds it. He who acts foolishly to-day, repents of it to-morrow, and sees his error (I speak of the bulk of mankind, for there are individual exceptions,) and so it is with the exhibition of a monkey or a clown; we forget ourselves in the first instance, and feel amused, but when the novelty is over, we return to our home and to common sense. It was so with the taste of the metaphysical poetry; the world began to blush at the perverseness of the taste, and the abandonment of nature which they had hitherto sanctioned, and even some of their contemporaries, though they could not easily escape the perverse taste of the age, yet showed examples of an adherence to nature and poetic melody, which, if it did not serve to reform the metaphysical versifiers, at least served not only to remove the influence which their examples exercised on public taste, but also to guide their poetical successors into the forsaken paths of nature and common sense. Of these, Waller and Denham were the most conspicuous. "Waller," says Dr. Johnson, "seldom fetches an amorous sentiment from the depths of science. His thoughts are, for the most part, easily understood, and his images such, as the superficies of nature readily supplies. He has a just claim to popularity, because he writes to common degrees of knowledge, and is free, at least, from philosophical pedantry." Denham was also "free from philosophical pedantry;" Johnson tells us that his judgment was naturally right,—that he forsook bad copies by degrees, and advanced towards a better practice, and adds, that "he is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though having done much he left much to do."

The work of reformation which was thus happily begun by Waller and Denham, was carried on by Dryden and completed by Pope. Thus the metaphysical poets, having carried on their conceit and pedantry to an extreme, could not proceed further, for extremes always awaken public attention, and call forth the common sense and common feeling of mankind. It was not therefore chance, but the natural progress of the human mind, and the laws of human nature that founded the classical school on the ruins of the metaphysical; and it is from the operation of the same laws that the romantic school has succeeded to the classical. If it be asked how this has taken place, my answer is, that Pope having attained the highest excellence both in the strength, harmony and melody of his versifications, and in the truth, pathos, delicacy, propriety, energy, and simplicity, of which the English language is capable, his successors found it an idle dream to attempt surpassing him. What then was to be done? His numbers were divine; his melody enchanting; his images natural; his sentiments refined; his invention exquisite, active and versatile; his imagination luxuriant; his fire clear, vivid, and constant; his pathos inimitably sweet, tender and affecting; in wit inferior only to Swift; in satire and delicacy, superior to Horace; in description animated; in colouring chaste; in selection judicious; in combination logical; and in taste superior to all his predecessors and successors.

To excel a man of such varied powers, was not a matter of easy achievement, and to acknowledge our inferiority is of all acknowledgements the most humiliating and repulsive to the pride of human nature, and to the lofty aspirings of intellectual ambition. Among the gentlemen of the sword, there may be, and there have been a few, who could endure no equal, but *aut Cæsar aut Nullus*, is generally the motto of all candidates for literary fame. Hence it has happened in all countries where the arts and sciences have been brought to

perfection, that the very point of perfection has been always the point that separated their progress from their decline. When we find it impossible to excel our predecessors,—when we find them approach so closely to the finest models that nature can produce, or imagination create, that to proceed a step further is to violate nature; we feel that the most we can effect is to imitate successfully the models which they have placed before us; and as our object is not to equal but to surpass, we throw aside the model and nature at the same moment, strike out a new path for ourselves, lose sight of "the naked nature, and the living grace," to produce an ideal nature and an ideal grace of our own, and establish accordingly a new school of criticism to support this dereliction, or abandonment of nature. To adopt the principles of this new school is obviously, and unavoidably to reject the opinions entertained of the great writers who have preceded us, as they were guided by principles entirely different. Hence it is that Pope is no longer a great poet, nor Johnson a great critic. The former has been tried by many new standards of criticism, and it was impossible to make the principles by which he was guided harmonize with standards that did not harmonize with each other; as he could not possibly conform, at the same moment, with the puling simplicity of the Lake poets, the unbridled, untamed and capricious licentiousness of the romantic school, and endure the iron crucible of Bowles' "invariable principles," they have all agreed to reject him; so that many of the reputed wits and critics of the present day, and the dunces of his own day, perfectly agree in opinion, that Pope is a mere versifier. To reject Pope is evidently to reject his great commentator, Dr. Johnson; for so long as we admit the force of his reasoning, the acumen of his discrimination, and the truth of his reflections, we must also admit, that Pope had no superior in any species of poetry which he attempted, either in his own or in any other country, and that the world produced nothing equal to his translation of Homer, nothing superior to his "Rape of the Lock," his "Eloisa to Abelard," or his "Essay on Criticism." Pope and Johnson therefore must rise and fall together; if Pope was no poet, Johnson was no critic; and this has been pretty boldly insinuated by many of our present critics, and would be roundly and dogmatically affirmed, had they the hardihood to venture on so perilous an assertion.

B. B. D.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO ———,

ON THE MORNING OF HER WEDDING.

Welcome, sweet morn, in glowing robes arrayed,
With cheerful brow, dispelling ev'ry shade,
In loveliest charms soft mantling to the view,
Reflected blushing o'er the morning dew;
Now all thy balmy fragrance swift exhale,
With od'rous sweets perfume the floating gale;
Each earliest beauty hasten to display
And crown with tenderest joys this happy day,
When *hearts* united at the altar bend
And mutual vows, with mutual love ascend.
Oh! let no dark'ning mist o'ershade thy face,
But emblematic of connubial bliss
With aspect fair, unruffled and benign,
In kindly lustre, let thy beauties shine,
And may thy presence, thro' each circling year,
Be welcomed ever, and esteem'd most dear:
Matur'd, cemented, may affections spread,
And joys domestic in sweet concert lead,
And may th' Almighty pow'r who reigns above,
Descend on gentle wings of Heav'nly love;
His choicest mercies o'er this union show'r,
And bless it still, to life's remotest hour.

B.

SONNET—TO A CHILD.

(WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.)

Slowly the radiant star of morn declines,
As from his gentle sleep, the rosy hours
Awake the gorgeous sun;—Gemlike showers
Fall from the breeze-stirred leaves of nodding pines,
Like tranquil thoughts upon the mourner's soul;—
While faintly sounding from the shady grove
Commingling come the strains of praise and love
Blent with the echoes of the gay caroll,—
The sky lark pours,—to hail this festive day;—
The world looks witching now,—to thee, these flowers
Are fine and fragrant,—and these lovely bowers
Seem haunts of happiness,—for on the pleasant way
Of life thou travellest yet,—no gloom hath crossed
That heart, which blooms like Flora's magic powers,
When washed in dew,—or freshly wet with showers;—
—As bright and sparkling as a river lost
In woody coverts, and as light and free,
Are the pure thoughts that this day breathe in thee!

THE EVENING HOUR.

The fiery sun has sunk to rest,
A gloom proclaims the close of day,
And evening mild, o'er nature's breast,
Now spreads her mantle gay.

The blissful fragrance of the rose,
The breeze's soft and soothing sigh,
Repels the languor of repose,
From Fancy's kindling eye.

The world is hush'd—profoundly still,
The linnet pours his tuneful lay,
And every scene, with magic spell,
Allures the soul away.

Now gleams the moon, with pallid light,
Through chequered leaves and lattiecd bowers,
The star of love is shining bright
And woos the silent hours.

In such a time, how sweet the bliss,
To try love's magic mystery,
The fond embrace, the soothing kiss,
To feel with extasy!

The high saloon, and pageant bright,
Ambitious spirits they may move;
But wealth and honor, pride and might,
O! what are they to love.

Earthly profit, pomp, and power,
Are scarcely worth our toil and strife,
But Love, sweet Love, at such an hour,
Is th' meed of human life.

CALCUTTA
LITERARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

STRAY NOTES FROM AN IDLER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Observations on the Waverley Novels.

The name of Sir Walter Scott, must be considered as standing higher than that of any of the worthies of the last century, inasmuch as he united in himself a rare degree of excellence in those pursuits, to excel in each of which is deemed the highest praise. Nor is his pre-eminence of that doubtful kind, which derives its value only from the uncommon conjunction of different capacities, for his efforts as a poet, or novelist, or historian, could have singly made him sufficiently famous. His works are not the mere effusions of a rich fancy, or the casual inspirations of a free genius, but they are the mature and seasonable fruits (even though they often display negligence in style,) of a powerful sense and nice perception, joined to a rare wealth of imagination, and to an invaluable talent for the observation and display of human character. He is best known to the world as a novelist, but he is not contemptible as a poet. Nay there was a time, when the British public was bewitched with his poetry, and when the appearance of a new poem from his closet excited a sensation throughout the whole kingdom of Great Britain. "But when the sun of Byron rose above the horizon," says D. L. R., "the lesser light of Scott grew dim," and the world began to adore the new luminary. It was then, that Scott from the province of poetry, passed into the beautiful and boundless regions of romance, and the general voice immediately proclaimed him the brightest novelist of his age. His splendid, and diversified romances, were ushered into the world with a facility and success, almost unrivalled in the annals of literature, and their circulation extended to the uttermost limits of the civilized globe. Such was the success of Sir Walter Scott, and it was merited. Powerful in the pathetic—admirable in dialogue—unmatched in description, he captivates the mind by the varied excellence of his works. They are the most unequivocally original of their kind, and having no resemblance to their predecessors, they form a species of their own. They are denominated *historical* novels, and true in all things to the spirit of history, they are further overspread with those bright and breathing colours, which genius alone can impart to reality. His descriptions of nature convey a distinct impression to the mind. A rich and judicious selection of images render them clear and vivid to the reader. They have not that exuberance of painting, and that rant of words, that disfigure the

brightest pages of Ann Radcliffe, but are more perspicuous, and therefore more picturesque. But not only are his descriptions of quiescent objects admirable, but his treatment of stirring events also. The sudden storm—the gathering cloud—the lurid lightning—or the advancing tide are described as clearly, as the relics of monastic grandeur, or the ruined turrets of baronial power. The great secret of Scott's descriptions is, that he shows only as much as is necessary to the effect, and leaves the rest to the imagination of the reader. Where another author would have delineated the whole prodigality of nature, he more judiciously depicts those parts of it only which are most prominent, and which consequently would have engrossed the attention of the observer.

Generally, the writings of Scott breathe the bold and heroic spirit of his country, often intertwined with the impressive superstitions of its semi-barbarous ages. The lovers of strange legends, the admirers of ancient superstitions, and the enthusiasts, who love tales of prowess and of bloody wars—these take much delight in his pages. Nor will they, who seek for ladye-love, and feats of gallantry be disappointed. Here and there, also are pictures of intense pathos. The Bride of Lammer-muir, for instance, is very tragic, pathetic and interesting near its conclusion. Amy Robsarl clings to the heart of the reader, Effie with all her faults extorts his compassion, David Deans, the broken-hearted father, is an object of the greatest sympathy, and we weep as we read of the high-souled Minna. But to enumerate all the pathetic portraits of Scott is an impossibility—he is so full of them.

His delineations of human nature surpass those of every other writer of his age, and they remind us of that prince of dramatists, the Bard of Avon. Therein is his peculiar excellence—therein is the key-stone of his praise; for man is a being fond of remarking the modifications, diversities, and shades of his own nature, and therefore when human character is well delineated, it is instantly observed and appreciated. Wherever the aspects and phases of human character are naturally brought to view, there the generality of readers show a rooted predilection. The Waverley Novels, full as they are of other excellence, are almost unrivalled in this. Scott, in his heroes and heroines, has evinced a consummate knowledge of the nature and workings of the human heart. The creations of his fancy are unapproachable in truth. He represents not mere romance, but real life, and the reader is so interested with his graphic portraits, that with a fanciful mind he forgets himself in them. We live with his heroes, princes, and paladins—we witness the pomps, and shows of the feudal ages—we join in the tournaments, and other nightly feats—we wait with impatience for the splintering of lances, and the neighing of steeds, and the shock of battle rouses us from our momentary stupor. Every portrait from his pen is original, but not the less natural—and his characters are generally well maintained throughout. His images are first presented to the eye. Features, apparel, and bearing combine to make them very picturesque, and they gradually make an impression on the mind. He often exhibits considerable skill in displaying the inward characteristics of his heroes, and there are several characters whose greatest hold on our remembrance depends on the peculiarities of their disposition. His heroines also are delineated with much grace and spirit. Some of the best are the entire creations of his imagination. Wherever the records of past ages have failed to furnish him with high-souled beings, he has drawn, from the rich resources of his own poetical mind, beautiful ideal creations.

Rebeeca, the beautiful, the eharming Rebeeca ! is purely imaginary. In all his heroines, there is a peculiar delicacy foreign to other writers. Their elegance and purity are always remarkable, and where the faults of womankind are depicted, the satire is never severe. This partiality, which some may deem pernicious, is rather salutary. It disarms the malignity of human nature, without staining its better qualities. We are taught to love the virtues, without showing a heartless severity towards the wicked.

By representing human character with the greatest truth and preeision, Scott has built for himself an imperishable monument, and, as it is and has been every where the same, his delineations have found a responsive eeho in every heart, and as long as it continues unaltered, he will be read with pleasure and admiration. Nor is it only in the delineation of human eharacter that he is so superior, for his supernatural beings are all well-coneeived, and well-represented also. His dwarfs, gypsies, mutes, witches, hobgoblins, &c , have a peculiar touch in them ; and though the world is grown too wise to believe in their baleful influence, yet, instead of exciting ridieule, they are so well represented, that they command terror, and speaking and acting as beings of more potency than ourselves, they fill our heart with unaccountable fear. Meg Merrilies, the Saxon Ulriea, and Norna of the Fitful Head, will extort that veneration which is akin to terror, from the most scrupulous reader ; and *Ailsie Gowrlay* and her companions are on a par with the witehes of Macbeth.

In his prose, Scott is often poetical. Forgetting for a moment that he never wrote poetry, may we not eonelude from the perusal of his novels, that he had the qualifieations of a poet? Do we not experience in their perusal, that fervour and indescribable exaltation—that keen suseeptibility of emotion, and that affecting agitation, which poetry alone can produce? In some volumes there are flights of imagination, and strokes of passion almost beyond the scope of a proser.

The affections are often the theme of his writings, and the purest are always adorned with the happiest touches. The tender connections of parents and children—their mutual affections and solicitudes, are always forcibly and naturally exhibited. Even the sordid Isaac is affectionate to the fair Rebeeca—the only daughter of his house and heart. As for pictures of gallantry, they are always drawn with admirable art. His devotion to the fair sex borders on the worship used in the days of chivalry.

Another excellence is in his descriptions of war. He is the unrivalled bard of battle—the Homer of modern times. His warriors are represented with much address—he exults in the delineation of a soldier. In most of his combats, skill and bravery prove victorious over, or are at least on a par with, rude and lawless force. Ivanhoe, sick and faint, is the successful adversary of Bois de Guilbert, Arthur Phillipson grapples with the ferocious Donnerlingel, and Morton triumphs over the frantic Burley. Other manly exercises are also favorites with our author. Archery and hunting are often described with liveliness and precision, and when he does delineate the glassy lake and dipping oar, he rises to the enthusiasm of an actor. Even the brutes of the athletic sports are his favorites, and his dogs are almost as interesting as his heroes.

There is throughout a laudable spirit in the writings of Scott. They speak of no morbid excitement, or wounded passion. No feverish distemper—no misanthropy—no illiberality have sullied their purity. They display a calmness in the author, more angelic than human. Like the denizen of another sphere, diseneumbered from the ties of humanity, he seems to

stand upon the great vantage ground of truth, and to survey from thence, the actions and "mists and wanderings in the vale below," and often like an angel of goodness, sharing with sympathetic feelings, the miseries and pleasures of the human world. The tone of gaiety and pleasantry is ever prevalent in him. He is full of life and variety—light and playful as the ether—equally harmless and salutary. No keen satire—no bitter ridicule is visible in his love of mirth. He has a natural sympathy for the diversities of human pursuits, and pleasures—a liberal indulgence for the faults and failings of other men. His pages are uniformly true to the cause of morality. They exhibit no flattering or delusive picture of crimes. Though vice is sometimes pithily, and forcibly depicted, and though it is often placed in combination with intellectual superiority, it is never dressed in *attractive* colors. That harlot-tenderness—that nautch-girl affability—that prudish delicacy, which deck the heroines of vulgar novel-writers, are nowhere to be met with in his pages. They fill our minds with those noble sentiments, that dignify alike the cottage and the palace. They exhibit the triumphs of virtue over *earthly* greatness and inspire generous emotions, and warm-hearted feelings towards our fellow-creatures. The germs of virtue are roused and stimulated by their perusal. Our passions and inclinations are won to the cause of justice and purity. They brace more firmly the ties of legitimate affection, and increase our sacred and social love.

Thus much have we wove out in praise of the merits of Scott—it is now necessary to state something about his faults. He sometimes shows an extreme negligence in composition. Though pre-eminent as a writer, he is denounced by his critics as a careless reviser. From the pen of such a genius the greatest nicety is expected, since his works will be handed down to ages yet unborn. The charm of their novelty will decay with the era of their birth, and they will come before the literary tribunal of future generations, void of pristine freshness, and incorporated with visible imperfections. The necessity, therefore, of a careful revision is apparent—but Scott had scarcely time for it. His works were given out with an astonishing rapidity, which precluded the possibility of a thorough correction. Though we sincerely wish, that his novels had fewer blemishes, yet we can scarcely consent to the alternative of having had *fewer* volumes of them, finished with greater neatness. Another fault frequently complained of, that many of his heroes are not sufficiently important, and fail to maintain their legitimate pre-eminence over other characters. They are, as it were, constantly thrown into the shade by more prominent players, and sometimes are very injudiciously permitted to be absent or aloof from scenes of the most lively interest.

But the dispraise of Scott is an ungrateful theme, and the sooner it is concluded the better. For his novels the wide world are his debtors, and they regard his memory as that of a benefactor. He created a new era in literature—communicated the charms of classic association to every name and place, which he touched, and is by unanimous consent reckoned an honour and ornament to human nature. His petty imperfections dwindle before his general excellence, and it is uncandid criticism only, that can dwell long on his demerits. Before the lustre of his genius, they "pale their ineffectual fires," while his true admirers rapt with his transcendant charms, forget that there is any cause for dissatisfaction.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW—A TALE.*

PART III.

'Twas the hour of sunset, night's shadows were lending
Their aid to the gloom which enveloped the earth,
When a cloud was to burst which was only suspending
Its drought till the angel of death should fly forth—
When the souls of the best, and the hearts of the bravest,
E'er the dawn of the day should be pulseless and cold—
France! remember where'er thy proud banner thou wavest,
'Twas the work of thy hands on thy children of old!
Yes thou *shalt* remember in tears, and in sorrow
How thy mighty were martyred—whose crimson blood dyed
Thy fair scene—yet the sun which shone down on the morrow
Beheld them with grief, but looked o'er them in pride.

'Twas midnight! from the churches swept aloft
The signal knell to be remembered oft!—
The herald of a triumph and a spoil,
Which reared the red cross on a bloodier throne,
And made a mockery of his sweat, and toil,
Wading through blood in vengeance of his own.
Were those blest drops which sunk his senseless frame,
And saturated Calvary's fatal height
Shed but to be forgotten?—a mere game?
Were all his sufferings, all his prayers so slight
A muneration for our weaknesses,
That his great name is aped in mockery,
Mouthed forth from tongue to tongue, by such as please
To make it covert of their tyranny?

My steed was halted at the gate
In readiness, yet still I sat
In moping silence and alone,
Counting how the hours had flown,
And how many more must flee
E'er I should avenged be!—
I turned me to a window seat
And cast my eye upon the mountain;
The odours of the wild flowers sweet,
Wafted through the still night air,
Fleecy flocks were gathered there,
Nipping the green grass near the fountain,
Their fresh and never failing diet;
They deemed not that the hour was near
Which haply might disturb their quiet.
I cast my eye along the streets—
There was feasting, game, and feats,
For the laughing multitude
Knew not of the coming feud!—
They deemed not that another hour
Would fire the leaves of pleasure's bower!—
Alas! for that rejoicing crowd
Guessed not of th' impending cloud
Which hung, and but a hair held back
The charge of bolts so threatening black—
They danced upon a yawning grave
—Devoted band, could nothing save?

"Hark to the shout, and the stamp, and the cry—
The signal has sounded, the hour is gone by

* Concluded from page 147.

For the sword, and the field; let us join in the chase
Which shall rid half the earth of this Infidel race!"—
Such were the words that rent the night air
From the mouths of our brethren gathered there!—
Ho! my horse! thou shalt bear me through fire, and steel,
Till my breast be avenged for the wrongs which I feel;
Then away! and the sun of the morrow shall shine
With a ghastlier glare on his grave or on mine!—
I said—and vaulted on my steed
He only waited to be freed!—
He sped like lightning from his home,
His flanks were as the salt sea's foam;
Around, above, before, behind
The din of arms—and the loud cry
Of battle borne upon the wind
Shook like an earthquake wide, and high!—
And through the thick and sightless gloom
Whose blackness might eclipse the tomb,
Long torches flared against the sky
And on the walls, and faces nigh!—
Whose looks of terror could not warm
Their hearts nor stay the vengeful arm!—
The old and hoary-headed sire,
Too proud to weep, too weak to save,
In vain besought the hand of ire,
In vain took refuge from the storm!—
"There is no refuge but the grave,
Old man, for thine enfeebled form!
Wives, and orphans were assailing
Heaven with distracting prayer—
Pregnant mothers lay bewailing
O'er their husbands with torn hair!—
But such griefs were unavailing
God now heeds not man's despair!"
* * * * *
Suddenly there rose on high
A shout—it pealed along the sky;
Vallies, rocks, that lay around,
Echoed back the mighty sound
—There stood a bright but bleeding host
Rallying to the coming foe;
They would not flee though all were lost—
Mightier in death than so!—
Yes, they could bear—and they could bleed,
Crushed by the hoofs of the fiery steed—
Firmly they stood, and bravely they fell
In number more than I can tell!—
'Twas a blushing scene of slaughter
That might have scared Bellona's daughter—
To see the fearless Hugonots
Range within bayonet's length of our shots,
Strewing the earth like the leaves that drift
When wintry winds blow keen and swift!

Now confusion overtakes them:
Lo! their leader's arm forsakes them!
I heard a voice—distinctly heard—
Like thunder o'er each host it stirred—
"Rally!" but the hour was past,
The uneven conflict could not last.
Cologny, remember him,
The dragged in death, the torn of limb—
He breathes no more, whose voice, whose name
Once fired your hearts to deeds of fame!—

" Brethren, rally ! turn and die
Or conquer, is *that* hour gone by ?
They come not, they fly—dogs—this much I swear,
I will stand to the last by the banner I bear.
Can the souls of the wronged, nor the hearts of the great
Neither rouse your wrath nor hate ?—
Then perish e'er the morning's light,
For ye shall not survive this night."
He cast his eye to Heaven and shook
His clenched hand with despairing look !—
Hark ! the volley from behind
Truly hath the death-bolt sped,
He is in the dust declined
And the torn banner shrouds the corse of the dead !—
Onward ! the red cross gleams on high
And the signal shout ascends the sky !—

* * * * *

The evening of night hath its shadows,
And earth is forewarned of that gloom
Which shall spread o'er the streams and the meadows
A sable impress of the tomb.

The populous boughs are forsaken
Ere winter descends on the shore—
And the leaves from the cypress are shaken
When the breathings of summer are o'er.

But the soul always speeds without warning,
And we gaze on the face of the loved,
Where death sits so silent and scorning
Like earth when the light is removed—

But the fleeced rose retains not its blossom,
Nor the virgin violet its blue—
Their leaves will corrupt in our bosom
And who may their sweetness renew ?—

I saw the mansion of my fathers rise
Dim in the distance through the night's disguise,
O'er which three hundred years of slow decay
Sits like the shadow born of yesterday !—
The spirit of departed power yet mourns
The shattered site its garland wreath adorns ;
Its bastion towers and battlemented side
Were once the boast of chivalry's high pride,
When stern in dark magnificence it stood
Frowning in grandeur over vale and wood !—
But now it lies a ruin massed in heaps
Where the wind anchors and the ivy creeps.
I crossed the chapel—paused—the tombs around
Seemed startled thus to hear a living sound—
The lunar rays their dimness faintly shed
Through the arched window o'er the coffined dead,
Making the marble gleam a ghastlier white,
While columns just emerging in the light,
Flung quaintly their fantastic shades abroad—
And my determined spirit somewhat awed.
There *was* a time even then I might have bent
My fixed soul, from its purpose to relent.
The hour—the spot—the sanctifying realm
Whose solemn stillness could so overwhelm—
But for the cause—*that* cause—I had deterred
My Nemisis to soothe a woman's word.

I checked my steed and reined him to the wall,
Then crossed the threshold, it was silence all;
The lamps burned few and footsteps there were none—
Oh would that deed were ne'er to be—or done.
I reached the chamber—stopped—and listened—what—
His brethren slaughtered—yet—he waketh not—
He slumbers deep unconscious of the crime
But when shall he awake? 'tis time, 'tis time—
My spirit whispered, and another hour
May place the faithless wretch beyond my power—
I pondered if to wake him e'er I prest
The vengeful steel to his abandoned breast,
Or do that deed which cowards only dare
And leave the rest to conscience' mighty care.
No, I will rouse him into self defence,
The brave man murders not the sleeping sense—
I sprang the latch and entered; where was he?
Not there! not there?—then whither should he be?
His sword too gone—which he had seldom used,
In search of blood—perhaps with blood infused.
Yes, I should meet him in the signal strife
'Midst those who fought, or fled, or sued for life.
And deemed my tardy vengeance nigh complete,
Nor marvelled more but turned upon my beat;
Again—and yet again—my gallant steed
Was foremost in the ranks of those who bleed.

Day spreads her azure mantle round,
A sunny and a sapphire morn
Smiled o'er the blood cemented ground—
O'er orphaned hearts and breasts forlorn;
And showed me where without night screen
The tyrant's red right hand had been.
As nature loved to show her scorn
Shone gaily her exhilarant morn:
The hiving bee with waxen wings
Distilled the sweets of many flowers.
While gushed in joyful murmurings
The waters of the sparkling springs.
As in their light the morning hours
With measured footsteps calmly swept,
The birds upon the boughs weere singing,
The flowers along the banks were springing,
The river in the distance lept
And man alone in sadness wept.
But oh! on Châlon's vine-clad shore,
The Ceres of that worshipped soil,
No longer piled the purple store
As though the foe had heaped the spoil;
The corn, the olive and the oil
Were crushed with their children's gore.

A woman knelt beside an altar, streaming
Fresh with the blood of manhood—at her feet
The lover lay, whom there was no redeeming;
His eyes were sealed, his heart had ceased to beat,
What spot however sacred can estrange
The bold and bloody edict of revenge?—
Her sense returned but slowly, pulse by pulse—
And she arose the picture of despair,
Like Nature's breast when storms no more convulse,
When Desolation sits in silence there—
So she arose!—and with a listless state
Gazed on her dead one; ever and anon,

Her lips would quiver and her thin hands shake
As she would mutter sounds, and often make
Gestures, and move her hands with a low moan.
Her's a gentle madness calm and deep—
But withering in its growth—you might have said
The everwatching spirit was asleep,
For it was not distraction which is led
To call down imprecations on the head.
Like to the imaged Niobe she stood
Sublime, grief pictured in her attitude!
And then she turned her to a marble column
In strange disquietude of thought, and slow
Raised her wan eye with look so deep and solemn
Upon the tortured Christ, when his last throe
Of agony was over, as he lay,
His Virgin mother bending o'er the clay.
Enough—my mournful tale is told
But let its secret rest with thee,
Friar; my bosom could unfold
Even more, but that must never be—
Thou know'st not what it is to feel
Those inward wounds which never heal;
Thou know'st not what it is to strive
With that deep rooted worm alive;
Thou know'st not what it is to brave
The world's opinion; to despond
And struggle onward to the grave,
Without a thought of hope beyond:
With death a blank—and life a waste—
By darkness closed and cray defaced—
Without a welcome shore to lay
The burden of our sluggard clay—
While in the channel of dried tears
The scattered wrecks of brighter years,
Are darkly traced—
There the numbed heart's best feelings mute
Lie sapped and withered to the root.
And every finer feeling wanes in force
Save that wild spectre thing—Remorse—Remorse.

Resume ceased and waited a reply.
Reply of *words!* what tongue can speak
Those feelings that unseat the mind
For which the strongest words were weak:
Perchance they may be best defined
Along the brow and lip and cheek
Which change as doth a stormy sky,
There where the silent thunder works
Mining desolation lurks!—
Thus Ciril's fiery eyes dilate
In wild and withering looks of hate,
Oh how the orb of that burning eye
Expressed his spirit's agony—
The unbridled passions of his soul
Let free, the loosened torrents roll—
He tore the sandals from his feet
And from his breast the sackcloth sheet,
And the cowl from off his brow,
So forward and forbidding now;
"Wretch, thou hast been my dupe too long—
This garb to me doth not belong,
I am no pampered priest, yet came
To thee as though I were the same
That I might hear thy tale and claim

Just vengeance for a sister's wrong.
I have been in search of thee
Over city, earth and sea,
Waking and in dreams I've sought
Till my reeling brain o'erwrought
Maddened at the desperate thought,
When to my eyes a spirit came
To whom the lightning's light were tame;
It froze my being to a trance
As I surveyed that countenance,
Wherein a settled melancholy
Prevailed, a something more than holy:
My flesh was damp at every pore
And my heart seemed to throb no more,
Though every thought of coward dread
Before that inspiration fled,
The night winds blending with the cry
Of owlets from the ruin nigh;
Angling the time-shorn battlement
Are sounds the dreariest nature owns.
But that prophetic voice was blent
With stronger notes and wilder tones,
As it said, "Seek him and allay
Heaven's anger—thus!—away—away."
The deed was done—the unforgiven
Sceptic he had lately shriven
Lay beside the altar stone
Dead and bloody—and—alone,
The deed was done!—what sound rushed by?
'Tis past—no living thing is nigh,
So ends my tale—a mystery!

F. P.

MY HOME UPON THE DEEP.

WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

My bonny bark—my bonny bark,
How swift thou sailest now,
Nor car'st tho' through the tempest dark
The fitful lightnings glow!

II

My gallant bark,—my gallant bark,
Careering o'er the deep,
Thou seemest blither than the lark
Whose notes through ether sweep
To hail the morn's bright crimson car
That gilds the orient sky,
Like radiant hope's delusive star,
When youth and joy are nigh!

III

My little bark—my own sweet home,
My fortune *thou* hast shared,
Together we the seas have roamed,
Together dangers dared;

IV

Then fail me not,—my bonny bark,
Tho' loud the thunders roll,
Tho' all the demons of the dark
Around us scornful howl;
Tho' angry billows lave thy side,
Then burst to rise no more,
And storm-fiends on the tempest ride,
And night winds wildly roar!

V

The raving ocean round thy prow
Is white with silvery foam,
Think (if ye can), tho' idle now—
It still may prove thy tomb!

VI

The night is dark—the night is wild;
The winds and waters jar,
The tempest clouds above are piled
And dimm'd is every star,
And lightnings part the thunder-cloud
That blackens all the sea,
But still a speck,—as light as proud,
Thou gaily bearest me.

S. L. *

OBITUARY.

What instructive records the Churchyard possesses! replete with interest to that human being who stands alone amongst the quiet graves, musing on the mystery of his own existence and on the past and present state of those poor relics of mortality which everywhere surround him mouldering beneath his feet—once vigorous and hale as himself, subject to all the tumultuous passions that perhaps agitate his own breast.

Almost invariably it is the case, the traveller, be he either one for health, pleasure or business, on his arrival at a country inn, finds he has sufficient time for a stroll—and, as if his nature claimed affinity with the mouldering dust of the tomb, saunters towards the church and its surrounding churchyard, not less interested with reading the "simple annals of the poor," than with the gorgeous monumental records of an early age, or the elegant simplicity of the designs from the chisel of a Chantrey, or a Bailey. What traveller, who has passed through Lichfield, has not made it almost his first enquiry and then pursuit to bend his footsteps to its Cathedral; not to admire it for its architectural beauties, or to seek it for devout purposes, but to visit and admire that elegant production of Chantrey's, the chef d'euvre of his chisel—the Infant Children—beautiful in its simplicity—unrivalled in its execution.

I have been greatly gratified in many parts of Brittany, and in some parts of Wales, to witness the graves of the departed strewed with flowers by the surviving friends, either on the anniversaries of their deaths or on other memorable days, and have thought and felt the custom both touching and beautiful. For a short space of time those frail blossoms, scattered over the green sod in their morning freshness, retain their balmy odours and glowing tints—the sun goes down—the breeze of evening passes over them, and the withered and fading wreath becomes an emblem—a most appropriate tribute to the silent dust beneath. In some parts of South Wales, in the country churchyards, I have seen growing at the head and feet of the green-sward mound, generally at those of young females, some simple shrubs or flowers, such as the "Forget-me-not"—appropriate station for that meek and eloquent flower: from the smoothness of the turf of the green hillock, and its silent but living companion, it was evident some affectionate, some still loving friend had not buried all his deep affection with the object of his love, but yet held silent and sweet communion with the fondly remembered tenant of the grave. Often have I, in my wanderings amongst the silent and beautiful village churchyards, both in Wales and lovely England, found fancy busily employed in wreathing a tale of innocent love and rural happiness suddenly severed by the hands of death, and these simple tokens, proofs of still lingering devotion and love for the dear departed. These reflections and reminiscences have been occasioned by attending the funeral obsequies of a General officer, whose death so suddenly occurred in Calcutta on the 20th ultimo. There is something particularly solemn and impressive in witnessing a military funeral, particularly similar to this of the late Major General Walker of the first European Light Infantry; the whole of the regiment in the Fort, a fine and soldierly looking body of men, following in silent and solemn tramp the silent corpse of their late Chief, betraying in their countenances the loss of a gallant commander, and a kind and careful friend.

Major General Walker.

The late Major General Foster Walker, entered the East India Company's Service, as an Infantry Cadet, in 1800. He arrived in Calcutta about October, 1801—and was posted to the (present) 1st European Regiment, on 13th November 1804, he was present at the bloody action of Deeg, fought under the walls of that fortress, and at the siege and storm of that place, which fell on the 24th December, 1804. In 1805, he was engaged on the four different storms against Bhurtpoor. He subsequently became Adjutant to his regiment—and in 1813, was at Amboyna, with part of his corps. In 1841, he was appointed Brigadier in Oudh, and a few days before his death was, temporarily, appointed to the Command of the Presidency Division. He died of cholera at the advanced age of sixty-one on the 20th January, 1843. He was a brave soldier, and a most excellent man, in all the relations of social life.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Land of Poesy and other Miscellaneous Poems. By Henry Page. Calcutta, 1842.

The year that has so recently closed over us, though marked by stirring and startling events, has been also, comparatively speaking, prolific in literary publications. The Governor General has not been behindhand in heralding forth his imaginings, and there can be no question when a second D'Israeli collects his "curiosities of literature," the gubernatorial balderdash of Lord E. will find a fitting and snug place in such a repository. To come down, however, to the department of pure purling literature, which is more particularly our province; two poetical publications within the space of two months made their appearance, and a third, by a Mr. George Nash, according to advertisements, will shortly follow. Of the two who have essayed to climb the steeps of Parnassus, the first was a juvenile author in his minority, who, unfortunately for his rhyming propensities, was fearfully tomahawked by the Aristarchus of the *Englishman*; the other a Mr. Henry Page, whose work is our text, and who, be it known, "scribbled verses when a boy, but now that he has obtained the age of manhood" is anxious to secure for himself a niche in the great temple of fame. The ambition, without question, is a laudable one, and we sincerely hope that our author may, at some future day, be considered a worthy guest in "the hallowed fane." But before his passport for admission can be made out, his claims to the distinction must be considered, and this duty we purpose to perform. We shall do our utmost to form an unbiassed judgment on his pretensions, and shall not be scrupulous in awarding praise where we believe it to be absolutely deserved: in short, to use the language of old Isaac Walton when describing the process of putting a worm on a hook, "we will handle him as tenderly as if we loved him."

The short preface that ushers in the "Land of Poesy," is the worst thing in the book. We have seldom seen, in so limited a compass, so much bad taste, so much conceit, and so much indifferent composition. If Mr. Page's readers followed the good old plan of deciding on his poetical merits by the literary value of his preface, we fear they would be disposed to rate his pretensions at a very—very low standard. Our author, moreover, in his prefatory remarks, assumes a tone of defiance and a susceptibility of temperament which, to our thinking, appear very paradoxical. He despises the hypercritics in one breath, and fears them in another. His "heated imagination" can picture nothing but a Grub street of critics in Calcutta, little annoying insects that stick to every poor author with perplexing pertinacity, and thus obscure his

"*better part*" of its fair proportions. In the height of his terror and his imagination of course at its full bent, Mr. Page asserts that "the little fry spawn daily by hundreds," illustrative no doubt of the fecundity of the ephemeral garbage to which they owe their existence. Now were there such a thing as a well regulated local literature in India, Mr. Page would have some show of reason for his fructifying assertion; but where our authors visits, like angels, are "few and far between," the trade of the critic, from the impoverished state of the literary market, must be at a discount. In our opinion, many years must elapse before India can boast, like many European countries, of a national literature; and unless the constitution of Society here be greatly changed, we question very much whether there ever will be such a thing as a poetical literature. There are many things to counteract the progress of so refined and delicate a spun thing as poetry:—too much, for instance, of a commercial spirit pervading all ranks, and by consequence, too great a want of leisure for the encouragement of the purely meditative profession. Be that as it may, as authors increase, the profession of the critic will be, for the interests of literature, in demand, and Mr. Page, in his generation, need not fear much annoyance from the swarms of critics which his "heated imagination" has conjured up.

But let us enter on the subject of Mr. Page's poetical merits. The best portion of the little volume before us is occupied by the "Land of Poesy," an erratic and disjointed poem in three cantos, with little or no story that might not be told in as many pages, but interspersed however with some pictures of pure affection and feeling,—some representations of mental agony and disappointment which for Mr. Page's sake we hope are imaginary;—an occasional sketch of scenery, displaying a vague rather than a discriminating admiration of the beauty and sublimity of nature; and by far too many apostrophes which, from their uniformity, are tiresome to Mnemosyne. The elements of which the work is composed are without doubt poetical, though the manner in which they have been put together is anything but successful. If we were called on to point out a position the Land of Poesy is destined to occupy, we should say that it would be one little inferior to that of the "Sunyassee." The author, however, is we understand a very young man, and has his years before him. He affects a great veneration for his native country, but unfortunately, as is the common practice here and elsewhere, views her wrongs, since under British supremacy, through a magnifying medium. We naturally supposed that this love for his country would have induced him, Antæus-like, to draw very largely draughts of inspiration from the parent soil, to have pourtrayed the scenery of the "gorgeous east," to which some of our best modern poetry owes its origin, the moral associations connected with her romantic history, and the glories and virtues that distinguished her sons and daughters during those eventful times. But instead of this, our author, with his yet fin-like flappers, makes the attempt to soar "beyond this visible diurnal sphere" into the regions of pure fiction, which to be rendered interesting to the generality of readers, must be flushed with the rich lights of fancy, and be strewn with the many-tinted flowers of poetry. The attempt appears doubly impotent as Mr. Page unfortunately does not possess much imagination or invention, and his sentiment is often threadbare commonplace, expressed in very insipid language. He possesses however tolerable facility of versification, but some of his stanzas are often marred by obscurity in the style, and faultiness in the rhythm. Like Cowper we like occasionally a rugged line, especially if the sound be sacrificed for the sense; but where the sentiment is of a softened kind, we must confess our predilection for a musical versification. Now our author's sins of omission and commission as regards faulty rhyme, are by far too many and too palpable. We shall record a few taken at random, which we venture to allege would jar on an ear made even of ben leather.

How still, how melancholy *calm*
This solitude around,
As when before a gathering *storm*
The heavens are by some secret *charm*—

Delusion strange!—in life's gay *morn*,
Sporting in childish play,
By moonlight o'er the emerald *lawn*,

O'er hanging high the structure *fair*
A vaulted arch uprears.
Diffusing fragrance in the *air*—
Its entrance from a DISTANCE FAR.

Independently of the faulty rhythm, the pleonasm at the end of the last line reminds us very much of the story of the Irishman who, when asked what he thought of a painting, remarked, "*it looked far at a distance.*"

There are also some solecisms in language of which we have only room for the following—

"Her little eyes in smiles *reviewed*
In happy artless gratitude."

The poem winds up with some truculent stanzas against Akbar Khan, and some mournful lines to the late Derozio, a never failing theme it seems for young Indian poets. Akbar Khan receives all the benefits of Mr. Page's poetical vocabulary, of which the following elinching epithets are a fair specimen—"foul assassin," "base atrocious Akbar," "dastard son of an illustrious sire." For our parts we can conscientiously recommend this portion of the poem to persons of an excitable sensibility, or rather of a "true British spirit," as the *Englishman* would term it. The "Miscellaneous pieces" which bring up the rear of the "Land of Poesy," somehow appear familiar to us, and if we mistake not we have seen some of them either in the pages of the *Christian Advocate*, or the *Christian Observer*.

We must now take leave of Mr. Page, but not without a few parting observations. We have on the whole received some gratification from the perusal of his little volume, and in recommending it to the attention of our readers, we must be free to confess that we look upon it rather as a work of promise than of performance. For his own reputation, we sincerely wish he had written infinitely more and published infinitely less. He possesses evidently the germs of poetry, notwithstanding the crudities that disfigure his first attempt; and we think that a more careful study of some of our celebrated poets will tend to develope them; but he must not hurry himself into "immortal type" merely with the view of gratifying "friends," not always very judicious; and above all he must not imagine that facility of versification is the prime element in the composition of a poet. Energy and earnestness must take the place of affectation, and simplicity of thought supersede the flowery exuberance and strained conceits of youth. Prolonged study and meditation, and a more intimate acquaintance with classic models, will alone produce the desired result. Then, and not till then, do we desire to meet our author again. The concluding lines of his poem point out, however, that he meditates a re-appearance.

"Should kindly justice say
That I have happy sung.—
Although full many another may
With abler hand have struck this lay,
Had he his harp string strung—
Ere oft the moon shall fill her wane,
In loftier numbers taught,
Well pleas'd will I return and strain
Each chord to minstrelsy again;
And with a louder note
Break the deep silence which has bound
My country."

Happen what may, we hope Mr. Page will, on this occasion, give us credit for holding the scales, whilst pronouncing judgment, with an even hand.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Asiatic Society of Bengal.—At the anniversary meeting of this Society held on the 21st of January, the Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep in the Chair. A letter from Sir Edward Ryan, dated December 20 was read, tendering his resignation of the presidential chair, in consequence of his speedy departure to England;—this letter had been laid before the committee of papers at a special meeting convened for the purpose, when it had been unanimously resolved to propose to the Society, that as the best means of showing their acknowledgment of the services of their late president, a picture of the kit-cat size, to correspond with those of Sir William Jones, Marquis Wellesley and the other great men who already have their portraits around the Society's apartment, be put up in the room of the Society, and that Sir Edward be solicited to sit for his likeness, to any artist at home he may think best able to perform the work. It was proposed by the chairman, seconded by the secretary, and carried unanimously, that the resolution of the committee of papers, regarding the testimonial be adopted by the meeting. In continuation of the above resolution, it had been proposed at the committee meeting, by the Hon'ble W. W. Bird, Esq., seconded by Sir J. P. Grant, and carried, that the Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep, Esq., take the chair vacated by Sir Ed. Ryan. The next paper of importance was the secretary's report on the state of the Society's funds at the close of the past year, and we are exceedingly glad to observe that the Society is in a very flourishing condition—1,800 rupees is the balance in favor of the Society for the past year: the whole amount in hand is Co.'s Rs. 19516-1-9. The Society has been improved in its Library and Museum by contributions of books, &c. to the extent of Rs. 1521-8-6, and various debts which have been hanging on the Society for some time, have been paid off. The Curator's report for the past month mentioned the receipt for the Museum, &c. of 1stly, a collection of numerous skeletons in pieces, some extra skulls, frontlets and horns, and a few skins together with specimens of other classes from Mr. W. Masters—2ndly, two specimens of the moschus meminna —3rdly, some animals taken in the Botanical Garden and sent by Dr. Wallich—4thly, two skins of a new species of otter, presented by Dr. Pearson, from Dargeling. Various other quadrupeds had also been procured, and the Curator announced the discovery of a fossil sheep, and a fossil ibex, from the Sivalik deposits of the Sub-Himalayas. which were exhibited, together with the head of a species of fossil elephant. In the class of birds, the Society had received a donation of 165 specimens of skins, referrible to more than a hundred species, many of which were new to the Museum, from R. W. Frith, Esq. The Secretary stated, that in consequence of the arduous labours of the Curator in the other departments of the Museum, little progress had as yet been made in the Museum of Economic Geology, and he would propose to the meeting the expediency of asking the Government, for the proper carrying out the object originally contemplated in its establishment, to appoint a separate Curator, whose duties should be confined to this department, under the superintendence of the Society. It was resolved that a report be drawn up on the subject by the committee of papers. The appointment of officers for the present year closed the proceedings of the meeting; the following were elected: *Vice Presidents.*—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant; the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop; Hon'ble W. W. Bird, and the Hon'ble Sir H. W. Seton. *Committee of Papers* —Major W. N. Forbes; Dr. C. Huffnagle; Dr. H. H. Spry; Dr. N. Wallich; Baboo Prosonno Coomar Tagore; Rev. J. H. Pratt; Dr. J. T. Pearson; Dr. Hæberlin; and Capt. A. Broome.—At a meeting held on the 4th of February,—Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep in the chair—the president stated that at the last meeting of the Society, when it was resolved that a letter should be addressed to Sir Ed. Ryan, requesting him to sit to some artist in England for his portrait, it had been inadvertently omitted to vote, at the same time, that Sir Edward should be solicited to continue attached to the Society as an honorary member while in England. It was, therefore, proposed by the president and carried unanimously, that Sir Edward Ryan be elected an honorary member of the Society, and that this vote be added to the letter requesting him to sit for his portrait. The Curator's report noticed the addition of various specimens to the museum since the last meeting, which had been procured in the neighbourhood; and also

a collection of bird skins from the Malay Peninsula, comprising several species of much interest. Among the newly stuffed birds exhibited, were fine specimens of the European white stork, and also of another kind of stork, both procured in the vicinity of Calcutta. The white stork, so abundant in the Turkish as well as Dutch towns and villages, has been considered a bird of rare occurrence so far eastward as India.

Agricultural Society of India.—[The reports of this Society's meetings are so elaborate and have so extensive a circulation both in this country and at Home, that we think any notice of them here would only be occupying that space which might be devoted to other and more interesting matter. We will therefore merely give the dates of their meetings and mention what may strike us as being information of *general* interest. Our notices are intended as a reference only to the more detailed reports.] On the 3rd of January the anniversary meeting was held when Sir J. P. Grant was elected to succeed Sir Ed. Ryan as President, and Messrs. N. Wallich, C. K. Robison, Nawab Tahawur Jung and Radhakant Deb, as Vice-Presidents. Five members were elected. At a meeting held on the 9th February, Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—seven members were elected. Capt. Rainey submitted a memo. regarding the manufacture of a net wove from fibre obtained from the stalk of the common stinging nettle of England—a report by Mr. Willis on the valuations of cottons grown on the Jumna by the American Planters was next remarked on—a series of papers connected with the present year's Government investment of Assam Tea were read from which it is evident that the manufacture is sensibly increasing in quantity and at the same time improving in quality; the produce now under transmission amounts to 6,240 lbs. that received last year was 4,613 lbs.—the secretary submitted a valuable memorandum regarding a most troublesome plant, the Pueraria Tuberosa, very prevalent in Chittagong. Major Sleeman, Dr. Spilsbury and Mr. Blechynden favored the Society with some interesting particulars on the subject of the age and flowering of bamboos and the great utility of the grain as an article of food.—The last communication was from a firm of natives lately established at Beerbhoom for the cultivation of arrow-root and for agricultural affairs generally, asking the advice and assistance in seeds, &c. from the Society.

Calcutta Mechanic's Institution.—*Lectures*—On the 4th of January Mr. G. Nash delivered a lecture to the Members, "on Mind and Instinct:" on the 11th, Mr. Siddons gave the last of his series of lectures on Galvanism, and on the 25th commenced a course on Pneumatics; on the 8th of February the second was delivered and on the 22d the third. We are sorry our limits preclude us from giving these lectures more in detail.

Calcutta Docking Company.—The fifth annual general Meeting of this Society was held on the 24th ultimo—when the books showed a net profit of Rs. 93,332-6-6, giving on the present subscribed capital of Rs. 7,39,500 a dividend of 12½ per cent—but only 10 per cent. was declared. The number of vessels repaired in 1840 at Kidderpore was 31, and at Howrah 30; and in 1841 at the former 44, and at the latter 33.

Bengal Civil Service Annuity Fund.—At the annual general meeting of this Society, on the 1st of January 1842,—Mr. C. W. Smith, in the Chair—the Accounts for the year 1840-41 were approved and passed. Messrs. C. Tucker, J. Lowis, F. J. Halliday, and H. Moore were declared by ballot to be re-elected Managers for the year 1842, with the addition of Mr. J. J. Harvey. The meeting then considered the dispatch from the Court of Directors dated 1st September 1841, and the proposed new Rules drafted by the Managers. These were carried by large majorities, with the exception of the *second* Clause of Rule 26 relating to refunds, which was lost. On the subject of the Court's dispatch of 11th August 1841, the Meeting determined to the effect that it should be respectfully pointed out to the Hon'ble Court that the existing Rules sufficiently provide for the case contemplated by the Hon'ble Court, as no Annuity can be granted until the resignation has been accepted by the Government, who can in any necessary case refuse to accept the resignation.

Bengal Medical Retiring Fund.—At a quarterly general meeting of this society, held on the 10th of January, 1842,—C. Mackinnon, Esq., 32d N. I., in the Chair—the Quarterly Report was read and adopted;—it noticed the admission of four subscribers as Annuitants on the Fund—the applications for Annuities from two to whom certificates of admission would be duly granted—and that four more Annuities are available for the present year.

Bengal Military Fund.—At the annual meeting of this Fund, held on the 24th of January, the accounts for the past year were duly approved, and the following officers elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Major J. W. J. Ouseley; Major W. R. Fitzgerald; Dr. A. Garden; Rev. Dr. J. Charles; Major W. Burlton; Captain H. Doveton; Major J. Bedford; Major H. Debude; Rev. H. Fisher; Major H. B. Henderson; Captain A. Tucker; Lieut. A. Sanders, and Lieut.-Col. Taylor.

Bengal Mariners' and General Widows' Fund.—On the 25th of January, the annual meeting of this Fund was held, when the accounts of the past year were approved and passed. They showed the state of the Fund to be—Receipts Rs. 3,41,974-5-3 and disbursements, Rs. 21,214-9-4, leaving a balance of invested capital of 3,20,759-11-11.

The incumbents on the Fund on the 31st of December were 86 widows, 122 children and 51 orphans, receiving pensions at Co.'s Rs. 1501 per month or Rs. 18012 per annum.

Bengal Civil Fund.—At a half-yearly meeting of the Bengal Civil Fund on the 29th January, the Managers of 1841 were re-elected for the year 1842, viz., Messrs. J. Lowis, J. F. M. Reid, F. Millett, C. G. Mansel, and J. H. Young. A statement of the accounts up to 31st December, was laid on the table, and showed an excess of receipts over charges of Rs. 28,352.

Union Bank.—A half yearly meeting of this Bank was held on the 15th January when a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum or 50 Rs. per share was declared. H. More, Esq. C. S. was appointed trustee in place of H. M. Parker, Esq. resigned. The salary of the accountant was raised to 700 rupees and that of the secretary to 2500 rupees per month. The Report stated that the Singapore agency continued to give good returns on the capital employed, and no bad debts. The sum over and above the amount of the dividend declared, viz. Co.'s Rs. 26,969-4-7 was carried to the reserved fund. The accounts of the Bank showed a profit on the past half year's transactions of Rs. 5,26,969-4-7.

The Sailors' Home.—The annual meeting of the Sailors' Home was held on the 25th January—Sir J. P. Grant in the chair. The report which was read afforded abundant proof of the value and utility of the Home. The institution had not however received that support to which it was entitled and it was therefore very low in funds: for a period even the Government support had been withdrawn; but notwithstanding all the difficulties it had had to contend against, the report stated the institution had, during the past year only added to former experience as to its usefulness and the great amount of good it is calculated to produce in this city. The average number of seamen the Home has sheltered has been from 70 to 80.

Bank of Bengal.—From this bank's last half yearly statement of accounts to the 31st December, we learn that the net profit on the banking business of the past half year amounts to Co.'s Rs. 5,79,333-6-3, (including the profit of Mirzapore) which is at the rate of Co.'s Rs. 10-13-3 per cent. per annum on the stock, of this sum the Directors have declared a dividend at the rate of Co.'s Rs. 10 per cent. per annum or Co.'s Rs. 5,35,000, and the balance Co.'s Rs. 44,333-6-3 has been carried to "doubtful Debts."

Insurance Offices.—The following meetings of Insurance Offices in Calcutta have been held during the present year:—*Bengal Insurance Society*: at a meeting held on the 12th January declared Co.'s Rs. 85,181-5-9 under par, or Rs. 774-6-8 per share. The *Globe* on the 15th January was declared above par Co.'s Rs. 14,175-0-3. The *Calcutta* on the 20th declared a dividend of 300 Rupees per share. The *Atlas*, on the 29th January, showed assets to the amount of Rs. 3,32,918-10-9. The *Equitable* on the 31st January, declared no dividend but its accounts exhibited its net assets to be Co.'s Rs. 1,32,203-7-5. The *Universal Marine* held its meeting on the 12th February when the net amount of its funds was Co.'s Rs. 1,32,168-11-6 or 27-12-0 above par no each share. The *Indian Laudable and Mutual* Assurance Society held its half yearly meeting on the 26th January—when the Report of the Directors showed that notwithstanding the lapses during the past half year have been many and heavy, the Society continues in a prosperous state; admitting of a return of Premium to the extent of 15 per cent. Thus the Society has returned Premium at the close of each half year since its constitution, the returns having been twice 15 and twice 20 per cent. The number of new lives added from the 15th of July last to the 15th of January instant, has been 35, from which being deducted 15 withdrawals and expiries of policies and 11 lapses, leaves an addition of 9 new lives on the latter date, an accession certainly not commensurate with the wishes of the Directors, but indicative of the continued and increasing confidence of the public, further indicated by the addition up to this date of 8 new lives more, making the society at the present time to consist of 379 lives, being an addition of 150 new lives since the society was established on the 1st January 1840. The total of the Funds amounted on the 15th instant, to Co.'s Rs. 5,45,925, which was 11¼ per cent, on the outstanding risks.

Uncovenanted Service Family Pension Fund.—This Fund is going on prosperously. On the 31st of January its funds showed a balance in the Treasury of Rs. 1,21,682-8-4—and its net monthly income to be about 4000 rupees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Discovery of Roman Coins at Sholapore.—A series of beautifully preserved Roman coins have been found at Dharphul, zillah Sholapore, in June 1840.—They are 18 in number, and consist of pieces of the reigns of Antoninus and Severus, who flourished from the year 160 to 200 of our æra. The coins are Aurei of the early periods of the Empire, and weigh from 107 to 120 grains. The inscriptions are Severus: Pius: August: and L. Sep: Sever: Imperat August; and on the other M. Commodus Antoninus: Imp Cæsar Verus, &c. These coins are by no means rare in European cabinets; but how they should have got into Central India seems a question not easy of solution. They were discovered in a small earthen pot by a native, who took them to a Shroff to remove the

encrustation which surrounded them ;—on being cleaned they were found in a state of the most perfect preservation, as fresh and sharp almost as the day they were coined. A few of them have been bored for the purpose of being worn as ornaments in this country according to the custom of the natives.—*Bombay Times.*

Lithographic Stone in Rewah.—"As one result of our late tour, we have come to the conclusion that in all probability, the best kind of lithographic stone, will be found in the Rewah country. The bed of the Behar river, which dividing a little above Rewah encloses the town with its two branches, is formed by vast masses of limestone rocks, comprehending two varieties of the black and red. The natives quarry the black kind and burn it to obtain lime, but the red is not so used from a supposition that it is not limestone. However excepting the coloring matter, it turns out to be pure limestone. In the smaller branch of the Behar, I picked up two specimens of lithographic stone, which I have since tested, and have succeeded in obtaining an impression from them ; and on further examination, I found several masses of rocks, which appeared to be equal in quality to the specimens obtained. The kind is a very compact and hard stone. The colour an olive brown, though I have one specimen nearly white. Had I known, when in Rewah what I have since ascertained, I should have had a few stones quarried and brought them with me. Lithographic printing is an art so suitable to the present state of India, that it must be interesting to know that the lithographic stone, fit for use and good work, is procurable on the spot. At Jabalpur, the lithographic stone has been found of which a kind friend has furnished me with a specimen. It is white and soft yet fit for chalk drawings, but the stratum is only an inch in thickness, which renders it useless, as it would be instantly broken in the press. In the Mirzapur district, the lithographic stone exists, and I have been favoured with several specimens of it, but it is too soft for use and will not bear the pressure requisite to obtaining a good impression. However, search is still being made, and if there should not be found, the kind required, a little labour in the bed of the Behar river will supply all that is required."—*Correspondent of the C. C. Observer for March.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer *at apparent noon ;* the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Jan. 1	70.2	29.838	N & N W		Generally cloudy.
2	72.9	874	N & N W		Generally clear.
3	71.7	894	E & S E		Cumuli till 4 P. M., then clear.
4	73.6	874	N		Generally clear.
5	71.6	30·010	N		Clear.
6	69·4	29·958	N & N W		Clear.
7	70·6	914	W & N W		Foggy at sunrise, generally clear.
8	72·1	954	N		Ditto ditto.
9	73 3	962	N E & N W.		Generally clear.
10	75·2	30 010	N		Ditto ditto.
11	73·5	021	N W		Dense fog at sunrise, generally clear.
12	72·9	095	N W & W		Foggy at ditto, ditto.
13	77·5	025	W & W S W		Clear.
14	78·0	29·973	N W		Scattered clouds, clear.
15	80·0	954	N W	None.	Generally clear.
16	77·4	965	N W		Ditto ditto.
17	75·8	30·069	N & N W		Ditto ditto, scattered clouds at sunrise.
18	74·2	29·998	N W		Partial haze at noon, cirro strati generally.
19	73·9	990	N W & N		Clear.
20	74·7	970	N W & N		Clear.
21	74·5	957	W & N W		Clear.
22	74·9	889	W & N		Dense fog at sunrise, generally clear.
23	75·1	890	N W & N		Generally clear.
24	72·0	962	N		Clear.
25	72·5	934	N		Clear.
26	74·8	902	N W & W		Clear.
27	74·5	858	W S W		Dense fog at sunrise, mists and cloudy through-
28	75.9	853	N		Mists at sunrise, generally clear. [out.
29	73.0	930	N		Clear.
30	73.9	30.000	N E		Clear.
31	72.4	006	N E & N		Clear.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Native Hospital.—The annual meeting of this Institution was held on the 1st of March—when the accounts were passed, and the vacant office of Governors filled up, and the report of the Secretary approved. A memorandum was submitted, which showed that many improvements had been made, both in the compound of the hospital as well as in the building itself, affording accommodation to three times the number of patients as formerly, and effecting a better ventilation.

Asiatic Society.—At the usual monthly meeting of this Society held on the 4th of March—the Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep, in the chair—several contributions of books from various bodies and individuals had been received since last meeting, and in one of them was an account of a volcanic eruption in the Sandwich Islands, so little back as the middle of the year 1840.—A communication from Professor Wilson stated that he was about to publish a work shortly, on the antiquities of Affghanistan—to comprise about 400 pages 4to., with engravings—and to contain a description of all the topes opened by Mr. Masson, and also of many hundred coins of Affghanistan, &c.—Mr. Piddington announced that Captain Herbert's valuable private journals, or catalogue of his travels in the Himalayas had been discovered. Mr. P. had succeeded in tracing them to the possession of Mr. Batten, in Kemaon, to whom a letter had been sent, and he had expressed his willingness to make them over to the Society.—The Curator's report for the past month mentioned the receipt of a variety of donations, chiefly of zoological specimens, and among them a fine sample of the large Indian Civet, which had been entrapped in the Botanic Garden. A considerable number of birds had been set up during the past month, and the stuffed skin of a *Python Tigris*, or large Indian *Boa*, 15 feet in length, found in the Soonderbuns, was exhibited, the skeleton of it being also in course of preparation, and various specimens elucidatory of its anatomical structure. Read a letter from Government, mentioning the despatch of a box of specimens of magnetic iron ore from Tavoy, also of antimony and Mergui coal, from Captain Tremenheere, for the museum.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society.—At a special meeting of this body—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, in the chair—an address to the Right Hon'ble the Earl of Auckland, the Patron of the Society, on the occasion of his departure for England, was proposed and unanimously carried.—At the usual monthly meeting, which was held the following day, nine new members were elected, and the names of eight proposed for election.—Mr. Ravenshaw, Commissioner of Behar, &c. submitted a series of papers on the agricultural condition, prospects and capabilities of the province of Behar, and the means for improving its resources.—A very satisfactory report of the progress and prospects of the Experimental Cotton Farms in Bundlecund was submitted by the Secretary, on behalf of Capt. Bayles, Mr. Fraser, G. G.'s Agent in Bundlecund, Mr. Lowther, Commissioner of Revenue at Allahabad, and Mr. Thomason, of the Sudder Board of Revenue at Allahabad—A report of the success attending experiments made in the Gya district with the American seed, by Mr. Quintin, Collector at Gya was next submitted—An interesting communication on cotton, rye and arrow-root culture at Allahabad by Mr. Ledlie, Secretary to the Agricultural Society at Allahabad, was read—and another on the favorable prospects of the Mexican cotton cultivation in the Gwalior States.

India Steam Company.—At a meeting of this Company held on the 5th March, Messrs. Rustomjee Cowasjee and Wm. Storm were appointed Directors in the room of Messrs. Dwarkanauth Tagore and Andrew Henderson. The Secretaries represented that above 234 shares yet remain to be taken up, in consequence of which they apprehend there will be about Rs. 1,17,000 to be raised on mortgage, so as to pay off the parties in England from whom the vessel was purchased.

Military Fund.—The following is an abstract statement of the state of the Military Fund for the benefit of the Widows and Children of officers of H. M. Regiment serving in the East Indies, during the year ending 31st December last, as published in an order by the Commander-in-Chief, dated Camp Humber, near Loodiana, 18th Feb., 1842:—Receipts, Co.'s Rs. 48,296-14-1; Disbursements, Co.'s Rs. 47,373-10-2; leaving a *cash*

balance of Rs. 923-3-11. The assets of the Fund in Government paper amount to Rs. 1,07,589-14-7; its liabilities to Rs. 6,028-0-10. The subscriptions from officers for the past year amounted to Rs. 17,373-5-6. "It is satisfactory to add, that the awards paid to the families of deceased officers, by this institution since its establishment in 1820, amount to Co.'s Rs. 4,33,756-1-9."

Mechanics' Institution.—*Meeting*—The third annual meeting of this Institution was held on the 8th of March—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, in the chair. The report presented on the occasion gave satisfactory evidence that the Institution still holds a steady place in public regard. The number of Members is 311—the amount realized during the past year 1,596-14-8, from which deducting disbursements there was a balance of Rs. 911-11-8 in favor of the Institution. The drawing classes were reported to be getting on satisfactorily, the number of pupils who attend is from 18 to 22. A new code of rules was submitted to the meeting and approved—they are not so heavy, being only 21 in number, whereas the old was 55, and are more fitted to this country. A resolution was passed soliciting Lord Ellenborough's patronage of the Institution, and also resolved, that as the funds of the Institution are very low, "an appeal be made to the influential members of Society throughout India, to come forward with donations to the Institution, in order to allow the Committee not only to engage proficient lecturers on all interesting subjects, but also to enable them to throw the doors of the Institution open to the poor natives of Bengal."

Public Library.—At the meeting of this Institution held on the 25th of February—C. K. Robison, Esq., in the chair—the report submitted for adoption stated the number of subscribers during the past twelve months, to average to 135 a month. The library at present has 84 subscribers. Its finances are in a flourishing state, notwithstanding a few discouraging circumstances. The circulation of books has diminished slightly, compared with the preceding season. The library has had an accession of books to the extent of 547 volumes, by purchase and presentation. Capt. G. T. Marshall was elected a Curator in the room of H. M. Parker, Esq., for the ensuing year.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon*; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Feb. 1	70.3	30.030	N		Clear.
2	72.1	005	W		Clear.
3	73.8	29.978	N		Clear.
4	72.6	946	E		Cloudy throughout.
5	77.8	925	S		Clear A. M.; cloudy P. M.
6	77.5	938	W		Scattered clouds, clear.
7	76.6	30.018	N		Ditto ditto.
8	73.9	065	N		Generally clear.
9	74 0	054	N W		Clear.
10	73.1	014	W		Clear.
11	74.2	009	S W		Dense fog at sunrise, otherwise clear.
12	81.0	29.941	S W		Clear.
13	77.8	946	N		Foggy at sunrise, clear.
14	80.8	910	N W	None.	Clear.
15	79.9	886	N W		Clear.
16	83.0	870	W		Clear.
17	82.8	886	W S W		Clear.
18	84.4	890	N W		Clear.
19	82.0	933	N W		Clear.
20	78.0	881	N W		Clear.
21	76.9	914	W		Clear.
22	77.1	890	W S W		Generally clear.
23	83.0	894	W S W		Cumuli greater part of the day.
24	81.0	834	W S W		Cloudy throughout.
25	82.0	805	W S W		Cloudy A. M.; clear P. M.
26	83.0	818	S S W		Ditto ditto.
27	81.9	749	S W		Cloudy at sunrise, clear.
28	86.0	750	S		Dense fog at sunrise, clear.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Bengal.—At a meeting of this association held on the 13th April—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—eight new members were elected, and four names proposed for election. The Right Honorable the Governor General Lord Ellenborough was elected patron of the Society. A proposition was made for the publication of a monthly journal under the auspices of the Society, to which the meeting was favorably disposed, and the decision was left to the Finance Committee. The report of the Special Committee appointed to superintend subscriptions for the Ryan Testimonial Fund, showed that the monies collected amounted to Rs. 4721, which it was agreed upon should be put at the disposal of Sir Ed. Ryan, and the Society solicit the favor of an early period for his sitting to some eminent artist for a full length portrait. As no parties had come forward to compete for Major Jenkins' prize for the best method for winding Eri silk, the prize has now been offered for the greatest improvement in the Indian cotton churka. A tabular statement showing the amount of land cultivation under the Agra Government, had been transmitted to the Society by the Board of Revenue at Allahabad; we have only room for the total area of cultivation.

Dehlee Territory,	18,12,269	Budaon,.....	6,45,379	Mynpooree,..	6,27,518
Saharunpore,....	8,29,525	Pillibheet,....	1,92,064	Etawa,.....	4,77,972
Moozuffurnuggur,	3,84,155	Bareilly, ...	6,30,734	Cawnpoor, ..	6 45,010
Meerut, ...	9,89,302	Shahjehanpore,	6,41,761	Futtehpore, ..	5,12,799
Boolundshuhur,	5,98,610	Muttra,.....	6,13,740	Allahabad, ..	9,86,717
Allygurh, ...	8,80,209	Agra,.....	6,81,378	Goruckpore,	23,50,395
Bijnour, ...	3,96,434	Furrakabad,..	7,27,420	Azimgurh, ..	7,06,648

Indigo Planters' Association.—A meeting of this body was held on the 5th ultimo—W. C. Braddon, Esq. in the chair. The attention of the committee having been called to a recent decision in the court of Sudder Dewany, pronouncing that, where the crops on the fields cultivated for and at the expense of an Indigo planter is forcibly cut and carried away by another party, the royat alone, and not the injured Planter has a right of action against the aggressor, the committee regard this judgment, as pregnant with peril to the interests of those peaceably engaged in Indigo pursuits, and practically debarring them, in such cases as the above, from adequate redress. As the subject is of high importance, and as much injury may result from the establishment of the precedent, which the sentence may afford, it was resolved that a representation be submitted to the Government, soliciting that the laws passed in 1826 and 1836 for the protection of the Planters, be rendered effective.

Bengal Medical Retiring Fund.—At the quarterly general meeting of the subscribers to this Fund, held on the 11th ultimo—Dr. R. M. M. Thomson, in the chair—the report of the last quarter's proceedings was read and approved. Messrs. T. Smith and A. Garden, M. D. going out of the committee of management by rotation were re-elected, and Dr. R. M. M. Thomson elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the departure for Europe of Mr. H. S. Mercer, Mr. Asst. Surg. John McClelland has become a subscriber to the Fund.

Mechanics' Institution.—*Lectures.*—On the 22d of March, Mr. S. G Heatley delivered the first of a series of lectures on Heat. In the first lecture the meaning of the terms *warmth* and *temperature* was given—how far increase of sensation corresponds with increase of temperature was shown by experiment; and lastly, the proportion in which bodies increase in size by heat, was explained. In the second lecture, which was delivered on the 5th ultimo, the construction of thermometers was gone into in detail; and in the third, the history of the same instrument with the manner of constructing graduating scales closed Mr. Heatley's remarks on this part of his subject.

Medical and Physical Society.—At a meeting of this society, held at the Asiatic Society's Apartments on the 12th of March, 1842—G. Playfair, Esq., in the chair.—H. Hart, M. D. H. M.'s 31st Foot, was elected a member of the society—and the following members were proposed—R. McIntosh, Esq. Surg. 48th N. I.—J. McClelland, Esq. Assist. Surg.—E. Mitchell, Esq. Civil Ass. Surg.—C. L. Cox, Esq. Assist. Surg.

and H. Bedborough, Esq. Assist. Surg.—Several communications from the Medical Board of fatal cases, were read before the Society, and discussed.—Dr. D. Stewart begged leave to lay before the Meeting, notice of a case tried in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, on the previous day, wherein he had been requested to attend the Court for the purpose of hearing the evidence to be adduced by one party, in proof of the alleged congenital blindness of a Hindu infant, and thereafter to give his opinion upon oath whether such evidence amounted to proof of total and incurable blindness at the moment of birth.—Dr. Stewart observed that he believed the case was a totally novel one in medical jurisprudence, and as such, of much interest to the profession at large; the evidence given was that of the native doctor, the midwife, and some servants, and extremely contradictory; but the most credible witness asserted, that there was nothing remarkable about the eyes at birth, save their remaining closed; on forcibly opening them, they appeared white but could not swear there was no black in them. It also appeared that medicines of a stimulant nature were introduced to the eye,—that after two days a copious yellow discharge took place,—that at the end of seven days, one eye burst and collapsed, the other remained entirely white for life.—Dr. Playfair begged leave to return his thanks to the Society, for their election of him as their President.

Steam Tug Association.—At the half yearly meeting of this society held on the 7th of April—Major Simmonds in the chair—the Report of the Directors was read and approved. This document stated that during the past six months the boats had had more regular employment than on any previous occasion: that the debt due to the Union Bank had been paid off; and that they were in a condition for laying on two additional boats. A dividend of fifty rupees per share or 10 per cent. was declared—the directors were empowered to carry out their preliminary arrangements for placing two new boats on the line as soon as possible, that a new boat for the engines originally intended for the *Seetakoond* be commenced on immediately; and that steps be taken to purchase new suitable engines for the *Seetakoond* Messrs. J. Lyall, J. P. McKilligin, and Wm. C. Braddon were elected directors in the room of Messrs. J. Colquhoun, W. Bruce and K. R. Mackenzie retired.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon*; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Mar. 1	84·2	29.806	N W		Clear.
2	84 8	890	N E		Generally clear.
3	85.5	866	W		Scattered clouds.
4	79·7	878	S S W		Dense fog at sunrise; cloudy during the day.
5	84·0	860	S S W		Generally cloudy; evening clear.
6	86·0	722	S		Ditto ditto.
7	86·4	778	S		Clear.
8	84·2	749	S		Cumuli throughout.
9	82·0	810	S E		Cloudy throughout.
10	84·9	846	S S W		Dense fog at sunrise; clear.
11	80·9	830	N W		Generally cloudy.
12	84·3	734	S S W		Ditto ditto.
13	83·8	702	S		Ditto ditto.
14	86·7	614	S S W (High)		Ditto ditto.
15	83·3	698	N W		Generally clear.
16	83 6	700	N E		Ditto ditto.
17	82·0	778	N E		Generally cloudy and mists.
18	85·0	882	N		Clear.
19	82.4	909	W S W		Clear.
20	85.0	833	S		Cloudy with thunder in the afternoon.
21	74·0	798	S E	3.37	Sunrise overcast, raining; at noon clearing;
22	76·6	898	N W		Generally cloudy. [cloudy throughout.
23	78·9	909	N W		Generally clear.
24	81.0	838	S W	0.39	Generally cloudy; distant thunder at 4 P. M.
25	81.3	797	E		Light haze; 4 P. M. cloudy; sunset overcast
26	79·4	853	W		Generally clear. [drizzly.
27	79·1	821	W S W		Clear.
28	83.2	858	W		Sunrise, mists; generally clear.
29	84.8	854	S		Ditto dense fogs, ditto.
30	86.6	110	S		Clear forenoon, hazy afternoon.
31	86.6	766	S S W		Generally clear.

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LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the general meeting of this body, held on the 11th of May,—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, in the chair—four gentlemen were elected members of the Society, and seven proposed for election. The committee appointed to report on Mr. Ravenshaw's suggestions as to the best mode of contributing to the amelioration of the agricultural condition of the province of Behar, having given its warm support to the suggestions they were approved by the Society, and assistance promised in carrying them into effect.——The finance committee having rejected the proposal to establish the monthly journal on the score of the additional expense, their report was referred back to them for the purpose of enquiries being instituted whether some modifications could not be made to obtain the desired object, with a due consideration to the Society's funds.——Dr. Falconer communicated the receipt at Seharunpore of the *first successful* despatch of fruit grafts from England.——A communication from Mr. Finnie, in charge of the Doab Cotton Farms, states the advantages that would accrue from the introduction of mules for the ploughs instead of bullocks, as the latter being yoked two and two, one of each pair unavoidably treads and injures the cotton, unless the furrows are very wide.——The report received from England on some samples of Bundlekund cotton sent home spoke in very favorable terms of the cotton generally.——A communication from Dr. Wight, superintendant of the cotton farm at Coimbatore, was read, stating the great success of the cotton experiments in that part of India.——Lieut. Munro, H. M. 39th, announced the discovery of some fossil plants of Kamptee.——Comunications from Mr. Payter of Bogra, and from Captain Bogle of Arracan on the great value attached to the importation of Carolina rice into India were read.——Three communications had been received from Goruckpore, reporting very favorably on the American ploughs in use there.

BENGAL SALT COMPANY.—At the half-yearly meeting of this body held on the 7th May, the Secretary's report was read and passed. The number of shares forfeited for non-payment of the 5th instalment amounted to 404 shares, on which Rs. 23,530 have been paid; the shares of those who have not paid the 6th and 7th instalments amount to Rs. 40,860. The quantity of salt manufactured was, up to the 30th of April, 18,000 maunds. The new steam engine for the graduation house is in course of erection. The balance in the hands of the secretary is Rs. 6013, which, with the amount due from shareholders who had not paid up their 6th and 7th instalments, will make the amount Rs. 46,873. The committee's nomination of Messrs. Mackenzie, Thomas, Morton and Major Henderson in the direction, was confirmed.

UNCOVENANTED FAMILY PENSION FUND.—On the 30th of April last the state of this fund was as follows:—Receipts during the past quarter and balance from last account Rs. 1,34,563-11-10; disbursements during the quarter Rs. 2,951-13-6. The monthly income of the fund is Rs. 4,285 and the disbursements Rs. 728-10.

TROPIC INSURANCE COMPANY.—A meeting of this association was held on the 14th May, when the assets were shown to be Rs. 2,31,850; a dividend of £ 45 per share was declared.

NEW ORIENTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At the half-yearly meeting of this society, held on the 7th May,—J. P. McKilligin, Esq. in the chair—the report of the directors was approved and passed: it stated that after paying all average losses, &c. there was a surplus of Rs. 29,409-14-8, from which a dividend of Rs. 44 per share was declared with the customary reservation of 25 per cent. for contributing shareholders. The number of policies granted during the past six months was in number 243 on 237 lives, and aggregating Rs. 14,60,000—policies discontinued, cancelled and expired on 295 lives, Rs. 10,08,233—policies renewed, Rs. 1,67,400. The risks on the lives of those who have perished in Affghanistan, is estimated at 10,000 Rs. The directors' nomination of Messrs. Wm. Storm, W. P. Watson and J. H. Fergusson, to be elected to the direction in the room of Messrs. Bruce, Mackenzie and Colquhoun, was confirmed.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—From the report "on the state and progress of the Medical College during the year 1840-41," we gather the following interesting information:—Many changes have occurred since the last annual report. Among the professors, the departure of Mr. Egerton and Dr. W. B. O'Shaughnessy for Europe has caused the appointment of Professors Raleigh and Mouat. The chair of anatomy and medicine previously held

by Professor Goodeve, has been divided. The latter has been bestowed upon Professor Jackson, and a chair of widwifery and diseases of women and children instituted and entrusted to the professor of anatomy. During the past year Mr. Assistant Surgeon Webb was appointed curator of the museum, and assistant to the professor of surgery, Mr. Siddons, the assistant to the professor of chemistry, was appointed treasurer to the college. On the departure of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Professor Mouat was directed to officiate as secretary to the college council, and the office has since been bestowed upon him. The appointment of a steward and apothecary also took place during the session 1840-41, and much practical good has resulted from that measure. The chief alterations in the buildings which have been carried into effect since the last report, are the completion and habitation of the female hospital ; the removal of the library from the north to the south side of the museum, and the sanction of Government to an operating theatre, which is situated on the south side of the present library. Some minor alterations are being carried into effect, which will add much to the comfort, convenience, and ability of the whole establishment. In the class of botany, the course and plan of instruction hitherto pursued by professor Wallich have been continued, and the conduct and diligence of the pupils have been as regular and gratifying as any teacher could wish. In the anatomical department, few radical changes have been introduced, while judicious alterations (suggested by increased experience in teaching the foundation of all medical and surgical science) have invariably been adopted to render the course of instruction more complete and perfect. In the class of surgery, Mr. Raleigh expresses his satisfaction at the regularity of attendance, good conduct, and progress of the students attending his lectures, as well as the surgical practice of the hospital attached to the college. In the class of medicine, the report of Professor Jackson is equally satisfactory as regards the conduct and attention of the students. Dr. Goodeve reports that although the lying-in institution has only been open six months, and is opposed to the most deep-rooted of all the prejudices of eastern nations, the number of cases treated has been equal to those of an extensive hospital in a populous district of London, viz., the Westminster Lying-in-Hospital. The subject of chemistry was taught during the past year by the late Professor Dr. Wm. O'Shaughnessy.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon ;* the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
April 1	86.4	29.710	W S W		Mists at sunrise—clear.
2	89 0	661	S W		Ditto ditto.
3	89.6	634	S W		Ditto ditto.
4	89.0	669	S W		Clear throughout.
5	88.2	734	W		Ditto ditto.
6	89.2	734	W		Ditto ditto.
7	88.0	718	W		Dense fog at sunrise—clear.
8	89·2	686	S W		Clear.
9	88·1	718	W		Generally clear.
10	90·4	745	S W		Clear throughout.
11	90·0	766	L W (high)		Ditto ditto.
12	89·9	777	S. (do)		Ditto ditto.
13	89·1	761	S W		Ditto ditto.
14	89·1	758	S W		Ditto ditto.
15	88·6	770	S W		Mists at sunrise—clear.
16	90·5	730	W		Clear forenoon ; haze afternoon.
17	92.0	734	S W		Cloudy at sunrise—clear.
18	90.8	705	S (high)		Cloudy forenoon ; clear afternoon.
19	89.9	689	S (do)		Generally overcast.
20	90.4	721	S W (do)		Ditto ditto.
21	89.8	664	S (do)	1.16	Ditto ditto ; sunset, thunder, lightning and rain.
22	79.8	658	S (do)	0.79	Overcast forenoon ; thunder and rain ; afternoon
23	88.0	702	S W		Generally cloudy. [very cloudy.
24	87.4	781	S W (high)		Ditto ditto.
25	87.8	774	S (do)		Ditto ditto.
26	88.5	781	S		Ditto ditto.
27	88.9	802	S		Ditto ditto.
28	89.3	746	S	0.19	Ditto ditto.
29	86.5	670	S	0.51	Ditto ditto. [ally cloudy.
30	84.9	794	S	0.41	Very cloudy and thundering at sunrise—gener-

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LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Civil Service Annuity Fund.—At the special general meeting of this Fund held on the 28th May—H. Moore, Esq. in the chair—the proposition that "a rule be adopted in the terms of the rule proposed in the Hon'ble Court's despatch of 1st February, 1842," was lost under rule 26. An addition was proposed to Rule 15, subjecting any subscriber for whom an annuity shall have been reserved and who shall subsequently withdraw or retract his application or declaration, to a forfeiture of Rs. 10,000, if he still continue in the Service. This rule has been recommended to the subscribers by the meeting for adoption in modification of that proposed by the Hon'ble Court. The following rule was adopted in the terms expressed by the Hon'ble Court: "Any subscriber who may be either provisionally appointed to be member of the Supreme Council of India, or who may hold a seat therein, shall continue to pay his subscription to the Fund, and shall not be deemed qualified for admission to an annuity therefrom, until he shall have duly resigned such aforesaid provisional appointment or seat in Council, as well as the Civil Service generally."

Agricultural and Horticultural Society.—At the monthly meeting of this body held on the 8th of June—N. Wallich, Esq. M. D., F. R. S., Vice-President in the chair—seven new members were elected and nine names proposed for election.—The consideration relative to the expenditure on the contemplated new Monthly Journal was again deferred.—A communication from Mr. H. Bell at Omerghur on the prospects of hemp cultivation in the North Western Provinces was read; it reported most favorably on the growth of the plant—one cutcha beegah would, it is conjectured, on an average yield nearly 40 bazar maunds of the green plant, the cost of which would be but two rupees.—The reports of the Horticultural Exhibition at Berhampore and Hooghly were read—at each the competitors for the prizes were numerous and the articles of a superior description than on previous occasions.—Victoria wheat and other superior cultures have been introduced into the Behar province with the greatest success, and the propriety of trying the olive tree in India was suggested.—The last communication read was from Captain Eld, Political Assistant to the Commissioner in Assam, stating that the soil at the station of Dibrooghur is peculiarly favorable to the growth of the different kinds of Europe vegetables and flower seeds, which thrive and attain a luxuriance of growth he has never seen surpassed or equalled in India.

Steam Ferry Bridge Company.—At a meeting of this company held on the 15th of June—Dr. J. Grant, in the chair—the report showed that the subscription paid up amounted to Rs. 2,18,750, the actual sum required is *four lacs and a half*. After much conversation, in which the general feeling was regret that an undertaking of so great importance should be a failure solely by reason of mismanagement, it was resolved that it was the most advisable course for the company to close the partnership and dispose of the stock.

Insurance Offices.—A meeting of the *Ocean Marine Insurance Company* was held on the 10th June, when the report of the Secretaries showed the assets of the office to be Rs. 1,32,668-8-7, premium on outstanding risks and losses, Rs. 68,552-15-6; leaving a balance of Rs. 64,115-9-1 in favor of the company.—At a meeting of the *Hope*, held on the 13th June, the office was shown to have net assets to the amount of Rs. 12,785-12-5.

Asiatic Society of Bengal.—The usual monthly meeting of the Asiatic Society was held on Friday, the 8th May,—the Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep, Esq. in the chair.—A great number of works from various scientific and literary bodies and individuals had been received since the previous meeting, and among them was a map by Lieut. Cunningham, showing the comparative geography of Central Asia.—The enlargement of the premises was the first subject broached. It has long been considered a desideratum that a laboratory should be attached to the Society's Rooms, in order to test the various specimens of ore and other minerals before placing them in the Museum—an estimate had been given by Mr. Bolst which showed that a laboratory could be added, and other improvements made, which would add greatly to the accommodation and beauty of the building, for the sum of somewhat less than 3000 rupees—Among the presentations was an inscription of a Buddist Temple at Nagpore; some further similes of the Grinbar inscriptions; a series of Testacea from Chusan and the neighbouring islands arranged by Dr. Cantor; a box of small clay figures brought from Pekkur on the Thibetan frontier; and a valuable entymological collection by Dr. Thompson.—The Curator's Report for

the month of April showed a great addition in the various departments of the Museum since the last Meeting.

At a meeting held on the 6th May,—the Hon'ble H. T. Prinsep, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Geo. Cheape, C. S., was elected a member of the Society.—Books and pamphlets from various learned bodies and individuals, received during the past month were on the table. The following presentations were made—From Dr. Thompson, a human skeleton. From Capt. Ommany, a specimen of the Leuconia, a bird common in the Tenasserim provinces. From Geo. Lushington, Esq. of Kemaon, a skin of a fox, brought down from the vicinity of the great Himmalyan chain. From Lieut. Postans, H. M. 50th, for the inspection of the Meeting, several seals of mandarines of Amoy,—they were seized in the house of a mandarine of high rank, when that place was taken. Also a Chinese soldier's uniform obtained from the Chinese arsenal at the taking of Ningpo. A curious under-shirt, obtained from a Jack who stole it at the storming of Chinghai. And a sword and belt of a mandarine taken at Amoy. From the Secretary, the standard of a marine battalion, taken at the capture of the Bogue Forts and a sword, taken at the same time. From Capt. Macleod at Moulmein, two images obtained at Tagoung, and presented by the Prince of Mekkara—the principal one is about 1000 years old. From Col. Burney, some specimens of petrified wood from Cairo—limestone broken off from the Great Pyramid—and other fossils. From Lieut. Broome a specimen of limestone from Darjeling—The following communications were read—From Dr. Campbell at Darjeling to the Bengal Government, giving a narrative of the last moments of Csoma de Koros, the Hungarian traveller, and great Thibetan scholar; he died at Darjeling on the 11th of April. At the conclusion of the reading of this communication it was proposed by the President, seconded by Colonel Burney, that a handsome monument be erected over his remains. From Lieut. Baird Smith, a paper regarding the progress of the late earthquake at Jellalabad. The Curator's Report for April noticed the arrival of several specimens, *viz.* an Indian Antelope; a Hyæna; the frontlets of deer from the Mauritius: a timber salt-worm, taken from a chokey boat at Backergunge; a bat, taken while sucking the blood of another of a different species; several birds; a sucking fish, &c.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon;* the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inchcs.	Prevailing Weather.
May 1	83.7	29.800	N. E.	0.57	Cloudy throughout.
2	81.8	742	S. E.	0.05	Scattered clouds.
3	83.9	747	S.	0.10	Cloudy—4 P. M. thunder.
4	82.5	785	S. E.		Cloudy.
5	84.0	749	S. E.		Morning generally clear;—cloudy, with thunder,
6	82.2	738	S. E.		Cloudy throughout. [afternoon.
7	83.0	718	E.		Ditto ditto.
8	83.0	722	S.		Generally clear.
9	89.2	709	S. W.		Mists and cloudy A. M.; generally clear afternoon.
10	90.4	674	S. W.	0.11	Scattered clouds till sunset, then blowing a gale,
11	89.5	617	S. S. W.		Cloudy throughout. [with rain
12	90.0	570	W.		Generally clear.
13	92.3	594	S. E.		Ditto ditto.
14	91.4	602	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
15	92.9	550	S. E.		Ditto ditto.
16	92.8	550	S.		Hazy throughout.
17	92.0	581	S. (high)		Scattered clouds.
18	91.9	594	S. W.		Cloudy; sunset, generally clear.
19	94.0	626	S.		Clear.
20	92.6	678	S.	0.05	Hazy.
21	92.0	694	S.		Mists, and cloudy.
22	90.3	638	S.	0.57	Cloudy till sunset, then rain with thunder.
23	91.5	609	S. W.		Overcast; sunset, very cloudy, lightning.
24	89.5	639	W. S. W.		Generally clear; sunset, blowing a gale and
25	89.3	674	S.		Generally clear. [cloudy.
26	91.4	626	S.		Ditto ditto.
27	93.4	618	S. E.		Ditto ditto.
28	92.4	617	E.		Slightly overcast; evening generally clear.
29	94.9	574	E.		Cloudy throughout.
30	92.5	546	S. E.		Ditto ditto.
31	90.0	500	E.	0.09	Cloudy A. M.; 2 p. m. very cloudy, drizzly.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—At the monthly meeting of this Society held on the 13th July—the Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—nine members were elected and nine names proposed for election.—The publication of a Monthly *Journal* instead of the Monthly Proceedings and Annual Transactions was after much opposition carried.—As a tribute to the estimable services and the memory of the founder of this Institution, the late Dr. Carey, a vote was carried that a bust of that excellent man should be placed in the Society's new apartments in the Metcalfe Hall.—The Society's attention was called to the damage done to the Botanic Gardens by the late gale; no less than 1,186 trees and shrubs had been injured or destroyed.

Union Bank.—The half-yearly meeting of the Union Bank was held on the 16th July—W. F. Fergusson, Esq. in the chair. The report showed the profits of the bank for the past half year, exclusive of the reserve fund, to amount to Rs. 4,81,327-7-1. A dividend of eight per cent. per annum or 40 rupees per share was declared, which left a reserved fund of a lac and ten thousand rupees. Mr. W. Bonnaud was appointed accountant in the room of the late Mr. DaCruz, on a salary of 500 rupees per mensem. A motion was made to give the widow of the late Mr. DaCruz some assistance on account of the services of her late husband, but it was left for decision to a meeting to be held on the 30th July. The following gentlemen were elected directors: Messrs. J. Allan, L. Clarke, J. Beckwith, Rustomjee Cowasjee and Bissonath Mullick.

Bengal Medical Retiring Fund.—At the quarterly general meeting of this body, held on the 11th of July—Dr. N. Wallich in the chair—the report for the past quarter was read. It showed a cash balance in the General Treasury on the 30th April, 1842, of Rs. 2,14,700-11-5 in favor of the fund—which including Rs. 96,000, the amount of probable receipts by subscriptions for the remaining eight months, will make a total of Rs. 3,10,700-11-5 as available for annuities for the year 1843. This amount will yield nearly eleven annuities, which the committee accordingly declare as available to subscribers who may have completed the regulated period of Indian service on the 31st October next.

Eastern Steam Navigation Company.—A meeting of this Company was held on the 2d July, when a report on the present state of the Society was submitted. From this it appears that the charges for vessel, machinery, &c. &c. in England amounts to £84,900—and the Indian portion to £841 = £85,741. The total amount subscribed was Rs. 5,29,600, of which has been paid, Rs. 4,61,950. The committee have paid to the London Agents £75,000; in India about £9,900 = £84,900, leaving a deficit after deducting the subscriptions (£46,195) of £38,705! After certain other resolutions it was agreed by the meeting, that "the committee be authorized to act either in the sale or other disposal of the Precursor steam vessel, as they may think most advisable for the interests of all concerned, and for the protection of themselves from the heavy liabilities which they have incurred."

Insurance Offices.—At a meeting of the *Universal Marine Insurance Company* held on the 2d July, the accounts of the office on the 30th April showed the assetts to be Rs. 2,24,039-11-9, less premiums on outstanding risks Rs. 78,839-5-9; net amount Rs. 1,45,254-6-0.——The *Calcutta Insurance Company*, at a meeting held on the 14th July, showed its assetts to be Rs. 3,36,287-12-10; its liabilities Rs. 1,30,230-6-0; shareholders' deposits Rs. 1,06,000; a dividend of Rs. 800 per share was declared.——The *India Insurance Company*, at a meeting held on the 19th July, showed its assetts to be Rs. 2,48,099-15-2; and its liabilities Rs. 81,599-15-2; the sum of Rs. 66,000 was divided among the proprietors.——The *Equitable Insurance Society*, at a meeting held on the 25th of July, showed its assetts to be Rs. 3,51,349-7-8; its liabilities, &c. Rs. 2,24,718-7-11.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorologieal Register kept at the Surveyor General's offiee, Caleutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon*; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of eaeh day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
June 1	88.3	29.381	E.	0.47	Generally cloudy—in the afternoon drizzly.
2	85.1	305	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
3	81.2	28.642	N.	overfin.	Blowing a gale and rain.
4	81.9	29.193	S. W. high	0.26	Blowing strong at sunrise; cloudy generally.
5	84.0	382	S. W. „	0.66	Morning, cloudy; 2 P. M. blowing strong and
6	84.6	409	S. W.		Cloudy throughout. [drizzly.
7	86.6	434	S. W.	0.38	Ditto ditto.
8	82.5	497	S.		Sunrise, rain; generally cloudy.
9	88.0	541	S.		Cloudy throughout.
10	84.3	610	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
11	86.9	653	S.	2.06	Cloudy A. M.; from 12½ to 2½ heavy rain; cloudy.
12	86.0	646	S. W.		Clear at sunrise; generally overcast.
13	87.2	594	W. S.		Generally overcast; sunset, clear.
14	87.8	550	S. S. W.	0.67	Cloudy throughout.
15	80.2	570	N. E.	0.08	Generally overcast; 9-50 A.M. and at sunset, rain.
16	84.6	530	S. E.		Cloudy generally.
17	90.4	469	E.	0.52	Generally overcast; from 2 to 2½ P. M. rain.
18	85.9	458	E.	0.51	Generally cloudy.
19	80.5	377	E.	1.45	Generally overcast; at noon and 4 P. M. rain.
20	80.2	466	S. E.	2.21	Overcast generally with slight rain occasionally.
21	79·8	546	S.	overfin.	From 6½ to 9½ A. M. rain; overcast generally.
22	80.2	535	N. W.	0.61	Sunrise, heavy rain till 4 P. M. then overcast.
23	80.5	458	S. W.	0.59	Cloudy and drizzly.
24	81.5	417	W. S. W.	0.62	Sunrise, rain; overcast rest of the day.
25	84.0	486	S. W.	1.81	Cloudy generally.
26	81.0	574	Calm.	0.19	Rain till noon; overcast; rain at 2-40 P. M.
27	82.6	569	S. W.		Overcast generally.
28	85.9	546	S.		Ditto ditto.
29	85.9	585	S. W. high	1.06	Cloudy throughout.
30	85.7	630	S. W.		Ditto ditto.

[The furious gale whieh commeneed on the morning of the 2d and continued till the afternoon of the 4th is worthy of partieular remark, being perhaps unprecedented. The devastations it eommitted in Calcutta and other parts of Bengal were dreadful in the extreme. The town of and villages in and around Calcutta presented a seene of ruin never before witnessed; very many dwellings of the natives were prostrated—trees of the largest dimensions torn up by their roots, and windows, rails, wooden verandahs, &e. &e. of pueka houses were thrown down in numbers. The damage done in the river was as follows:—*Sunk*,—3 ships; 2 brigs; 2 iron steamers; 2 iron flats, and a eoal boat. *Stranded*,—7 ships; and 6 smaller vessels. *Injured (many very seriously,)*—36 ships; and 8 smaller vessels, besides others that have not been reported. *Loss of life*—unascertained but supposed to be about 50 persons. The mereurial eolumn was never known so low as it was on the 3rd June, viz. 28.278 inches.]

Fall of Rain—A table indicating the number of rainy days and the quantity of rain fallen in Calcutta in every month for the last 13½ years, has reeently been published. We have not room to insert it in detail, but the following are the sums total of the amount of fall in inehes, and also the number of days in eaeh year when rain fell:—

	inches.	*days.*		*inches.*	*days.*		*inches.*	*days.*
In 1829,	59.94	98	In 1833,	60.56	74	In 1837,	43.61	81
1830,	63.28	76	1834,	68.73	83	1838,	52.99	89
1831,	56.90	77	1835,	85.50	82	1839,	64.97	98
1832,	50.72	70	1836,	45.66	58	1840,	59.41	83
						1841,	60.25	99

In each of the years 1829, 1830, 1835, 1839, 1840 and 1841, the rainy season set in in the month of May.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—At the monthly meeting of this society held on the 10th of August—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, in the chair—nine new members were elected and six names proposed for election.—Two vacancies in the list of vice-presidents were announced—*viz.* Mr. C. K. Rohison, leaving Calcutta, and the Nawaub Tahower Jung deceased.——The dissolution of the Mysore Horticultural Society, after an existence of six years, was announced. It was stated in a communication from its late secretary that though the funds of the society never allowed of any schemes of great utility to be attempted, yet much has heen done in a small way. "Gardening among the natives has received an impulse. Vegetahles and fruits that were at one time not procurable in the hazars are now sold therein at a cheaper rate than in England. Strawberries which were in season at the time of writing (Feb.,) were to be purchased quite as cheaply as in London and of a good flavor. Every spot of availahle ground near the cantonment is now laid down as gardens. The natives too are using European vegetables."——Dr. Camphell communicated that he had succeeded in rearing a hed of tea plants at Darjeeling from seeds obtained from the Kumaon nursery; and also a fine crop of rhuharh from Himmalaya rhubarb seed, sent to him hy Dr. Wallich.

Union Bank.—A special meeting of this hody was held on the 30th July, to consider three questions of some importance in the present state of the hank's affairs. Mr. P. O'Hanlon in the chair. On the first, the donation to the widow of the late accountant, it was resolved "that the resolution of the last general meeting, that a donation be made to the family of the late accountant, be rescinded." On the second point, the increase of salary to the deputy secretary of 300 rupees per mensem, it was resolved, after much opposition, by a majority of 358 over 271, to allow the increase. The third question related to the ineligihility of partners in a firm to succeed each other in the direction of the hank. On this point the resolution passed, was "that the partner or partners of a retiring director shall not he eligible for election, until after the lapse of one ycar from such retirements."

Bengal Civil Fund.—At the half yearly general meeting of this fund on the 30th July—J. H. D'Oyly, Esq. in the chair—the accounts of the past six months showed the receipts during that period to have heen Rs. 3,17,603-0-6, and the disbursements Rs. 2,82,817-8-9; leaving a halance of Rs. 34,785-7-9 in favor of the fund.

Civil Service Annuity Fund.—A special meeting of this fund was held on the 30th July—J. H. D'Oyly, Esq. in the chair. The rule proposed at the last meeting and suhmitted to the service for adoption, in substitution of the rule requiring the declaration upon honor, was carried by a majority of 156 votes over 22. The new rule provides that, if any suhscriber for whom an annuity shall have heen reserved, shall suhsequently withdraw his application, or continue in the service beyond the time limitted hy the foregoing rule, shall, unless for special reasons he he exempted by the managers, (suhject to an appeal to the service,) forfeit the sum of ten thousand rupees.

Trade Association.—At the general meeting of this body held on the 9th of July—R. J. Lattey, Esq. in the chair—the quarterly report was read. It stated that a final reply had been received from Government to the memorial on the subject of Government loan paper and to certain suggestions of the association for the more speedy despatch of business in the loan department—the reply concurred in opinion with the commercial directors of the Bank of Bengal, and the accountant general on the impracticability of adopting the measures proposed. The expediency of extending to this country the provisions of Act 1 and 2 of Victoria, c. 110 by which the previously existing law of arrest at home on mesne process, was aholished, formed the principal suhject of discussion. An analysis of the Act is in preparation, on the completion of which a meeting will be called for its full discussion.

Indigo Planters' Association.—At the half yearly meeting of this association, held on the 11th July—Mr. G. Vint, chairman—the past half year's accounts showed the receipts to be Rs. 2,308-13-1, and the disbursements Rs. 2,678-13-2; leaving a balance due to the secretary of Rs. 370-0-1.

Indian Laudable and Mutual Assurance Society.—A meeting of the above society was held on the 26th July—Mr. Gordon in the chair. The half yearly report was read and adopted; it stated that the number of lives insured during the past half year, had been 406; the amount assured Rs. 53,99,500. The total amount of funds is Rs. 6,17,354. Mr. Mackenzie was appointed to act as secretary until the return of Mr. Storm. A resolution was proposed that Mr. Greenlaw be "allowed to withdraw the sum of 4200 rupees from the guarantee fund (the amount now standing to his credit in that fund) for eminent services rendered by him to the society;" but on Mr. Greenlaw wishing it withdrawn as he understood there were objections on the part of some of the members to it, the directors were requested to lay before the next meeting a different mode of acknowledging Mr. G.'s eminent services, without trenching on the funds of the institution. Messrs. J. Willis, C. Huffnagle and S. Smith were elected directors in the room of Messrs. W. Earle, W. Patrick, and W. J. Twentyman.

Steam Ferry Bridge Company.—At a meeting of this company held on the 1st of August—Dr. J. Grant in the chair—the present state of the society was laid before the members. The two bridges had arrived, one of which was greatly damaged by sea water. These bridges stand hypothecated to Messrs. Carr, Tagore and Co. It was resolved, that the resolution of the 17th of June be confirmed, and that the directors be instructed to sell by auction the bridges in separate lots.—At some subsequent meetings of the directors, it was resolved "that as it is expedient to carry out the objects for which the Ferry Bridge Company was established, a committee be appointed to report upon the feasibility of purchasing the stock of that concern, and of carrying out the means of communication across the Hooghly." A committeee was accordingly appointed.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

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1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
July 1	86.4	29.574	S.	0.13	Slightly overcast.
2	84.6	546	S.		Ditto ditto.
3	87.0	569	S. W.		Cloudy; at 2-40 P. M. thunder.
4	87 5	598	S.		Overcast throughout.
5	88.2	670	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
6	88.4	490	S.		Morning clear, day overcast.
7	88.4	418	S.		Ditto ditto.
8	87.5	369	W. S. W.	0.20	Cloudy throughout; 2-40 P. M. and sunset raining
9	86.4	378	Calm.	0.18	Cloudy generally; sunset drizzly.
10	85.5	458	S.		Cloudy throughout.
11	83.8	518	S.		Ditto ditto.
12	87.9	500	W. S. W.	1.21	Ditto ditto.
13	82.5	498	Calm.	0.05	Sunrise raining; drizzly and cloudy throughout.
14	81.5	533	S. W.		Cloudy throughout.
15	84.5	494	W. S. W.		Ditto ditto.
16	86.5	485	W.		Cloudy and hazy throughout.
17	86.5	434	S. W.	0.86	Cloudy generally; rain at noon and 4 P. M. with
18	89.2	466	N. E.	0.08	Overcast generally. [thunder.
19	85.1	441	E.	0.13	Ditto ditto; rain at noon.
20	84.0	394	S. E.	0.24	Ditto ditto.
21	85.6	415	S.	0.43	Cloudy generally.
22	82.4	450	Calm	0.12	Ditto ditto; raining at noon.
23	88.0	422	E.	0.53	Overcast; thundering at 2-40 P. M.
24	84.5	334	E.	0.19	Ditto; drizzly at sunset.
25	86.8	490	S. E.	0.05	Overcast and cloudy.
26	82.7	554	S.		Cloudy; raining at noon.
27	85.8	526	W.	0.28	Cloudy generally.
28	86.4	473	S. W.	1.97	Ditto ditto; at sunset very cloudy.
29	86.7	449	W.		Ditto ditto; at 4 P. M. drizzly.
30	85.1	442	N. W.	1.41	Ditto ditto; at sunset raining.
31	84.3	434	N. W.	0.23	Cloudy throughout.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—At the monthly meeting of this society held on the 14th of September—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—six members were elected and ten names proposed for election. Dr. J. Grant and Dewan Ramcomul Sen were elected vice presidents.—It was proposed and carried that the Society's deep sense of the loss it had sustained by the death of their secretary Dr. Spry, should be entered on the records of the Society; a notice of motion was also made that as a mark of the deep sense the Society entertain of Dr. Spry's valuable exertions and zeal, a gold Medal, to be entitled the *Spry Medal*, shall be given by the Society to those persons who may emulate his bright example, in developing the agricultural resources of India.——The motion for visiting defaulting subscribers with pernicious publicity was carried.——A letter was read from Sir E. Ryan, the late president, intimating his acquiescence in the request of the members to sit for his portrait.——The Carey Testimonial Fund is progressing—the sum raised is already Rs. 1,120.

Bank of Bengal.—At a meeting of the Bank held on the 10th of September, Mr. Gillanders of the firm of Messrs. Arbuthnot, Gillanders and Co. was elected a director of the Bank—there was no other candidate.

Indigo Planters' Association.—At the commitee meeting held on the 5th of September, the establishment bills for August, amounting to Rs. 175, were passed; and it was stated that on account of the disastrous result of the present indigo season all expenditure on account of establishment would be suspended for the present.

Calcutta Docking Company.—At the meeting of this company on the 7th of September, the report of work done during the past half year was submitted. The number of vessels repaired in both docks since last report is 35. The estimated profit of the six months amount to Rs. 70,759, being at the rate of a little more than 18 per cent. per annum on the paid-up shares.

Medical and Physical Society.—At a meeting of this body held on the 3rd of September—G. J. Gordon, Esq. V. P. in the chair—five new members were elected and the names of five gentlemen proposed for election. The papers read and disscussed were—1, On the effects of a foreign body lodged in the bronchi, by Dr. J. A. Wise. 2, Remarks on the management of troop-ships, embodied in a letter to the Military Secretary of Government, by Dr. J. McCosh—presented by the Medical Board. 3, Case of oblique inguinal hernia, with operation performed by Asst. Surg. Archer, on board ship and drawn up with great care. 4, Case of cardiac dropsy, caused by ossification of the initial valve, with preparation—presented by Dr. J. Jackson. 5, Some specimens of urinary calculi presented for the Museum were laid on the table.

Uncovenanted Service Family Pension Fund.—At a meeting of this body held on the 20th of August, the report showed the fund to be prospering. Since the last report there had been 47 additional subscribers, one death and one withdrawal. The receipts of both funds (for wives and for children) since their establishment to July 31 of the present year, amounted to Rs. 1,84,893-12-10; the expenditure to Rs. 36,470-15-7; leaving a balance to the fund of Rs. 1,48,422-13-3. An increase of Rs. 25 was made to the monthly allowances of the Secretary and Accountant respectively.

Insurance Companies.—At the half yearly meeting of the *Universal Life Assurance Society* held on the 22nd of August, the assetts in England and in India on the 31st of July were shown to be Rs. 22,56,556-0-2. The sum set apart for distribution amongst the policy-holders will again allow an abatement of 90 per cent, on the current *annual* premium on all policies which had been in existence the prescribed period of 5 years on the 11th May last.——A meeting of the *New Oriental Life Insurance Company* was held on the 23rd of August, when the following statement of the affairs of the office was submitted:—assetts, Rs. 4,69,276-5-4; lapses, &c. Rs. 43,000; leaving a surplus capital of Rs. 4,26,276-6-4.

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1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Aug. 1	82·1	29.442	W.	0.87	Raining at sunrise & 2-40 P. M.; cloudy through-
2	82·4	506	S. W.	0.08	Raining at 9-50 A. M. and at sunset; ditto. [out.
3	84·1	522	S. W.	2.92	Heavy rain at 4 P. M. and at sunset; ditto.
4	84 8	554	S. W.	1.57	Cloudy and hazy throughout.
5	83.8	557	S.		Ditto ditto.
6	83.1	581	S.		Ditto ditto.
7	85·1	550	S.		At 4 P. M. clear; cloudy generally.
8	86.2	505	W. S. W.	2.56	Raining at sunset; ditto ditto.
9	84.5	494	W. S. W.	0.61	Raining at noon and 2-40 P. M.; 4 P. M. thunder-
10	83.8	546	Calm.	0.27	Cloudy throughout. [ing; ditto ditto.
11	84.8	558	S. W.	0.11	Cloudy and drizzly throughout.
12	84.0	570	S. W.	0.67	Cloudy throughout.
13	85.4	596	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
14	86.0	593	S.S. W.	1.16	Ditto ditto.
15	85.1	630	S. W.	4.05	Ditto ditto; rain at sunset.
16	81.8	713	W.	1.46	Raining at 2-40 P. M.; cloudy and drizzly.
17	84.4	705	S.	0.05	Drizzly and overcast.
18	84.5	661	S.		Cloudy generally.
19	84.0	645	S.	0.24	Ditto ditto.
20	82·1	618	E.	0.54	Ditto ditto.
21	83.8	618	E.	0.15	Scattered clouds throughout.
22	85.0	602	S. E.	0.05	Raining at 9-50 A. M.; cloudy.
23	86.0	579	S.	0.16	Cloudy generally.
24	85.3	554	Calm.		Ditto ditto.
25	88.5	558	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
26	82.5	589	E.	0.45	Ditto ditto; at noon rain with thunder.
27	87.5	554	E.	0.19	Scattered clouds.
28	84.4	502	E.	0.32	Cloudy and drizzly.
29	82.4	622	S. E.	0.08	Cloudy generally; at noon raining.
30	85.7	658	S. E.		Cloudy generally throughout.
31	87.1	618	E.		Ditto ditto.

REMARKABLE GALES, HURRICANES, &c.—There has lately been published a statement of the most remarkable gales, hurricanes and thunder storms which have occurred in Calcutta, during the last thirteen and a half years. We have given from this table a brief abstract below:—

1829, 26th April—A most severe thunder storm with large hail stones and rain at 6 P. M.; four men killed by lightning, two in the Fort, two in town. 13th June—At 3¾ A. M., a hurricane attended with a violent thunder storm, which lasted some time.

1830, 26th May—A fresh or light gale.

1832, 7th October—A do. do. do.

1833, 21st May—A violent gale, the *Duke of York* stranded on a paddy field 2¼ miles south of Hidjellee Pagoda; Soonderbuns inundated.

1834, 3d August—Blowing a gale with incessant rain.

1835, 11th May—A remarkably heavy fall of rain (12 inches) for about 3 hours; from midnight to 3 A. M.; Esplanade inundated, being one foot under water, a goat drowned in a gentleman's compound.

1837, 4th, 5th and 6th October—A gale between Rajmahal and Ghazipoor; destroyed about 100 native boats on the river—(not felt in Calcutta.)

1838, 8th April—Severe hail storm and whirlwind at Balliaghat, and in the vicinity of the Salt Water Lakes, caused much injury to life and property amongst the peasants. 19th October—Blowing a gale; ceased by the evening.

1839, 20th September—Blowing a gale from 3 P. M. to noon of the following day.

1840, 1st May—A gale from noon to midnight.

1842, 3d June—A dreadful gale and hurricane at Calcutta, extended to a little this side of Monghyr. Violent wind morning from N. E., tending northward: in the forenoon from N. and North-west; afternoon from N. and N. E.; and from 4 P. M. changed from N. E. to S. W.; from which quarters nearly it blew all night. No lightning, nor thunder—fall of rain 6¼ inches.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF INDIA.—At a special meeting of this body held on the 5th October—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, president, in the chair—the subject of the increase in the allowances of the secretary and assistant secretary was discussed; as well as the propriety of making the *Journal* the property of the society. After considerable discussion the following resolution was adopted,—"That the Journal of the society shall become the property of the society; that the subscriptions shall be in future ten rupees quarterly; that the salaries of the secretary and deputy secretary be increased, the former to Rs. 400 per mensem, and the latter to Rs. 300 per mensem,—and that it shall be incumbent upon the secretary to edit the new Journal." Dr. Mouat was permanently appointed to the Committee of Papers in the room of Mr. Johnson returned to England, and Dr. J. Grant in the room of Dr. Wallich, absent at the Cape. And a resolution was adopted, "that the President do address the secretary to Government regarding the late suspension of the privilege of free postage to letters on the business of the society, and the free transmission of the Monthly Journal."

ASSAM COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of the Assam Company, held on the 6th October, the report of the directors, which was read to the meeting, stated the affairs of the company to be in a prosperous condition and held out the most encouraging prospects of future success. After the adoption of the report the following resolution was put and carried,—"That the marked improvement indicated by the report of an enhanced and steady supply of food in the line of the company's operations in Assam, and the augmented facilities in procuring laborers and obtaining money on drafts on Calcutta, which render the transmission of treasure unnecessary, as well as the harmonious and judicious manner in which Messrs. Bruce, Parker and Masters appear to have superintended the various details under their supervision, deserve the thanks of this meeting." The auditors were relected and the accounts were passed.

AGRA AND UNITED SERVICE BANK, CALCUTTA AGENCY.—At a meeting of the above branch of the Agra Bank, held on the 30th September, the following report of its past transactions was laid before the members:

Assets.		*Liabilities.*	*Rs.*
		Deposits & home remittance,	6,47,874-2-9
Cash, bills, Government paper, loans of various kinds, Mirzapore Agency and office furniture, ...	*Rs.* 26,77,949-4-10	Suspence account, ...	7-0-0
		Agra & U. S. Bank due,	19,65,427-1-2
		Profit and loss, ...	16,887-1-4
			26,77,949-4-10

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION—*Dr. Eveleigh's Lecture on Chemistry as applicable to Agriculture.*—The first of this series of lectures was delivered by Dr. Eveleigh at the Mechanics' Institution on the 18th of October. In this introductory lecture he touched upon 1, the nature of the soil, its composition, cause of barrenness and means of improvement; 2, its adaptation to culture and the effects of the soil, air and light on vegetable substance; 3, the means of procuring, preparing and improving the produce, but chiefly with regard to sugar. Under the first head he noticed as the principal ingredients of the soil, silica, alumina, lime, and carbonaceous matter, and also in smaller proportions iron, magnesia, and the salts of soda and potash, &c. &c. Dr. Eveleigh described each of these ingredients separately naming their uses and value. With regard to causes of barrenness and the means of improvement, the lecturer mentioned the best

means of removing substances from the soil which are in excess, especially regarding alumina and nitre, and how the latter may be converted into more than one useful ingredient—and the necessity of chemical investigation of the land. Also the necessity of regarding the subsoil, and injury resulting from mines.

Discovery of Stone Pillars.—On the 21st of September the Catholic Bishop of Meliapore ordered a porch to be built at the south door of St. Thomas' Church at St. Thomé, Madras. The bricklayers having removed the earth, to lay the foundation, saw one end of a granite stone, and supposing it to be some small piece of stone, generally found there, continued to remove the earth further, when to their astonishment, they discovered a solid stone pillar measuring about twelve feet in length, and six or seven feet in circumference. On this being communicated to the Bishop, he ordered a further search to be made, as it is very generally believed, that before St. Thomas erected a chapel there, a lofty Hindoo temple was situated on the spot, which was either thrown down by time or the followers of St. Thomas. On the earth being removed a little further, another stone pillar, of the same make and dimensions, was discovered, about three yards distant from the other. We are told that a small flat stone also was taken up from the place, containing some unknown writing, which has not yet been decyphered. One or two of the numerous persons, who came to see them as a curiosity, offered to purchase the pair of pillars for six or seven hundred rupees, which the Bishop refused to accept, as he wishes to build the intended porch for the church on them. The pillars are of simple Indian masonry, and something similar to those we often see in the Hindoo temples.—*Madras Athenæum.*

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon*; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Sept. 1	86,1	29.634	E.	0.13	Generally cloudy.
2	84.3	689	S. E.		Ditto ditto.
3	84.5	670	S.	0.07	Ditto ditto.
4	87.5	641	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
5	88.0	570	N.	0.52	Clear at sunrise; ditto ditto.
6	86.4	502	E.	0.67	Generally cloudy.
7	79.5	600	S. E.		Ditto ditto; drizzly at 9-50 A. M.
8	83.2	634	S.		Cloudy throughout.
9	85.5	664	S.		Generally cloudy.
10	87.0	630	S.	0.19	Ditto ditto.
11	86.0	574	S. W.		Cloudy and hazy.
12	86.2	594	E.	0.41	Cloudy; rain and thunder at 4 P. M. drizzly at
13	84.5	638	E.	0.11	Cloudy. [sunset.
14	84.4	693	S. E.	0.08	Scattered clouds.
15	83.9	758	S. E.	0.06	Clear at sunrise; generally cloudy.
16	86.1	750	S.		Light clouds; at sunset generally clear.
17	86.8	750	S.	0.17	Ditto ditto; at sunset raining and thunder.
18	86.1	765	S. W.	0.06	Ditto ditto; at sunset generally clear.
19	86.8	789	S. W.		Sunrise generally clear, light clouds.
20	86.6	746	S. W.		Generally cloudy.
21	87.1	705	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
22	87.0	665	S.		Ditto ditto.
23	87.3	625	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
24	87.8	598	S. W.		Ditto ditto.
25	88.0	620	E.	0.11	Sunrise clear; ditto ditto.
26	85.0	614	N. E.	0.24	Sunrise drizzly; raining at 2-40 P. M. & at sunset.
27	83.8	653	E.	0.27	Cloudy generally; raining at 2-40 P. M.
28	86.0	745	E.	0.15	Sunrise clear; raining at 2-40 P. M.; cloudy.
29	84.8	738	S.		Ditto ditto; generally cloudy.
30	86.9	683	N. W.	0.05	Ditto ditto and at sunset; ditto ditto.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—At a meeting of this body held on the 9th of November—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—it was resolved, that votes of absent members regarding the secretaryship tendered in writing be accepted, and the election of secretary was postponed in consequence till the general meeting in January.

Steam Tug Association.—At the thirteenth halfyearly meeting of this association held on the 5th of November—the secretaries' report stated that the operations of the company had been most satisfactory. A dividend of fifty rupees per share or ten per cent. per annum was declared.

Bengal Medical Retiring Fund.—The fourth quarterly meeting of this fund was held on the 31st of October—H. Clark, Esq. in the chair. The report showed the number of subscribers on the fund to be 342, yielding an income per mensem of Rs. 14,296. Since the last meeting the number of additional subscribers was 24, and the casualties by death and retirement 101. The report was adopted.

Agra and United Service Bank, Calcutta Agency.—The report of the operations of this branch shows its assets on the 31st of October to be Rs. 27,56,539 ; and its liabilities Rs. 27,28,437 ; leaving for profit and loss Rs. 28,102.

Seamen's Hospital at Howrah.—A meeting of friends to the projected Seamen's Hospital at Howrah was held at the Chamber of Commerce on the 25th of October—when it was announced that the subscriptions already on the list amounted to Rs. 2425 per annum, besides donations to the amount of Rs. 807. Mr. R. Blanely was elected secretary, and other officers appointed ; and the committee were authorized to take measures for securing suitable premises for the proposed institution.

Mechanics' Institution.—*Dr. Eveleigh's Lectures on Chemistry as applicable to Agriculture.*—The second of this series of lectures was delivered on the 25th of October. The lecturer commenced with the consideration of manures, their different kinds, mode of decomposition, and their beneficial effects on vegetation. He then entered upon the nature and kinds of fermentation required for the nourishment of plants, &c.

Sailors' Home.—The Chairman of this institution has put forth a minute, in which it is stated that during the year 1842 the Home has done twice the amount of good that it did during 1841. The number admitted in 1842 was 762 ; shipped 907 ; expelled 17 ; died 13 ; remaining on the 31st of August 81. The amount of subscriptions received in 1842 is Rs. 8490. There is every probability of the institution being speedily removed to a better locality.

Calcutta Hunt.—The annual meeting of the Calcutta Hunt was held on the 31st of October. A call of 75 rupees was made upon each subscriber, to defray the expenses of purchasing the fresh hounds brought out in the *Southamptam*, " and for rebuilding the kennels, which had been all blown down and greatly damaged in the late gale. Circumstances having led Mr. W. L. Frith to retire from the office of huntsman, Mr. R. Hunter was chosen in his room.

New Docks, &c. in Calcutta.—The Government have authorized the construction of a shallow dock for up-country steamers at Kidderpore, with godowns, &c. for necessary steam machinery, &c. at a cost of 75,000 rupees for the dock and 42,000 for the godowns, &c.—Mr. Read, of the Patent Slip, is about to construct a new dock at Garden Reach.—Mr. Reeves is laying down a Railway Slip at Sulkea of 500 feet in length, capable of taking up vessels of 600 tons burthen.

Earthquake.—On the night of Friday the 11th of November Calcutta was visited by an earthquake, more severe than any which has been felt during the last twenty-five years. The first shock, which has generally been compared to the violent tremulous action of a steam-vessel in motion, occurred at 18 minutes to 10 o'clock, and was preceded by a loud sound as of a rushing wind, or that of heavy artillery passing rapidly over the ground. The second shock was undulatory,—some state from east to west—others, from north to south—and so violent as to induce thousands to rush into the streets under the fear of their houses falling. The whole city, indeed, seemed, in an instant, in the strongest excitement,—the confusion of noises mingling into one universal hum like that which may be heard at a short distance from an English fair. The following are the only known instances of damage which occurred :—a house at Garden Reach which was considerably cracked—another on the Circular Road—and the dwelling house at Acra farm, where the effects were not only violent but seriously mischievous—the house being cracked in various places and the beams of the roof having started. Mr. Greenfield the proprietor stated his belief that had it lasted for a few seconds more, the house must have fallen. At Serampore, and for a considerable distance around, the shock was felt severely.—The only account we have received has been from Burrisaul, where the river was so agitated that the serangs of several pinnaces went on shore unable to account for the extraordinary motion of the water. At sea, also, the shock was very distinctly felt. On board the inward-bound ship *Agincourt*, then about fifty miles out to the southward, the effect produced was that which is experienced in a vessel grounding upon rocks. The day on which the Earthquake occurred had been very cloudy and the weather extremely oppressive—rain had fallen for a short time during the afternoon, and at the time of the shock a heavy dark cloud was hanging over the city.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon* ; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Oct. 1	87.4	29.669	E.	1.34	At sunrise rain and thunder ; cloudy generally.
2	80.0	622	N. E. (high)	0.54	Rain, thunder and gales till noon ; then cloudy.
3	84.9	665	S. E.	0.05	Cloudy throughout.
4	86.0	721	S.		Sunrise clear; partially cloudy generally.
5	85.8	669	S. E.	0.22	Scattered clouds throughout.
6	82.0	610	S.	0.25	Cloudy & thunder till 9-50 A. M. ; at sunset clear.
7	85.0	693	W. S. W.		Generally cloudy ; sunset clear.
8	86.0	686	W.		Clear till noon ; then partially cloudy.
9	86.0	734	S. W.	0.32	Partially cloudy throughout.
10	80.5	821	S.		Ditto ditto.
11	82.8	870	S. W.	0.53	
12	83.0	869	N.		
13	80.8	854	N.		Generally cloudy; rain at 2-40 P. M.
14	82.7	869	N. W.		Partially cloudy throughout.
15	82.0	842	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
16	83.4	841	N.		Ditto ditto.
17	84.4	853	N.		Ditto ditto ; sunset clear.
18	84.1	841	N.		Ditto ditto ; ditto.
19	84.9	850	N. E.		Clear at sunrise and sunset ; rest cloudy.
20	84.5	838	N. W.		Ditto ditto ; ditto.
21	84.9	853	N. E.		Generally cloudy ; sunset clear.
22	84.5	890	N. E.		Ditto ditto ; ditto.
23	84.4	878	N.		Clear at sunrise and sunset ; rest cloudy.
24	83.3	853	W.		Clear at 9-50 A. M. and sunset ; ditto.
25	81.2	822	N.	0.06	Morning cloudy ; sunrise and afternoon clear.
26	81.1	834	S.		Clear at sunrise ; generally cloudy.
27	84.0	838	W. S. W.	0.11	Cloudy generally ; sunset drizzling.
28	81.3	853	W.		Cloudy and hazy generally.
29	82.2	829	W. S. W.		Ditto ditto.
30					Ditto ditto.
31					Ditto ditto.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—At the general meeting of this body held on the 14th December,—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant, president, in the chair—ten new members were elected and eleven names proposed for election. The question that "the Society's *Journal* be open to the public, at an annual subscription of sixteen rupees and for a single number one rupee eight annas," was decided in the affirmative. The question "that the votes of absent members for the secretaryship, tendered in writing, be accepted," was negatived. It was stated by the president that Government did not intend to remove the suspension of the privilege of free postage, which the society had formerly enjoyed, in the transmission of their Journal and correspondence—this will be a loss to the society of 1,000 rupees annually. Several communications were then read—we can merely mention the headings of the various subjects —1, from the nursery committee a report on their garden, informing the society the completion of the bungalow for the overseer; that the cane, tobacco and mulberry plants are getting on very favorably, but that the American asparagus plants raised from the stock had almost entirely failed: a cousignment of various fruits trees had been received from England. 2, from Dr. J. McCosh, containing suggestions for improving the ferries of Bengal. 3, reports from the Society of Arts on samples of Assam caoutchouc. 4, from Dr. Wight, mentioning the progress of cotton cultivation in the government experimental farms at Coimbatore. 5, from Dr. Gibson, communicating the pleasing information of the successful introduction at Kaira, of the olive and momordica elaterium. 6, from Major Twemlow, on the cultivation of the potatoc and other farinaceous roots in the neighbourhood of Ellichpore. 7, from Mr. Tonnochy, on the extended cultivation of the aloo plant in the district of Bolundshehur. 8, from Capt. G. Mackenzie, on the proposed cultivation of the Otaheite cane and of flax at Madras.

District Charitable Society.—A meeting of this society was held on the 29th of November when it was determined to open the new almshouse on the 15th of December. This has been done. The buildings already erected are three in number, namely the male and female wards and superintendant's house with the necessary out-offices. The female ward is upper-roomed, consisting of two long rooms on each floor, capable of housing about a hundred and fifty paupers. The male ward is a single-storied building occupying the same extent of ground as that for the females.

SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Calcutta Cricketting.—A match between the Calcutta and Barrackpore Clubs, was played on the Calcutta ground on the 19th November, when the former won by a single innings and seventy-two runs.

Calcutta Regatta Club.—We are glad to see that this aquatic amusement has been again started and is likely to become very popular with the lovers of boating. The first meeting of the club was held on the 29th of November, when for the first race the following second-class gigs started:—*Jallalabad* (Lakin), *Anna Maria* (Jardine), *Nankin* (Edwards), *Amoy* (Poole), *Emerald* (Handley), *Fanqui* (Titherington), *Duncan* (Graves) —the *Emerald* winning. The second race was run by six first-class gigs—*Bottle Imp* (Edwards), *Cabool* (Proudfoot), *Lady Sale* (Handley), *Kyber* (Reeves), *Ghuznie* (Johnson) and *Candahar* (Luke)—the *Cabool* was the foremost coming in. The last race was run between four cutters, *Ali Musjeed* (Stewart), *Chusan* (Shephard), *Colonel Dennie* (Handley) and *Paddy* (Proudfoot)—the lateness of the evening prevented the reporter seeing which boat was the winner.

A second meeting took place on the 13th of December when, in the first race six four-oared gigs started, viz. *Jane* (Webster), *Shamrock* (O'Malley), *Sam Slick* (Parsons),

Drive (Mundy), *Ningpo* (Malcolm), *Emily* (Anderson)—the *Jane* coming in first. The second race, consisting of six six-oared gigs, on account of an unfair start, was declared no race. The third race was between three cutters, the *Creole* (Cook), *Hong Kong* (Barclay), and *Norah Creinah* (Long)—the *Creole*, manned by amateurs, coming in the winner.

Midnapore Cricketting.—A match between the station and the 17th regiment came off on the 22d of November. The station went in first and seored eighty-seven in the first innings, and ninety-three in the second; while the 17th regiment made nincty-six in the first and only fifty-three in the second innings, leaving the station conquerors by thirty-one runs. The return mateh came off on the 6th December, and terminated as did the first in favor of the station. The game was commenced by the 17th and the batting of Mr. Steele, in both the matches on their part, was first rate, but notwithstanding that they managed to get beaten by thirty-six runs.

Loodianah Cricketting.—A match, the horse artillery against the station and foot artillery, came off on the 25th of November. The horse commenced the game, by putting in two of their players, who both lost their wickets, without scoring, in the first over. This was a bad beginning, and their opponents by good fielding and bowling managed to dispose of five good bats for twenty runs, but the score was ultimately run up to seventy-two. Lewis getting thirty-two of this number in good style. The station then went in, but the whole of their wickets were lowered for fifty-five runs. In their second innings, the horse artillery obtained seventy-six, putting in the other side for ninety-three ; of these eighty-three were scored, the horse thus winning a well contested match by ten runs.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon ;* the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Nov. 1	82.3	29.870	S.		Sunrise & sunset clear; scattered clouds generally.
2	82.4	842	N. W.		Clear at sunset; cloudy generally.
3	82.6	857	N.		Generally clear.
4	80.0	896	N. W.		Clear throughout.
5	77.8	854	N.		Generally clear.
6	77.4	841	N. W.		Generally cloudy; clear at 9½ A. M. and at sunset.
7	79.0	833	N.		Generally cloudy; clear at 9½ A. M.
8	79.3	834	E.		Morning clear; afternoon cloudy.
9	80.2	833	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
10	81.0	829	N. E.		Generally clear.
11	81.8	834	N. E.	0.14	Generally cloudy; rain at 4 P. M. and at sunset.
12	80.5	873	N. E.		Generally cloudy; at sunset clear.
13	80.0	866	N. E.		Morning clear; afternoon cloudy.
14	80.5	925	N. E.		Cloudy throughout.
15	79.0	937	W.		Generally cloudy; clear at 4 P. M. and at sunset.
16	78.8	937	W.		Morning and sunset clear; afternoon cloudy.
17	79.6	946	N. W.		Generally clear.
18	79.2	894	N.		Generally cloudy.
19	79.8	930	N. E.		Clear throughout.
20	77.2	930	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
21	76.8	934	N. E.		Ditto ditto.
22	76.0	915	N.		Generally clear.
23	76.5	910	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
24	78.5	897	N.		Clear at 9½ A. M. and at sunset; otherwise cloudy.
25	77.0	857	N.		Generally clear.
26	77.5	873	N.		Clear throughout.
27	74.0	894	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
28	74.4	933	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
29	75.0	950	W.		Ditto ditto.
30	74.0	957	W.		Ditto ditto.

N. B.—A severe earthquake on the 11th. The clock at the Observatory, whose pendulum moves north and south, was found stopped at 9h. 42m. 21s. mean time P. M.

BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CALCUTTA.

LOCAL REGISTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India.—The anniversary meeting of this body was held on the 11th of January—Hon'ble Sir J. P. Grant in the chair—when eleven new members were elected and ten names proposed for election. The proceedings of the last meeting were confirmed with the exception of that resolution which denies to mofussil members the right of voting on particular questions, which resolution was negatived.—A report of the financial committee was read, when it appeared that the society was unable to maintain a paid secretary, in consequence of which it was resolved to elect an honorary secretary to assist the present deputy, and Mr. Hume having expressed his willingness to do the duties was appointed.—The following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the current year: Hon. Sir J. P. Grant, president; C. K. Robison, Ramcomul Sen, and Dwarkanath Tagore, esqs. vice presidents.——A special meeting of the society was held on the 18th January, when the subject of receiving proxies from absent members was discussed; and it was resolved that absent members were at liberty to vote by proxy, their letters being sent post-paid to the *secretary*.

Bank of Bengal.—On the 5th January a dividend of twelve per cent. per annum or 240 rupees per share was declared.

Civil Service Annuity Fund.—At the annual general meeting of this body held on the 2d of January—C. Tucker, esq. in the chair—an election of managers for the present year took place when the members of the old management were re-elected. The meeting then proceeded to consider the rule as amended proposed by the Hon'ble Court, and it was resolved that the rule recommended by the Court, with the addition of the words in italics be put to the service for adoption as follows:—"That no annuity shall be granted to any subscriber to the fund whose conduct is under investigation by the local government or under reference to the home authorities, and no resignation of the service for the purpose of accepting an annuity shall relieve such subscriber from the consequences incurred under Article 13 of the Rules of the Fund, in a case of dismissal from the service by the court of Directors should they see cause to pass such a sentence *on revision of the case within the period of twelve months dating from the date of the receipt of the paper of that case at the India House in London*."

SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Calcutta Regatta Club.—A third meeting of this body took place on the 24th of December last, when two races were held—the first between three six-oared gigs came in as follows:—*Confederate* (Lakin), *Fairy* (Bust), and *Queen Mab* (Wicker). In consequence of the *Confederate* coming in on the wrong side of the budgerow the prize was awarded to the second boat. The second race consisted of two second-class gigs, *Leander* (Buckton) and *Amoy* (Poole)—the former coming in the winner.

Midnapore Cricketting.—A match of great interest between the military and the civilians and planters took place at the station on the 20th and 21st of December. The military went in first and scored one hundred and forty-three and one hundred and twenty-five in their two innings. The station made only one hundred and fourteen and one hundred and twenty-three, and left the military winners by thirty-one runs. On the side of the military the batting of Mr. Grindall, who scored eighty-eight and forty-eight, was first rate. The return match came off on the 27th of December, when the military were again the victors. The civilians were put in first and scored sixty-nine and one hundred and seventy-five for their two innings—the military in their first made one hundred and sixty-nine, and had seventy-five to go in against for their second, which they scored in a short time with two wickets to go down.

Ferozepore Cricketting.—A match between the 3rd division of infantry, and the artillery, was played at Ferozepore on the 10th of December, and ended in favor of the former, who won by twenty-three runs. The infantry took the bat first and scored a hundred and three. The artillery then went in and obtained ninety-four runs. In the second innings the infantry made ninety-four and the artillery eighty runs. The return match came off on the 23rd, when the cards were reversed, the artillery being victors. The infantry scored seventy-four in their first, and only *thirty-six* in the second innings; the artillery obtained only *twenty-eight* runs in the first and eighty-two in the second innings with three wickets to go down.

The officers of the infantry division played a match on the 14th of December against those of the cavalry, artillery, and general staff, which ended in the signal defeat of the latter. The infantry went in first and succeeded in obtaining the large score of one hundred and forty-two runs, sixty of which were got by Mr. Dunsford of the 59th N. I. The opposite side then went in, but lost the whole of their wickets for *forty-nine* runs, and it was then agreed on all hands that they should follow their innings; this they did and ran up their entire score to one hundred and forty-six, leaving their opponents to get *five*, which were obtained without the loss of a wicket; the infantry thus winning with ten wickets to go down. The conquering match came off on the 30th of December when the infantry were beaten by twenty-three runs. The infantry obtained in their first fifty-nine and in their second innings seventy-four runs; their opponents a hundred and one in the first and fifty-five in the second innings.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[These observations are taken from the Meteorological Register kept at the Surveyor General's office, Calcutta, and show the range of the Thermometer and Barometer at *apparent noon*; the prevailing winds, and the state of the weather of each day.]

1842.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Dec. 1	74.8	29.922	W.		Clear throughout.
2	75.7	953	W. S. W.		Ditto ditto.
3	74.6	941	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
4	74.2	910	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
5	74.5	974	N.		Ditto ditto.
6	73.0	30.029	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
7	74.0	29.997	N.		Ditto ditto.
8	75.0	30.000	N.		Generally clear.
9	74.0	29.985	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
10	75.0	981	N.		Ditto ditto.
11	74.0	957	N.		Ditto ditto.
12	75.2	909	N.		Ditto ditto.
13	75.0	938	N.		Ditto ditto.
14	74.5	965	N.		Clear throughout.
15	74.8	965	W.		Generally clear.
16	74.5	962	N. W.		Clear throughout.
17	73.3	981	N.		Dense fog as sunrise ditto.
18	74.6	30.014	N.		Clear throughout.
19	75.4	29.989	N.		Generally clear.
20	74.8	962	N. W.		Ditto ditto.
21	74.0	941	S.		Ditto ditto.
22	73.7	917	N. W.		Foggy at sunrise; generally cloudy.
23	75.4	862	W. S. W.		Dense fog at ditto; ditto.
24	76.3	854	E.	0.66	Generally cloudy.
25	—	—	—		Drizzly at sunrise.
26	69.5	969	N.		Morning clear; afternoon cloudy.
27	65.1	985	N. (sharp)		Morning foggy; ditto ditto.
28	69.5	950	N.		Clear throughout.
29	70.8	897	N. E. N.		Ditto ditto.
30	70.8	900	N.		Ditto ditto.
31	70.9	850	N.		Foggy at sunrise; ditto ditto.

Quantity of Rain in 1842.—The following statement shows the quantity of rain that has fallen during the year 1842;—January and February, *nil;* March, 3.76: April, 3.73; May, 1.82; June, 26.24; July, 9.61; August, 21.96; September, 4.08; October, 3.96; November, 0.19; December, 0.76. Total for the whole twelve months. 76.11.

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